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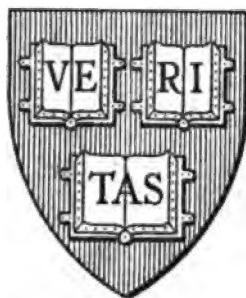
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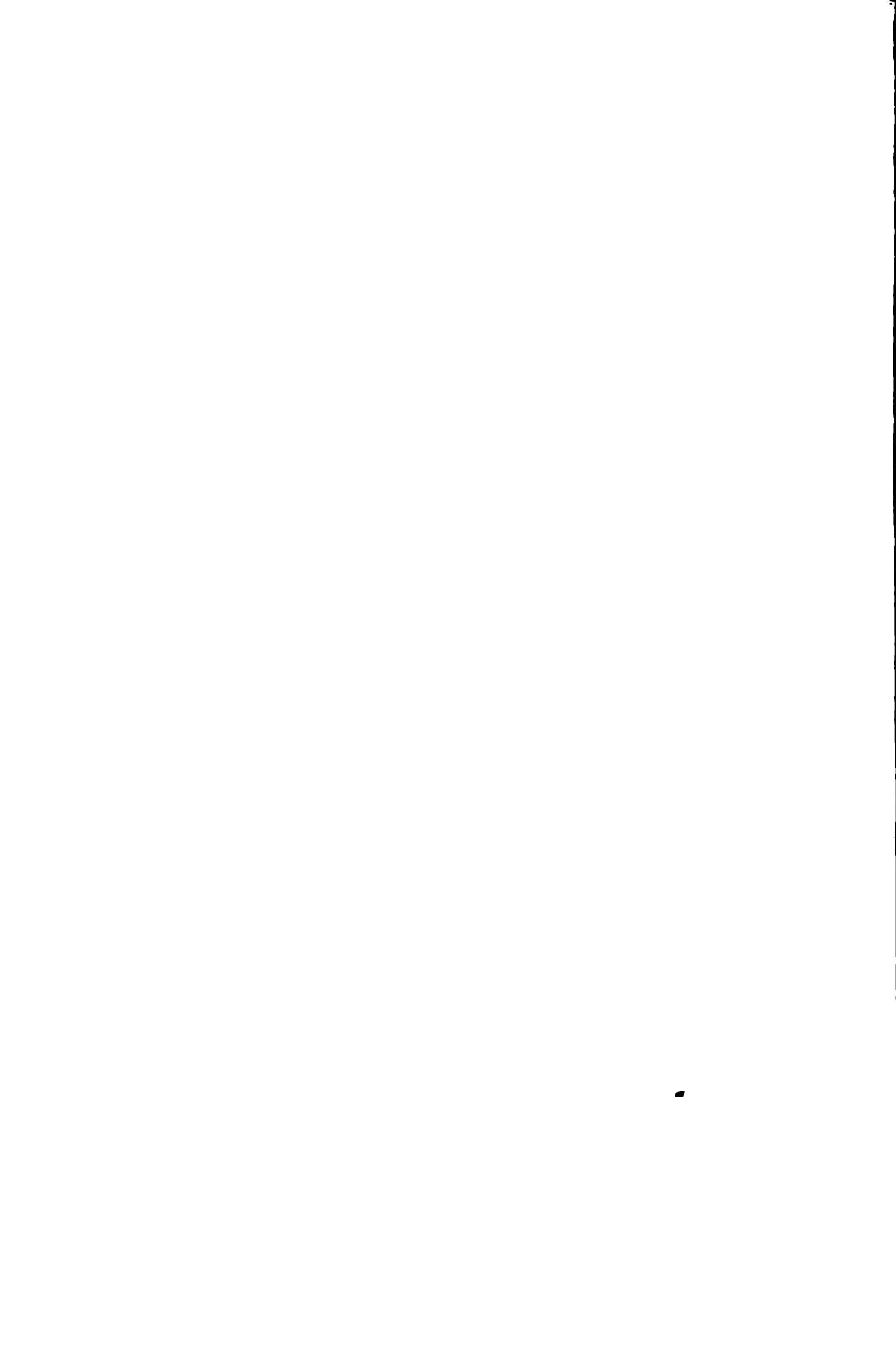
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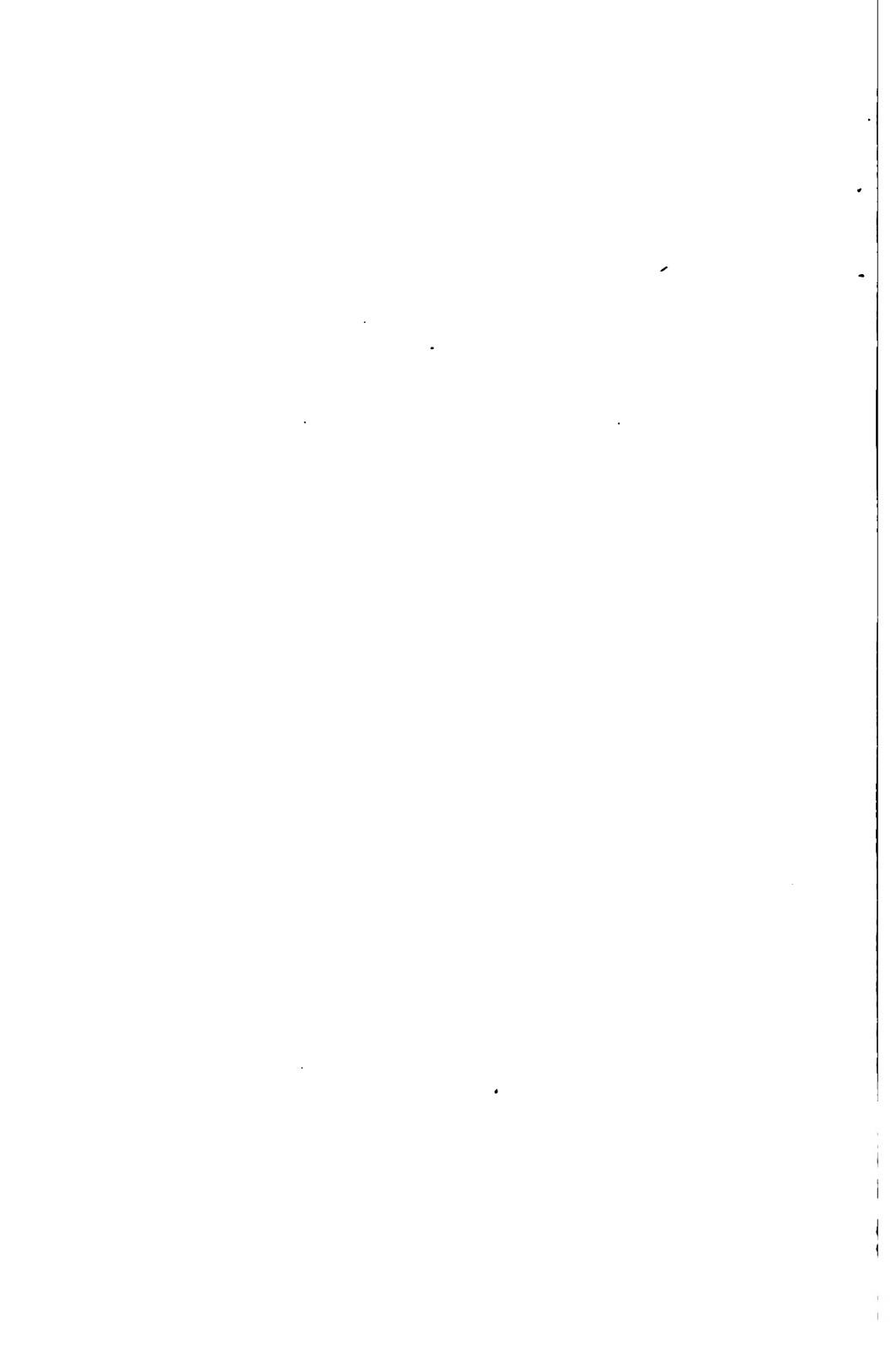


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**EIGHTEEN CAPITALS
OF CHINA**



See page 140

THE BEAUTIFUL BIG SOUTH BRIDGE, REMOTE KWEIYANG.



EIGHTEEN CAPITALS OF CHINA

BY WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL

M.A., LITT.D., F.R.G.S., F.R.A.S., M.R.A.S., F.A.G.S., ETC., ETC.

AUTHOR OF "A YANKEE ON THE YANGTZE," "THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA," ETC.

WITH 139 ILLUSTRATIONS



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1911

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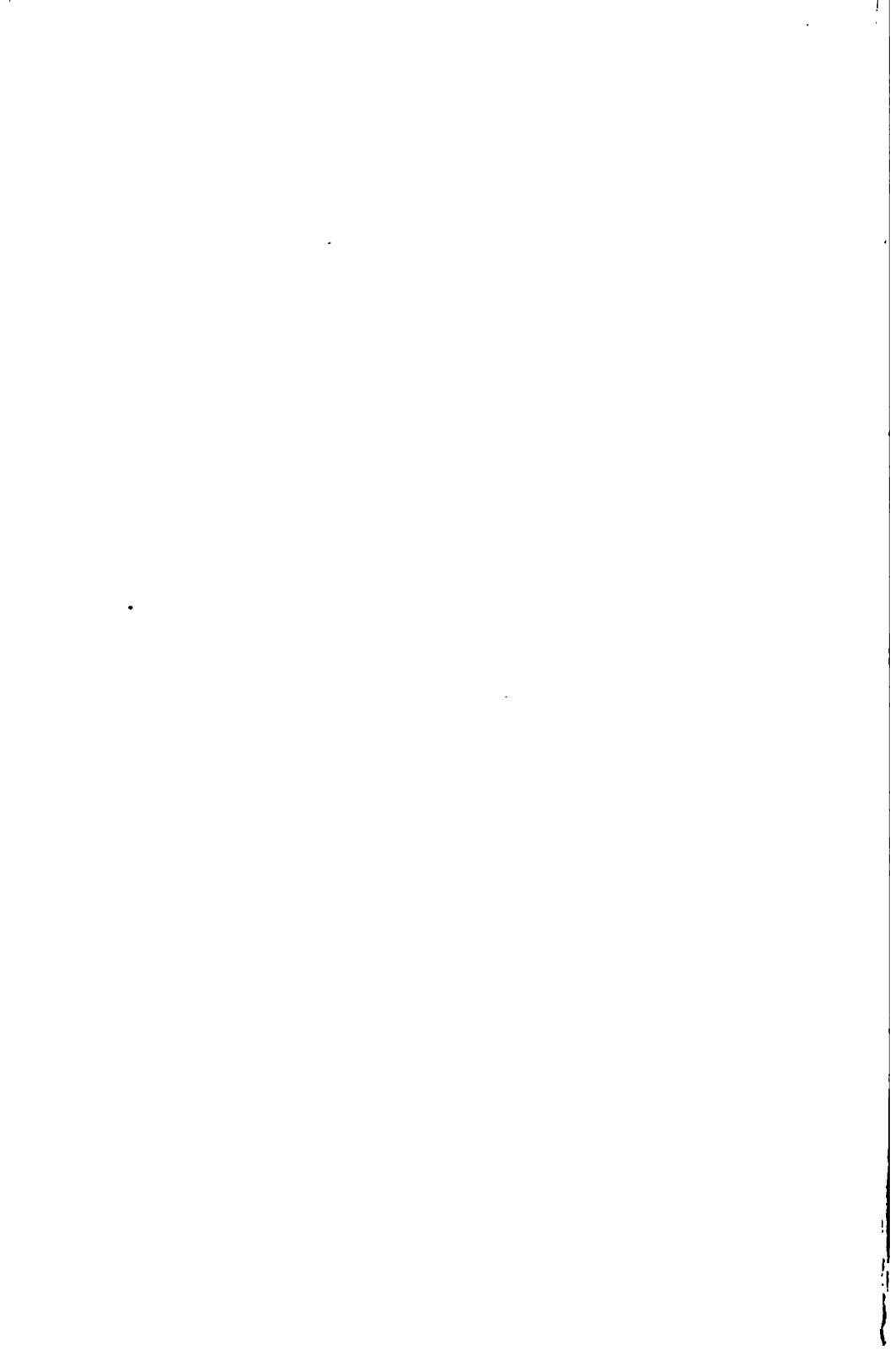
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TO
E_L C. E.



INTRODUCTION

By W. A. P. MARTIN, D.D., LL.D.
Ex-President of the Chinese Imperial University

“ Now when nations are competing for the honour of planting their flags on the poles of our planet, is there not some danger that heroic travellers who have penetrated savage regions, and brought to light the hidden things of darkness, may fail of due recognition ?

“ Livingstone and Stanley did more for science and civilisation than a dozen polar expeditions. A noted explorer who deserves to share their laurels, if only for what he achieved on the same arena, is the author of this volume.

“ Dr. Geil’s researches have taken a wider range than theirs, extending to three zones, and he has shown me a tattered flag which he bore on voyages by land and sea sufficient to put a tenfold girdle round this globe.

“ After piercing the Heart of Africa and confirming the Homeric legend of pygmies at war with snakes, if not with cranes, he passed at a single bound from Guinea to New Guinea, where he found materials for many a blood curdling picture of life among the head-hunters and cannibals of the Southern Seas.

“ Eight years ago Dr. Geil turned his attention to China, ascended her Great River to the frontiers of Tibet and gave the world his experiences in a fascinating book entitled “A Yankee on the Yangtze.” Had the sister stream been navigable he might have attempted to eclipse the exploit of a fabled hero, who, seeking the source of the Yellow River, found himself looking down from the Milky Way.

“ That being out of the question, the greatest thing remaining open to his restless enterprise was to follow

the winding of The Great Wall from end to end. This he accomplished two years ago and has given us a unique panorama of that hugest of the works of man—a structure so vast as to rival the mountain barriers built by the hand of nature.

“ Undaunted by hardships, in the Spring of last year he undertook, if possible, a more herculean task. This was nothing less than the making of a visit to each of the several *Capitals of the Eighteen Provinces*; mapping out their sites, and collecting on the spot their topographical treasures, a mass of literature destined to form the basis of a Chinese library.

“ He generally found himself preceded by missionaries, and he bears generous testimony to their self-sacrificing devotion. Without their aid his difficulties might have proved insuperable. Like the blind Huber of Geneva, who made himself an authority on bees, Dr. Geil knows how to use the eyes of others; and it must be admitted that he has made excellent use of his own eyes in studying the habits of this enormous human beehive.

“ Having helped to put his materials in shape on this as on his former campaign, I have much pleasure in commending his book to the attention of the reading public.

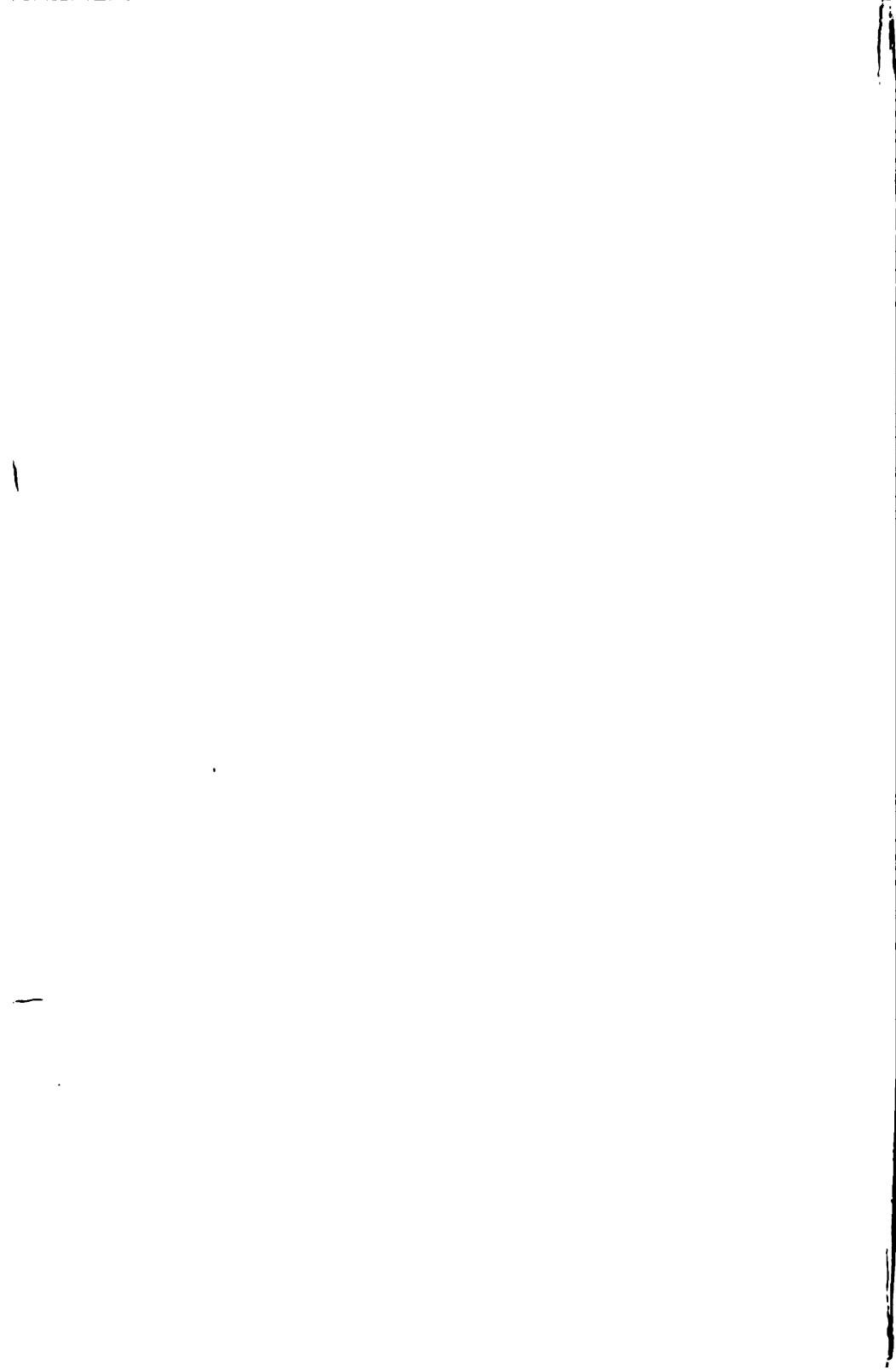
“ W. A. P. M.

“ Pearl Grotto, Western Hills, Peking, China.”

中

華

Chung Hwa, translated "Central Glory," is the Chinese name for China.



FOREWORD

THE Appetite Grows with Feeding. On one previous journey we ascended the Yangtze, crossed the water-shed, and came out in Burma; on another we traversed the Great Wall from end to end. These two trips, unique in this generation, inspired us to a third, when we should systematically visit each of the *Eighteen Capitals*, and get a first-hand glimpse at every part of this "Central Glory." Others know well and closely one province or two or even three; no one else has set himself to glance at all.

For many moons yet it is unlikely that others will tread the same track, so we have not written a guide-book. But we have attempted to give an impressionist sketch of present conditions, noting the flux at this critical time. And we have sought so to do this that the book may have permanent value as recording the conditions at one year in a decade of unexampled change, and so being worthy to take its place alongside our other studies of China, in the great libraries of the world.

In two respects, besides the mere extent of the journey, we put out special claims to attention,—politics and literature.

To read the minds of Chinese statesmen we have no pretension; the wisest of European diplomats often finds himself baffled by the imperturbable mask. But facts speak, and we have seen many facts, new facts, portentious facts. China has for ages studied the arts of peace, and has looked down on mere fighters. Whatever her opinion of them intrinsically may be, she has bowed to Western opinion, and has created fighters wholesale. The new educational system includes many military academies, West Points and Sandhursts. Bar-

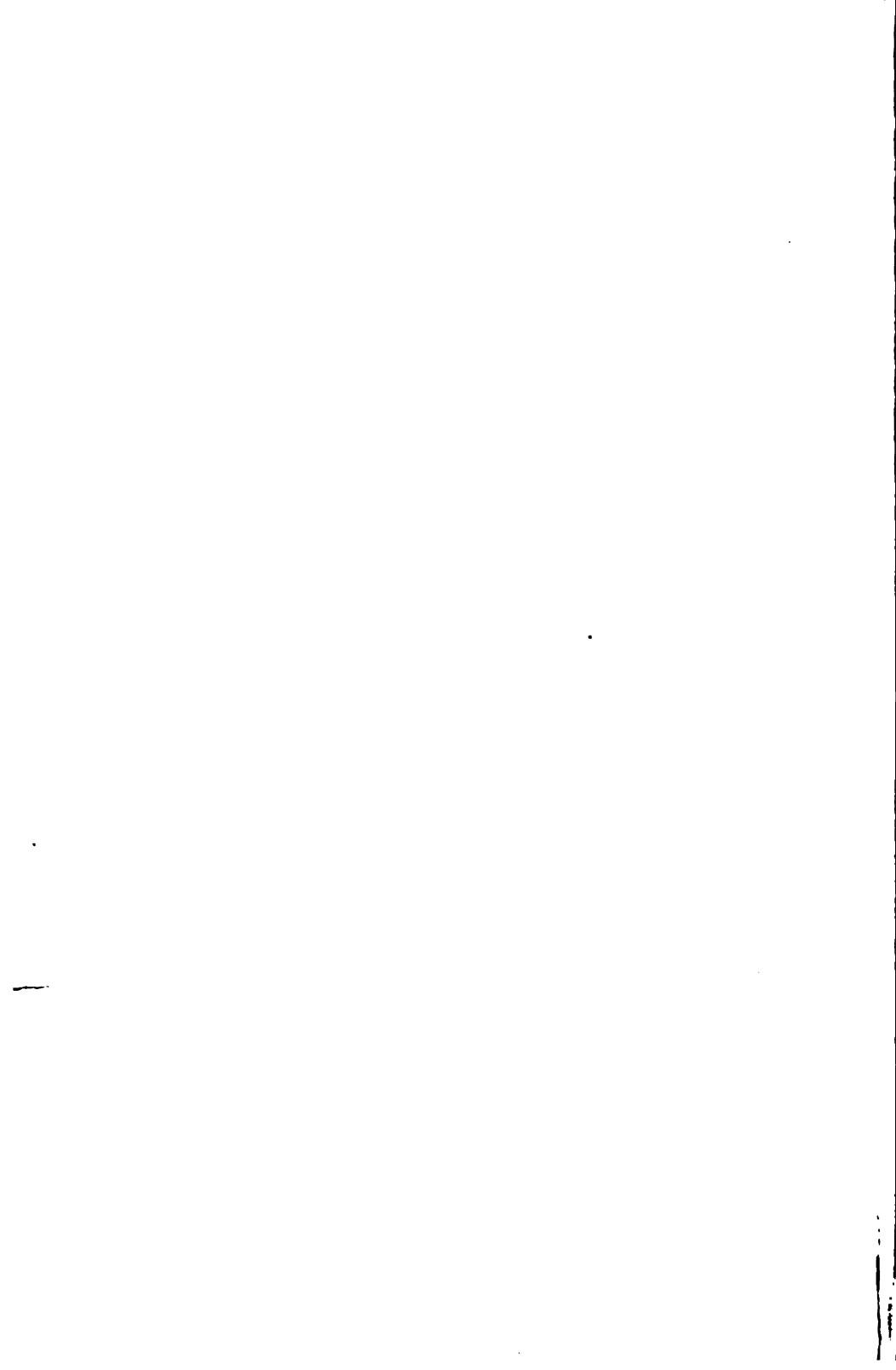
FOREWORD

racks have risen at every great city; soldiers fill them as fast as they rise. No more bows and arrows, no more somersaults and yells, but systematic European drill with European weapons of precision. No white man may cross the threshold of these barracks; soldiers are not encouraged to frequent white society; there is an armed neutrality. Arsenals are in evidence at every great centre; cannons and all other munitions of war are being made within the empire. This is not the case at one town merely or at two, but at every capital,—and we deal here only with capitals, where the pulse of the nation is easily felt. The whole empire seems to be arming, not in extraordinary haste, but with thoroughness, with doggedness; and with resources wherewith no one European nation can compare. The fact stands; let who will interpret it.

Then as to literature. When Constantinople's scholars fled west and took with them their Greek learning, after a few years the time-honoured Latin textbooks at the universities were thrown out as waste paper. That hour is now striking in China. The classics on which the intellect of the nation has been trained for two thousand years, together with the ephemeral novels and magical dream-books read by the masses, are alike doomed. Western learning for the one, and Western rubbish for the other, are alike displacing the older books. In a few years these will hardly be obtainable, for official destruction has begun. With the aid of viceroys, governors, Hanlin scholars, librarians, book-sellers, we have gathered a large collection, out of which selections by leading scholars have been translated, and a few specimens are given, to let the reader see the old style of book. Local proverbs in themselves have never been brought together on our scale; and to choose from a mass of new material which would fill three volumes has been a difficult task.

Mere travel chapters have not been written. No arbitrary length has been adopted; if one place presented specially interesting features and another seemed more ordinary, the chapters reflect that in their size. Twelve hundred photographs have enabled a careful choice to be made, and the illustrations are left to speak for themselves, without a superfluous descripton in the text. To style we do not make pretension, but we do confidently offer these pictures, this selection of a vanishing literature, this description of the eighteen vital points in the new China, to those who would get an instantaneous view of her as she is poised between the past and the future.

DOYLESTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
August 1, A. D. 1911.



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蘇杭以後天堂

VISIT SOOCHOW AND HANGCHOW; THE NEXT PLACE IS HEAVEN

EIGHTEEN CAPITALS OF CHINA

THE SOUTHERN CAPITALS

I

HANGCHOW

PART I.—CHANNELS AND ANNALS

ON the east coast of Cathay, in the latitude of New Orleans, is a wide estuary which rapidly narrows and turns southward. With every high tide a wave sweeps in from the Pacific, sixty miles wide, contracts speedily to ten miles, and piles itself up to a height of ten feet. A sea wall, erected to prevent the land from being flooded, changes and reflects it, so that behind the first wall of water is a second, five to fifteen feet higher. These two gigantic liquid ramparts speed up the estuary at a rate of thirteen miles an hour, with a roar like that of the rapids below Niagara. Pharaoh with all his chariots would be hard put to it if he were out exercising on the sands.

But as the channel bends and narrows and shallows, the height lessens; even at full moon, by 2 A.M., no more than seven feet of water tower above the banks that await it. They shelter opposite the walls of a great city on the northwest bank, and by three o'clock the sailors of Hangchow can take advantage of a swift ebb-tide. But we will let the Bore strand us here, and spend

some time investigating the million people who dwell at the head of this firth.

Their ancestors have been here for an indefinite time, during which the estuary must have changed shape greatly, as geologists and topographers assure us, but there is no record of anything before 326 A.D. Just about the time when Constantine gathered several Christian bishops with a view to patronising their religion and strengthening his empire, a Buddhist monk from India founded a convent here, and its history begins. But though many fishers may have settled at the foot of the hills and plied their calling on these strange waters, though more longshoremen may have laid out their salt-pans on the shallows, though more and more peasants must have tilled the rich soil brought by the inland flood, nearly three centuries passed before any one thought it worth while to erect any walls within which the poor folk might feel secure. It is now slightly more than thirteen hundred years since Yang Su established the first city here, and apparently by that time the rivers had assumed practically their present course; and within a generation a fresh race of men came by sea to trade, and the Buddhists had to share propagandism with the Moslems.

The estuary then became the chief centre of foreign commerce, though the Bore prevented Hangchow itself from being the port. The fleets came only to Kanpu, where an immense concourse of foreigners settled. Here the Parsee could be seen, worshipping the Rising Sun, or bowing at his fire-altar, or carrying a corpse to the Tower of Silence; here the Jew intoned his law, and rested on the Sabbath; here the Christian, who had come overland from Persia and had been known in the land many a century, read his Syriac Bible or saw his converts translating and printing in Chinese; here, too, the Moslem built his mosque, whence the muezzin



MAP OF WU-HAN.
By I. H. Moser, of Hankow.



上有天堂，下有蘇杭

HEAVEN IS AWAY IN THE SKY, BUT SOOCHOW AND HANGCHOW
ARE HERE BELOW

杭

州

Hangchow; "Boat Region," or possibly, "City of The Sail."

chanted five times daily the sonorous Arab call to prayer.

The Chinese at Hangchow looked askance at this peaceful invasion, and felt much as the Greeks at Constantinople when they viewed the western barbarians from Genoa or Venice who fortified a point across the Golden Horn, or much as the Londoner when he finds a square mile in the East End where churches are turned into synagogues and the notices are all in Hebrew. Hangchow was also rich and large, and the time came when a reasonable cause of quarrel was found. The foreign mart was sacked, and 20,000 foreigners whose names were down on the list of alien tax-payers were said to have been destroyed. Hangchow killed the goose that laid the golden eggs; the trade went to Canton and gave that district its commercial start. But Hangchow managed to thrive well by picking the goose's bones, and a few years later, as our ninth century was drawing to an end, the prince of the district fixed on this as his capital, and put up a new set of walls, double the length of the former, making the circuit some twenty-seven miles.

His successor set himself to deal with the Bore, and we have a vivid account of his difficulties and his skill. "Encountering day and night the violent assaults of the tide, he could never succeed in joining the two parts of his work. Then the prince ordered several hundred crossbowmen to shoot their bolts in order to slay the spirit of the tide, while he caused prayers to be offered on the hill. Thereupon the tide retired in shame, when the prince hastened to make bamboo baskets, which he filled with stones and anchored with huge piles. The dyke thus ended, he waited awhile before proceeding to build the fortifications." What is now a level plain was previously washed by the river. Good for the Chinese Canute! But the account leads us to think

生在揚州，念在蘇州，死在杭州

5

TO BE BORN IN YANGCHOW, TO HAVE STUDIED IN SOOCHOW, AND
TO DIE IN HANGCHOW

there is a little confusion as to which prince built the city walls. The third of this line was an ardent Buddhist, and in front of the Convent of the Heaven of Brahma, outside the present South Gate, in the year 966 A.D. he erected two elegant petticoated polygonal pillars, still to be seen.

These were the palmy days of Hangchow. One governor in the next century was equally famous for his poetry and his picnics. Whenever Su Tung-p'o could spare a holiday, he would gather a fleet of pleasure barges on the artificial lake west of the city. After early breakfast a captain was chosen for each craft, and there was great rivalry who could arrange the happiest day for his guests, with chorus and ballet-girls. As afternoon faded, a gong summoned all to some lake-side hotel, where they feasted again; then, before the market closed and the gates were shut, the whole joyous company rode home by torch-light, to the amusement of the citizens as they watched the "return of the thousand riders." Many anecdotes are told of this Louis the Fourteenth with his mistress, his dirge for the geese that had to be slain for the revellers, and his plea that they should be saved as they formed good watch-dogs—quite an Irish reminiscence of a Roman bull!

A great change took place when the Sung Dynasty was driven southward by the Mongol invaders. The Great Wall, whose builder in B.C.—is said to have moored his boat to a huge rock here, had failed to keep out the desert tribes, and the northern hosts poured into the land. The retreating Emperor pitched his camp here about 1130 A.D., and presently decided to make this the new imperial capital. He built new and massive fortifications extending right to the river, enclosing all

the existing suburbs and affording ample space for a magnificent palace with parks. The walls at this time are said to have been nearly forty miles round; indeed, a European traveller said one hundred miles, but he probably meant one hundred li. We are not accustomed to walled cities, but it may be remembered that if a wall were to be put round Melbourne in Australia, with its ports and its parks embosomed in the midst, it would need to be fully forty miles long; and the fortifications around Paris are on a similar vast scale.

Under these conditions, the city became a Babylon or a Corinth, a place of vast wealth, expenditure, luxury, and vice. We hear of it from Arabs and Persians, as well as from an Italian, Marco Polo, who left a glowing account of it as the noblest and best city in the world. He tells of the great Rotten Row, Route du Roi, some three miles long, the centre, twenty feet wide, gravelled over the rain-water drains, and a ten-foot paved road on either hand. Along the street rolled numerous covered carriages holding six people. This feature alone convinced him of the superiority to Europe: "Inside the city there is a lake some thirty miles around;¹ and all about it are built beautiful palaces and mansions, belonging to the city nobles, of the richest and most exquisite structure imaginable. On its shores are also many abbeys and churches of the idolaters. In the lake are two islands, on either of which stands a rich, spacious, and beautiful edifice, furnished as would become an emperor's palace, and if a citizen would celebrate a wedding breakfast or give an entertainment, it used to be done at one of these palatial hotels." At this time the Chinese Christians had a church here, and when the Mongols at last ousted the Sungs, Chinese

¹ It was not even thirty li.

Christianity came to the height of its glory, though the Italians could hardly understand Christians who knew little of, and cared nothing for, the Pope of Rome.

But the Mongols disdained walls, like the German conquerors of the Roman Empire. Hangchow was not their capital; its ramparts were plundered by any builder, and the place lost its glory. And so when the Chinese dynasty of the Mings "ascended the summit," the Japanese found the district defenceless, and are known to have plundered and burnt.

With the Mongols, native Christianity had practically vanished. It had learned to lean on the secular arm, and when the Mongol State fell the Mongol Church fell also. But by this time the barbarians of the Far West had found a sea route to China, and in 1582 an Italian Jesuit named Ricci, "a man with a curling beard and blue eyes, his voice like a great bell, was admitted to an Imperial audience. He presented books, images, and other objects from his native country. He was intelligent, witty, and of manifold ability, understood our Chinese writings, and could read whatever he had once glanced at." The historian goes on to record his successors, and Bishop Moule describes how he has visited their burial-place, five miles west of Hangchow, and has identified the tombs of Nicolas Trigault, who in 1615 published an account of the Christian expedition to the Chinese, and Emmanuel Diaz, with other less known pioneers.

It will be more interesting to take the native twelve volumes written on Hangchow and the district around by a Chinese scholar of that age, T'ien Shu-chêng, who secured a preface by the governor of the province. The first three of these are occupied with a close description of the lake and of the public buildings.

An anecdote is related of a lad who was impressed by the massy rock to which the great Emperor Ch'in had moored his boat, and had thought of carving it. As a man he became a Buddhist monk in the Monastery of Wonderful Doings, taking the name Calm Thoughts. He fulfilled his early aspirations, chiselled the rock into a bust of the Buddha, covered it with gold, and roofed it in. In Mongol times it was defaced, and the temple burned; but in the reign of Yung Lo it was restored, the temple rebuilt, and a monastery annexed.

There is also a good explanation of a curious stream-name: When the great Emperor Shun wanted to retire, he offered the throne to a native of this vicinity. The Chinese Cincinnatus, who was ploughing at the time, felt so unworthy that he went to a near-by stream and washed his ear, and also the ear of his ox, feeling unworthy that such an offer should remain in their ears. The water is now known as the "Wash Ear Stream."

Our author was not content with his three books of continuous description, but accumulated all the legends or folklore that he could pick up, and not only recorded them but commented on them and sought to elicit any grains of truth they might contain. His discrimination was surely praiseworthy, and his disproportion will be understood by all who have busied themselves with winnowing chaff from wheat or with milling gold ore and washing away the powdered stone. But we might wish he had also gathered together his precious grains and baked them into one compact cake. Meantime it is worth noting how he groups his antiquarian material.

He begins with two sections on everything that connected the city with any emperors; a third deals with festivals and their customs, a fourth with bad rulers, a fifth with ruins, a sixth with angels and saints, the seventh and ninth with celebrated scholars, the eighth

氣煞不可告狀，餓煞不可做賊

WHEN YOU ARE VERY ANGRY, DON'T GO TO LAW; WHEN YOU ARE
VERY HUNGRY, DON'T MAKE VERSES.

with the city hill and people associated therewith; the tenth is a remarkable blend of Buddhist and Taoist priests with renowned harlots; the eleventh catalogues the works of local scholars; then follow jugglers and geomancers, the origin of festivals, quiet places by the lake; and he closes with reasons for strolling by the lake. This scheme shows that our ideas of logic do not exactly coincide with Chinese, and it suggests that even a learned scholar is not above poking a little fun at the legends he gathers together. This enormous dust-heap occupies nine books in all, and it is worth raking over for a few choice samples of ancient lore.

His critical powers are exemplified on the changes of name. He quotes from old records: "The name of Hangchow comes down from the days of the divine Yü, who was stemming the floods, and assembled his chiefs at Kwei Chi across the river [of Tsien Tang]; when he arrived here he threw away his boat ['hang'] and came up on the dry land; so it was called Yü Hang, or the boat of Yü. And when Shao K'ang appointed his son Wu Yu over Yüeh [the old kingdom south of the river] to have charge of the sacrifices to Yü, it was again called Yü Hang. When Ch'in Shih Huang Ti was ruling [about 216 B.C.], Yü Hang was the county name. When the Sui rulers were in power, it was called Hangchow." On this fragment of old lore the author comments that probably when the divine Yü was stilling the waves the regions of Wu and Yüeh were all under water, and, though there was dry land appearing, it was impossible to cross without a floating bridge. The word "hang" meant, not a usual boat, but a row of boats abreast, or a square boat or punt. As the Book of Rites ordains that a scholar is entitled to a single boat, but an officer to this "hang" (punt), the

true interpretation of the passage is apparently that Yü officially established a ferry here, with a punt to take people from side to side.

Other anecdotes are jotted down as to famous residents. The Sung Emperor, Kao Tsung, at an entertainment given to his ministers saw Prince Tsang Tsin holding a boy's jewelled fan, which he recognized as one that he had accidentally dropped into the water at Ningpo ten years before. The prince proved to have bought it in a shop on the Great Street; the shopkeeper proved to have bought it from a pedlar; the pedlar proved to have bought it from a scullion to a family called Tsen outside the Waiting-for-the-tide Gate; and she declared that she found it in a fish which she was cleaning. The Emperor took this as an omen that he would recover his lost provinces, and rewarded the prince, the curio-dealer, the pedlar, and the scullion. Last of all, the story got into the Arabian Nights! This same Emperor heard of a poet who had written an epigram on his wasting time by training doves to fly and asking why he did not train a carrier-pigeon to bring news from the two dethroned and exiled Emperors; he appointed the poet to office—and so probably stilled his critical muse. It was this Emperor who invented the practice of having one set of chopsticks to help the food from the dish to the plate, and another to eat off the plate; he had to explain to Queen Wu that otherwise his dirty sticks would spoil all the food in the dish—a remark that is a wonderful illuminant as to manners and hygiene in his day.

Our recorder notes that under the Sungs there were twenty-one large fires, one, ranging for two miles and a half, displacing 18,000 families, while the worst raged for four days and nights, burning out 50,000 people, destroying temples and famous buildings and twelve miles of streets. Our sapient chronicler

has sought to assign five reasons for the prevalence of fires then, and notes that the population had greatly increased, that brick had been largely replaced by wood, that in most houses there was a shrine of Buddha with lamps and streamers, that people revelled till late at night and threw away their candles carelessly, that housewives were too lazy to see after the domestic economy.

While T'ien Shu-chêng was sweeping together everything that bore upon Hangchow and bundling it into his lengthy appendix, he came across a variety of legends, many of them about the lake which is such a great feature in the city life. Here are a few choice excerpts:

The miraculous light of a greenish red appeared in the Sung dynasty floating over the surface of the West Lake; it began at the Eating Pavilion. Later a man had a belt of rhinoceros hide; when he put it on and waded into the water, the water divided seven feet and let him through dry! There was a fine sword that would cut right through ten nails without injury, could be bent into a hook, and back straight. "That was a rare piece of iron." . . . A hog gave birth to two monstrosities with the heads of men and the bodies of pigs, which was taken as an omen of rebellion.

In the reign of Kwang Hwa² the third year and ninth moon, there were dragons fighting in Hangchow, and the waters rose and surrounded the houses of the people. . . . In the sixth year of Yüan Yu there was a great flood in the west of Chekiang; in Hangchow there died 500,000 people. . . . In the eighth year of Hsi Ning there were three outbursts of blood from the earth in Hangchow; the stench could not be endured to smell. . . . In the reign of Chien Yen, inside the Clear Wave

² In the T'ang dynasty, 900 A.D.

Gate, from the level ground around Bamboo Hill blood spurted out of the ground and became a pool; the stench could be smelt a number of li. . . . The next year the Golden Men [*i.e.*, Chin Tartars] came and killed over 10,000 people.

Near Hangchow in the third year and eighth moon of Shao Hsing, the earth brought forth White Fur which a scythe could not cut; so the children have a saying, "When the earth moves and brings out White Fur it is time for old and young to flee together." In the twentieth year of the same Emperor, a woman had a son with blue hair and two fleshy horns. . . . In the sixth year of Ch'ien Tao, at the North Gate was found a black fish with a man's hands protruding from each side of its stomach. In the twelfth year and second moon of Shun Hsi, on the bank of the river at Dragon Hill there was a great fish like an elephant which came up with the Bore tide and returned with it. In the thirteenth year, eighth moon, of the same prince, blood spurted from the ground in the house of a family in Hangchow city as high as the rafters, and stained men's clothing.

In the fourteenth year, sixth moon, at Linan, a family had a son which could speak at birth and was four feet in height. . . . In the third year, fourth moon, of K'ai Hsi the Tsien-tang River "overflowed its banks greatly" and covered people's houses; the same was true of the lake . . . the houses around the lake were destroyed. In the reign of Chia T'ai there was a great drought, and the fish in the lake all came to the surface; those who ate them got sick with what was called a "fish epidemic."

In the reign of Chih Chêng, of the Mongol Dynasty, Dragon Year, third moon, a Black Breath, thunder and lightning from heaven and a rain of things resembling fruit-stones in five colors came down with the raindrops. On cracking and eating them they were sweet, like pine seeds; at the time it was said that they were the seeds of the Sobo tree, a tree said to be in the moon.

It will appear that in ancient times Hangchow was a remarkably interesting place to live in, and we are not surprised to hear that the population was large. But the author himself says cautiously, "It would be rather hard to prove these things."

Now we take our leave of this prolific old antiquary of Tudor days, and pursue the fortunes of Hangchow after the Manchu Tartars overthrew the Mings and in 1644 seized the reins of empire, which they have held ever since. These foreigners were wiser than the Mongols, who ostentatiously disdained fortresses; they built a Tatar city adjoining every important city, and garrisoned it with their troops to be a permanent force, holding the natives in subjection. These were the people who compelled the Chinese to shave the front of their heads and plait their hair into queues; and they contemptuously refused to adopt the Chinese custom of cramping their women's feet. Only under our own eyes are the Manchu conquerors and the Chinese subjects blending, as Normans and English did after three centuries. The invention of gunpowder did much to equalise the Norman knight and the English man-at-arms; and now the front Tatar banner-man and the mere Chinese warrior are alike superseded by a new army, drilled and armed on European models.

About 1650, when Cromwell's red-coats were garrisoning fortresses to bridle the conquered Cavaliers, a Manchu camp was planted alongside Hangchow as a sign of a pledge of its subjection, and till our own days the Tartar troops dwelt there, over, but not of, the Chinese. The new Emperor, K'ang Hsi, realised the importance of Hangchow, and visited it four or five times, causing a grand palace to be erected on an island in the lake, with quarters for his suite and elaborate state

barges for processions. One minister, however, had the courage to represent that these state progresses were ruinous to the exchequer, and calculated that every inch traversed cost the people an inch of silver; his persistence won the day, and the Emperor contented himself with the knowledge he had gained.

Seventy years later there was an Emperor, Yung Chêng,³ who ejected the Jesuits because he found that a quarrel between two sets of Catholic missionaries had led to a foreign Pope's issuing orders which deliberately contradicted his own edict. He caused tablets to be erected forbidding the practice of their religion, and by fierce persecution checked its spread.⁴ The popular mind saw his punishment in the fact that he was childless, and local patriotism declared that his successor was no Manchu, but a local Chinese foisted on him as a baby. Certain it is that this next Emperor, Ch'ien Lung, was most attached to this town and visited it six times before his death, in 1796. It was towards the end of his sixty years' reign that a British embassy under Lord Macartney, travelling from Peking to Canton with an Imperial escort, spent several days here, and gave to the English-speaking world an inaccurate description of the place.

The whole condition of the city was altered in 1861 by the T'ai-p'ings. These people had risen in rebellion eleven years earlier, disgusted with the Manchu tyranny and incompetence, and welded together by a new religion, which incorporated some fragments of Christian teaching but exalted their leader as a Celestial King and Lord. After two groundless scares these Chinese patriots really did capture the city, but failed to take the Manchu fortress adjoining; on their retirement the

³ Yung Chêng was the son and immediate successor of K'ang Hsi, and came to the throne in 1723.

⁴ He issued an edict banishing all Roman priests to Macao. More than three hundred Christian churches were destroyed at this time.

garrison plundered the unfortunate citizens. A second siege resulted in the capture of the city again, the suicide of the Manchu army by forty-seven great explosions, and the occupation by the T'ai-p'ings. Their strange worship, their heads without queues but with long hair, created much surprise, and their compassion on the wretched inhabitants was even more unexpected.

As the tide of rebellion receded, Hangchow made the practical acquaintance of the white race once again. The treaties of the Imperial government opened the way for residents here and for Christian missionaries. The Lazarists came to take up the threads dropped by the Jesuits one hundred and thirty years before, while English and Americans entered with the Bible to set forth a truer Christianity than the T'ai-p'ings had illustrated. Since then this great city has felt newer influences working upon it, and in this century the changes have been rapid beyond all past experience.

PART II.—IF CONFUCIUS CAME TO HANG

Pondering over this contrast, I fell to thinking what the venerable sage Confucius would say could he see the state of things twenty-four centuries after his death. In my musings it seemed to me that my curiosity was gratified, and that I was privileged to escort him around the city of Hangchow, far from the scene of his former activity. He had lived a life of little or no pretension; his university was for a while the shade of a tree, and amongst his scholars the majority could be said to be neither bright nor prepossessing. But at least he himself consistently throughout life put character as the foundation of all learning, and mere intellectual requirements were to him among the lesser things to be attained. His was one of the mightiest human struggles to bring a

higher ethical ideal to a human race; and his resuscitation from the dead was an attempt on his part to discover to what extent his race had profited or failed to profit from his teaching.

He remarked to me that he had heard there were certain ethical societies of mushroom growth in "The States" and in Europe, societies whose teaching not only failed to surpass his own, but whose experiments in an ethical propaganda were insufficient to give him data to form final conclusions with regard to the all-sufficiency of ethical culture in the West. Hence, though free to travel within any of the ten thousand kingdoms of the earth, he had concluded that the land of his birth would render the best evidence as to the efficacy of mere ethical teaching in the moral and intellectual emancipation of a people.

When first asked for his impressions of Hangchow, he, with the habitual courtesy of the Chinese scholar, began with a few complimentary remarks. He admired the energy and the altruism of the first king of Hangchow, who, with his minister, constructed the great bank at the mouth of the bay, thus reclaiming thousands of acres of land not only for cultivation but for permanent habitation by human beings in city life. He admired the beauty of the lake with its ever-changing shades of colour; he admired the imagination and genius that could turn a huge desert beach into a land teeming with millions of population.

The first thing that he remarked was the existence of many so-called "modern" schools, built by the government and gentry. He was surprised to learn that in many of these not only are food and clothing given free as well as books, but that money prizes are offered every month to the boys who moderately excel. "Not thus was it in my days," said the teacher, "when men came to me under the shade of a tree, and in their

poverty furnished their own necessities." He had hoped that long since the multitude of objects in clay, hideous in every feature and more ugly than anything to be found in nature in her wildest moods, would be neither an object nor a medium for prostituting men's conceptions of the spiritual beings beyond. He said with a sigh, "I had never denied the existence of the spirit world, but I had plainly insisted upon our ignorance of such things, and that the best we could do was to speak with respect of such things. But these Buddhist priests have exceeded the highest flights of a wicked imagination; they have not only given us a world of spirits, but have imaged them in these temples in such a way as to make man more brutish and depraved with than without them. The other day I saw a little child suddenly ushered into the Lin Yin Monastery; in the presence of those long rows of gilded lumps of clay the child looked about in terror, fell over on the ground in fear, and had to be carried out screaming in his mother's arms. The masses of this race have no more capacity than the heart of that child. The initial impression produced upon him was indicative of the abiding impression produced upon my race. There is almost none of reverence, absolutely nothing of love, and almost all of fear stamped upon the deluded throng, that come either to propitiate for calamities or to purchase some material good.

"The cry of that child," he continued, "remains in my ears, and is but an echo of the cry of millions about me as they beseech or protest with the spirits that infest them everywhere—spirits potent for evil or for good—without reference to the rule of one Omniscient All-loving Power. To make it worse, these ignorant, immoral priests, living openly with their mistresses and yet claim-

ing to live lives of self-denial, using every opportunity to extort money for securing bribes for the gods and yet claiming to live in poverty, presuming on the pockets and the morality of their pilgrim guests and yet claiming the loss of all earthly desire as their bull's-eye, these priests are leading the people to still grosser conceptions than if left alone."

Confucius noticed what is called a Taoist temple. I told him it was the religion of his old contemporary, Lao Chün, whom he once met,⁵ and with whom he talked on high metaphysical doctrines. "Then has it come to this? What are these hideous creatures I see at the door? No such ugliness was ever wrought by nature." "These are the gods of the spiritual world," I told him. "Taoism⁶ says the spiritual world is modelled after the government of the city and the nation." Said Confucius, "I have just come from the spirit world and saw no such hideous creatures. Lao Chün knows nothing of this." I told him that they say these gods rule all the spirit world. When a person has disease or calamity of any kind, people think it is an evil spirit; they send for a Taoist priest, who comes and recites prayers, makes incantations, spreads a feast on the outside of the house, and prays the spirit to go away and let the man alone. When the telegraph poles were first erected, the Taoist priests gave little children small bags to wear at the lapels of their suits to keep off the evil spirits the telegraph poles attracted. Confucius decided to enter the temple and there saw the horrible representations of hell—men being pestled in mortars, others sawn asunder by slow workmen, still others being pitched into boiling cauldrons, others trying to escape

⁵ Some scholars think the meeting is an invention of later times. Lao Tzü was born more than fifty years before Confucius.

⁶ Modern Taoism, with which Lao Tzü has about as much to do as Mohammed.

WANT TO SEE BLACK-HEARTED PEOPLE?
LOOK AT THOSE WHO PRAY TO BUDDHA

over a bridge where they meet deadly poisonous snakes, others trying to climb up and escape, only to have thunderbolts hurled at them by the monstrous god of thunder. Confucius said, "It was not so in my day." And then he was silent and thought, and the longer he thought the greater grew his anger, until in a tempestuous rage he cursed the men who had dared to mutilate the teachings of old Lao Chün and turn them into such ghastly practices.

As we strolled along Great Street together, holding sad discourse, we came to the front of the Mohammedan mosque. "What strange inscriptions do I see, that were never seen in my day—those snaky characters? Let us enter and ask their meaning." At the door a keeper met us, and in answer to our request translated the words above us, saying with quiet earnestness, "God is one God and Mohammed is his prophet." Said Confucius, "This is somewhat of an advance upon my age. Though I never dogmatized concerning the spirits of the air, I believed in one Omnipotent Ruler above, who spoke to the hearts of men and moved in my heart when I felt most truly the highest moral claims of life. I see no idols here."

At last, about 4 A.M., we came to a large building erected to the memory of Confucius. A smile played over the face of the sage, for it gratified him to think that throughout twenty-four centuries his name and teachings had been remembered so far from his home. When I told him that in every other large city of China a similar monument stood to his memory, tears of joy came to his eyes, and he said, "There is at least some salt in this earth."

Alas that he should identify reverence for himself with reverence for his teaching! For when he entered

the Hall, he saw a large group of officials in their robes of state calling him great and holy and exalted above all, placed even on an equal rank with Heaven itself. He heard prayers offered to him, thanks rendered to him, and at one side he saw a dressed cow and sheep slain and offered to him. With a face deathly pale he turned and said to me, "Is this place a mere monument to my memory, or are these prayers and sacrifices offered to me in worship?" I told him that though blessings were not sought from him as from God himself, yet these sacrifices were offered to him as to one who heard and answered, as to one who was high and holy, the ultimate realisation of human and spiritual excellence. With these words the last smile faded from his face. He pushed through the encircling crowd, threw up his hands, and cried, "It must not be!" A look of unutterable pain came over him, and he fell forward in a dead faint over the prostrate form of the governor, who was then master of ceremonies and was leading in prayer. Before one of these lofty Celestials could identify the actual features and form of Confucius, I had borne his wasted frame in my strong arms to the only place in Hangchow where there was skill sufficient to resuscitate a spirit that had lain dormant for twenty-four centuries.

The lantern above the gate was burning out its last drop of oil when I knocked at the hospital entrance. I demanded instant admittance, and the keeper within, with a lazy drone, told me the hour was too unseasonable. "For Confucius' sake let me get in!" Whereupon he fumbled at the bolts and lock, wondering what apparition might appear; when he saw Confucius in my arms, he too fell back in mortal fear. A good, red-haired Irishman came hurriedly out. I rushed into the open court-yard and called aloud for help. Presently

two foreign doctors in their long night-robes, with anaesthetics and medicine-cases, and a crowd of twenty Chinese students at their heels, all came to my relief and assistance. When they learned that Confucius had come, one of the doctors took him to the best bedroom of the hospital. He and a few pupils worked his chest, gave him stimulants, and after hours of work the lids opened the second time in twenty-four centuries. Confucius remained long in this state, and was occasionally allowed to sit up in his chair and to walk through the buildings and grounds. He heard a message that was preached to the poor; he saw opening of the eyes of the blind. He saw the lame walk and lepers cared for. In an asylum he saw the motherless sheltered; and he saw young men taught the hope of China, taught medicine and surgery in order to spread this healing to others. He saw women who came to the women's ward to give birth to infants under the only conditions in that great city that made childbirth for the poor safe, with surroundings of comfort and loving service. He saw men who had taken opium in order to escape the sorrows of this life walked up and down a greensward until certain remedies took effect, and then not only was their appetite for opium broken, but they were given a new appetite stronger than the old for the same kind of things for which the sage had yearned. He saw men daily, with foreign doctors in charge, assemble for prayer to the Supreme Spirit, one who was God and Father of all living.

And after many days he said within himself: "I once said that within the four seas all are brethren, but its realisation I have for the first time seen: East and West, rich and poor, scholar and farmer, coolie and merchant, working together in the service of healing

and in the rectification of men's hearts and lives. I have found out that the great motive force that produces all these marvellous results is a life rather than a teaching, is a person who works and lives to-day rather than an ideal, is something concrete, both human and divine, rather than an ethical conception, is a living present force rather than a historical idea.

"The One whose love commands this service must be one of whom Mencius spoke when he discoursed with me in the spiritual world. He told me that when on earth he had a vision of one whom God was yet to use, and he recorded his definition of such a man in writing and gave it to his race. 'Heaven will bring a great honour upon this man. But he will first bring bitterness to his heart, will bring labour to his bone and sinew, will bring hunger to his frame, will bring want to his body, will bring confusion to what he does; and thus will move his heart, will make enduring his nature, and increase and prosper that which he himself is unable to do.' I stood in my home or in the shade of that tree with scholars at my feet, discoursing on the idea of the Princely Man; I kept aloof from the masses, and tried to rule them from above; while He of whom Mencius seems to have spoken went out into the by-ways and hedges to compel men to come. He had not where to lay His head, and mingled not only with rulers but mingled to such an extent with the outcasts that He himself was nicknamed the glutinous man and wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners. I came to call the righteous, but He, sinners, to repentance; I came with my healing to those who had no need of a physician, but He to those who were sick; and hence the needs of humanity I failed to meet, whereas He has succeeded."

PART III.—HANG: THE CITY

For the Hang of to-day, there are, as for Cæsar's Gaul, three parts: the City, the Governor, the People.

The City of Hang is two and three-quarters miles from south to north, one and one-half miles wide at the north, and a mile at the south. Canals intersect the city, and the famous artificial lake washes the centre third of the western wall. Government offices and schools are dotted all about, but most of the lake frontage is taken up by the Manchu Camp, which reaches half a mile back into the main city.

The water-ways are prominent. Five of the gates refer to them: Crystal Wave, Waiting for the Tide, River View, Ch'ien's Dyke, Bubbling Gold. The canals are used for traffic as freely as in Holland, but, instead of draining the land as in that remarkable country, they supply water for irrigation. Nor are they used as sewers, as the farmers have far too high a sense of the value of manure, and are glad to keep the canals dredged to obtain fertilisers for their fields. Bathing is not much practised, but rice for dinner and clothes for wear are being constantly washed in the water. Of course this enriches the water, and the natives appreciate the quantity of solid matter quite as much as on the Mississippi, where a pint provides both drink and food. The Chinese much prefer this to rain-water, but are divided in opinion as to the superiority of the canal or the lake, which latter is supplied with the ashes of incense from the numerous temples. The canals furnish also abundant fish, and the nuts that float down the surface provide afternoon tea. Locks are not known, and when it is needful to transfer from one level to another, mud-slides are used. In the country water-buffaloes are seen grinding the mills—

strange, sad animals. In the city many beautiful stone bridges span the waters; strange superstitions cluster round them, no women being allowed to cross when a boat is beneath, and no one being allowed to speak when passing under certain Dumb Bridges.

If we think that the water-ways are the great sight of the city, the citizens think they have seven show-pieces: fans, foreigners, face-powder, scissors, silk, medicine, and children. Undoubtedly the children are much in evidence; we will gratify the Chinese taste by attending to them. There is no race-suicide here; even a laddie of six replied to the query, "What do you most want to do when you are grown up?" by the ready answer, "Marry a wife and have a son." Religion supports this, as in India, for ancestor-worship is deeply ingrained, and if you have no children who will worship you? A child may rejoice in four names at various stages of his life, his pet name at home, his school name, his business style, his official title; much as an English lad is Tommy in the nursery, Jones at school, Messrs. Jones & Co. in the directory, Baron de Jonghs in "Who's Who."

While the Chinese Tommy is still in his nurse's arms, he has a pinch of mug-wort put on his head and fired, so that a bald spot is produced; this is not hygienic, like vaccination, but superstitious. In a month his little pate is shaven, and a feast is held; presently a little cap is put on, probably decked with idols, and a locket is hung round his neck for luck. As Tommy learns to talk he learns baby rhymes; when put into his little sedan, answering to our perambulator or go-cart, they sing to him:

"First you laugh and then you cry;
Three little yellow dogs come to carry your chair."

In the nursery they tell him of the old woman in the moon,⁷ or teach him baby games: two forefingers put together represent two birdies kissing; they knock their bills, they fly, the big birdies fly while the little birdies keep the house, fly to the high hills to eat white rice—and the last clause is drawled out as the arms widen and widen.

Tommy goes to school and becomes Jones. He is taught how to worship, bowing to the idols; at school he is told how the fox, that emblem of cunning, is his tutelary deity, to help him learn and especially to help him pass his examinations. In real life he has probably seen many shocking sights, and though the publication of indecent native pictures is prevented, obscene foreign pictures are now corrupting his mind. But as he learns to read he is able to turn to the cheap book-stalls all about the city, and unfortunately these teem with demoralising books. So at ten years of age he is separated from his girl playmates, to see no female face till he is engaged, at the age of fifteen, a plan which preserves outward chastity though it cannot eradicate the inward evil. However, in the school-boy stage his animal passions find more innocent gratification in unlimited green plums, peanuts, and rich cakes.

How about the girls? Until lately no one cared very much about them,⁸ but things are now marvellously changing. There was a lady interested in the Tatar girls, who founded a school here to instruct them in virtue and learning, but her efforts were not adequately seconded, and she sought to excite interest by com-

⁷ Ch'ang O, the wife of Hou I, is said to have stolen from her husband the drug of immortality and to have fled with it to the moon, where she was changed into a toad. This toad is believed to swallow the moon during the eclipse.

⁸ Girls are by no means despised in China to the extent that foreigners believe. One has only to read an ordinary Chinese novel to see this.

mitting suicide and leaving a public appeal. After two attempts to poison herself with opium she succeeded, and her dying will, signed with her blood, had a wide circulation, resulting in funds being raised to build two commodious houses. It ran thus:

“ All my pupils take notice:

“ In my humble efforts to found this school there was no little difficulty. Knowing that I had no strength or ability in myself, my first idea was to stir up people who did have ability, such as Lady San, Lady Fêng, and two old ladies named Po and Tso, thinking that they would warmly advocate my project. To my surprise and chagrin, they despised my project, and said that I was too fond of looking after things that did not concern me.

“ Alas! this was not in my mind at all, but in reality because I recognise the present time as one of change and reform. You all see how the Chinese are reviving in educational matters; in a few years everything will be different. You do not believe it; I do believe it. Five or six years ago it was thus, and now it is the same way. Now I am going to use my death to obtain the means for carrying on this school, so that you may always have a place to study. May you always cherish and practise the four virtues, fidelity, filial piety, chastity, and uprightness; then will you be of use in the world! Although I am going to take my life, it will not be cutting it short. It is only the old-time custom handed to posterity of offering one's self as a sacrifice, in order to bring about and make sure of this reform. For instance, when we are sick we pray to the gods for protection. After our disease is cured we buy incense and candles to pay our vows. Now this school will be like a

person whose disease is cured. This vow must certainly be paid. This girl's school is like a sick person.

"Begging for the means to carry it out is like getting a medical prescription. When this is obtained the disease is cured. In the eighth moon I am going to die, because the means for carrying on this school are not assured. I have no money with which to invite teachers. I could only deceive them for a short time with promises to pay. For all my faults I beg your pardon, hoping that you will forgive me, and not treasure them up against me. But though I die I am as one who lives. You must not weep for me. Only listen to what I say. Hereafter be very obedient to your teachers and heed their instructions, which will be of great benefit to you. Be courteous to outsiders, and do not quarrel among yourselves so that outsiders will make fun of you. My words are many but my heart is very sore. This is all I have to say."

Women are aiming at improving their condition in other directions; a certain woman was recently trying for women's rights in some manner I could not exactly ascertain. In China there are so many women that they do not spare much time on soothing one. Here is an extract from an official Extra:

"At three o'clock on the morning of the fifth day, Tsin-yin was beheaded. She was led to the execution ground under the guard of the major of the San-in district, with the drilled soldiers of the provincial capital and the local police. At the time of her execution she wore an inner vest of white, with upper garment and trousers of black gauze; on her feet were foreign shoes. Her hands were pinioned behind her back with iron handcuff's and chains. As she came from the prison

and crossed the street she was led by a soldier holding an iron chain, and several people coming behind pushed her rudely. Having reached the grounds she knelt down, looked round, and suffered the penalty. Early next day a coffin was brought, and she was placed in it."

Western sentiment seems to have touched the editor, or why detail exactly her costume? The beheading of a woman made a great sensation, and she was presently given an honourable burial beside the lake. Perhaps her cause will be well advertised by her sacrifice. That would be quite in accord with popular belief; and it expresses itself in other curious customs, such as punishment by proxy, and vicarious treatment of lunacy.

The old Buddhist religion no longer holds the people, though after the T'ai-p'ing destruction of temples many were rebuilt. On all sides are to be heard tales of the laziness and immorality of the monks. One has become classic, and found its way into the standard guide when referring to the Lin Yin Monastery. A monk thence went to the street where food, candles, and incense were sold, bought some rouge, fruit, and cakes, and, catching the eye of a beautiful lady at a window, held them up meaningly to her. She told her husband and they schemed together; she let the monk have some encouragement, but told him her husband was generally about the premises. So the monk began to frequent the shop, and considerably improved its trade. At last she told him when the husband would be going on a business journey, and gave him an assignation. She set before him wine and good dishes, then sent him to her room to prepare. Just when he had removed all his clothes there came a knock at the door; the husband had returned to get something! She told the monk to get into a box and keep quiet; then she locked the box and left it till morning, when they had it carried as it

was to the magistrate. He advised that as it was their box they should throw it into the river and end the affair happily.

Now those tales relate to conditions quite eight centuries ago, but the people generally think that the moral tone of the religious houses is little better to-day. More than once there have been popular uprisings, such as Spain witnessed at Barcelona in 1909. More than once the Emperor has decreed the closing of all monasteries and nunneries, on the ground that it is unnatural for men and women to live celibate lives. "The sum of the whole is, these dissolute monks of Buddha are lazy; they will neither work in the fields nor traffic in the markets; and being without food or clothing, they busily invent means of deceiving the people." And this they successfully do. The people believe that in the idol-houses where pilgrims stay there are unmentionable practices every night, fostered by the monks. And they point to the fact that often a nunnery is to be seen hard by the monastery. Where there is no work, gambling, drinking, and opium-smoking are largely indulged in. Proverbs such as "If you would find a man of black heart, look among the monks," indicate the popular esteem in which they are held.

It is a reasonable question how the monks revived here after the wholesale clearance by the T'ai-p'ings, if they were in such odium. Before Christian monks could regain their footing in lands whence the Reformation had expelled them, they were severely reformed in morals. But that is not the case with these Buddhist monks. And the best answer seems to be that whereas the official Confucianism is severely agnostic as to a future life, the Buddhists have departed from the similar agnosticism of their founder, and not only have

a very definite and elaborate doctrine of hell and heaven but pander to all the superstitions of the people. The Buddha enlisted his followers as monks to save themselves; the Chinese monks have become priests to act on behalf of others. The Buddha's monks led wandering lives, and met together for mutual confession and exhortation; the Chinese Buddhists erect beautiful homes and temples, where they conduct worship before idols for the benefit (spiritual) of the people and (financial) of themselves. The Buddha's monks gathered up the teaching of their founder and his great followers in a short canon which they intelligently studied and sought to follow; the Chinese Buddhists have a much longer canon, which they have written out in Chinese characters without translation, and portions of which they recite as a sort of Abracadabra, utterly unintelligible both to their hearers and themselves. To hire another man to worship for you, according to a foreign ritual comprehended by no one, in a bad pronunciation of a foreign tongue now obsolete even in its original home, with customs explicitly forbidden by the founder of the religion, the priest himself perpetually violating them both in his methods and in his very existence—all this seems absurd, but is too true, in China and Europe.

How this works out with the common people may be easily guessed. The monks take contracts to have so many prayers said in the unknown tongue for the merit of the purchaser. They are too lazy themselves, and perhaps have not heard of their Tibetan brothers' plan of setting a waterwheel to grind out the prayers. They sublet the contract at lower rates to old ladies past work, who as a guarantee of good faith assemble in little groups around a table in the open street, and there pray aloud all day for ten cents and their rice. The difference between their price and the monks' price

goes far to support the thousand temples, large and small, that have arisen since the T'ai-p'ings left only one standing. This sounds quite as if we were reading of the Quebec province in Canada. We wonder why the purchasers do not deal direct with the old ladies and cut out the middle-men. There are some ceremonies which they themselves take part in: as an instance, the Day of Release-life. In practice this amounts to a picnic on the lake, when beggars bring snakes for sale and the rich let them escape so as to earn merit; naturally the same snakes do duty several times over.

Since the T'ai-p'ings, two waves of Western influence have reached Hangchow, missions and education. There are some six Protestant missions at work here now, chiefly from America and Britain, and for thirty years they alone were the mediums of Western ideas. But in the last twelve years there has been a marvellous alteration, due to the impact of foreign ideas on the Peking authorities and their decision to alter the whole educational system and appropriate whatever is best in Western methods. The old plan of competitive examinations in the Chinese classics is at an end; young men who had spent ten or twelve years cramming for their "Hsiu-ts'ai," or Bachelor of Arts degree, find that that degree is no longer given and that Bachelors of Science are more in demand. The old Examination Hall is pulled down, and a new group of public buildings has arisen on its site, of which I have more to say. Students now turn to learn English, political economy and history, physical science, medicine, tactics and the art of war, the science of gunnery, etc.—everything Western except religion. [To this they are not actively averse, but they seem likely to discard even the semblance of respect for the morality of Confucius—yet to be attrac-

ted to nothing which may replace it.] The new buildings which arise, Western architecture as recast by Chinese, are grotesque enough to our eyes, as doubtless to theirs, but what of the architecture of life and morals? They are clearing the ground of what they no longer esteem, but wherewith shall it be covered afresh?

PART IV.—THE GOVERNOR

As some contribution toward answering the question, let me relate my striking experience with the Governor of the province of Chekiang, a Mongol from Peking, the only one of his race occupying such a post. I had the good fortune to obtain suitable introductions from Washington, and in consequence I was received in audience, was the only Westerner to see the opening of Parliament, and had the honour of an official visit at my host's house, in the Southern Presbyterian Mission compound.

An appointment was given for ten in the morning, and an official chair of state was sent from the palace to add dignity to the procession. The great doors were thrown open, and we alighted at the inner large gate, where the Governor's secretary and an official interpreter awaited. At the next door the Governor himself received us, and led us into the state reception room, where a foreign table was set out with both foreign and Eastern food. Here he affably showed us to seats, according to our Western etiquette. After the preliminary greetings, in which I inquired, as was courteous, and learned that he was forty-nine years old, we exchanged experiences.

I told him something of my travels, and as a Mongol he was much interested in hearing of my journey along the Great Wall from end to end, deigning to accept a copy of the new book. In other lands he was struck by the story of the Pigmies I found in the Forest of

the Eternal Twilight in mid-Africa. He was complimented on the excellent police of the city and the beauties of the region, but waved away any personal merit for either. Condoling with him on the disappearance of ancient buildings, and expressing a hope that he would use his influence to preserve the old pagodas, I asked if he could direct me to any interesting remains of former dynasties. He regretted that every few centuries some great rebellion had swept away many traces, and that here only forty-five years ago the T'ai-p'ings had wrought tremendous havoc. Appealing for information as to old histories, records, and maps, I had the gratifying promise that the libraries should be searched for me; and many of the preceding pages are thus due to his kindness. Then we turned to education, and he admitted that so far the results were mediocre, as there was no thorough system of co-ordination and grading, such as had obtained to some extent under the old system. Recollecting that for the last few weeks the Governor had been accompanying the brother of the Prince Regent along the coast to select a naval base, I put the leading question what he considered the chief need of the nation. His response is interesting: "First, I think that all the people should learn to read, and second, that all should learn to get their living; these two things are most important." Note, not self-protection and a navy, not religion, but good, plain, medium aspirations. I told him how, years before, I had met Tuan Fang, who had said that China needed a new spirit, and how in my recent travels I had found this emerging. "Yes," said the Governor, "and the more they read the more intelligent will they become, thus getting this new spirit. To this end I also work; but without intelligence the people

will never get it." He told me that a higher class of young men was now going to America to study, so that the way was open to offer good services if his son should be sent out. He enquired what would be our course should a competition arise for China with any foreign power. I told him that I myself wished China well, and thought I represented the average American opinion; America could be looked upon as China's friend, and her influence would always be exerted in the best interests of his land. Hereupon he shook hands with himself. Speaking of missionary efforts, the Governor had no objection to their exhorting the people, but he thought the religion they taught had not yet struck deeply enough to count for much in cementing the two nations.

During our conversation it came out that on the morrow he was to open the first Parliament that had ever been summoned for the province of Chekiang; yet on the eve of this great development he was sparing me an hour and a half of his valuable time! More than that, he promised to send me tickets of admission. At the close of the audience he came out to my chair, showing every courtesy.

As I was borne homeward through this historic city, reclaimed from a watery waste, the home of an Emperor and of many great scholars, rich in learning and libraries, famous for its craftsmen, a city about which volumes have been written, I felt on the eve of a change. All around me showed the end of one epoch and the opening of another. This city, once the terminus of the Grand Canal, was now the terminus of a railway. But far beyond the outward material advance was the thought that on Thursday, October 14, 1909, a Parliament of the people was to meet to express the desires of the populace; the rule of the

scholars, the brute force of the Manchu Tatars, were henceforth to be modified by the hopes and wishes of the democracy.

Next day I availed myself of the privilege, and found myself and my two hosts, Dr. and Prof. Stuart, the only Westerners spectators of this unique ceremony. As the permanent House of Assembly was not completed, the audience-chamber of the Normal School was used, decorated with flags showing the dragon in yellow and red and with the Imperial flag. We were ushered in by uniformed men armed with long swords, and were given the centre seats in the chief gallery, exactly opposite the Imperial edict and the Speaker.

At 9.30 A.M. the Governor appeared, the delegates rising to receive him, and the temporary Speaker then calling this first Parliament to order. When the Governor stepped to the front with the yellow roll indicating an Imperial Order, the members arose and clapped! At the front desk was read the rescript which duly constituted the Parliament, and after a pause there was produced also a white document which set forth the rules of procedure. This constituted the opening ceremony, and the Speaker then adjourned the session till the afternoon.

Carlyle has made memorable the opening of the States General in France, and the visitor to the old theatre in Versailles can sit in the restored chamber and meditate on the rush of events that followed. It is not given to many people to see the curtain rise on a new drama, with a full sense of the importance of what may follow.

On the third day the Governor came in state to return my call, traversing some long distance through the city, and being the first Governor to visit the South-

ern Presbyterian Mission. It was an event in the city to see out-runners, infantry, and cavalry escorting the chief official of the province to this foreign establishment. And it is not easy to recollect a case when the Governor of Pennsylvania turned out with the State Militia to visit, say, a private Chinese traveller housed at the China Inland Mission in Germantown.

He was most gracious in his demeanor, and we naturally talked about the Great Wall built by Ch'in and after many centuries rebuilt or extensively repaired to keep out the Mongols. With a hearty laugh, he pointed out that the Mongols had come and stayed, nevertheless. I told him how now on the western end a Chinese scholar had inscribed, "Beware of the Russians!" He reddened slightly, and diplomatically turned the conversation again to the Pigmies of Africa, asking if giants lived near them; this may have been an Oriental parable. We found a less delicate topic arising out of manufactures. As he noticed a piece of porcelain on the table, he pointed out that when Chinese ware fell it would break in two or three pieces, but Japanese would shatter and be beyond repair—perhaps another parable. We both laughed heartily, and he reminded me that much mending of porcelain is done with brass wire; as I have seen, with most excellent results. And he further remarked that though Japanese ware when new has a good appearance, it will not last; to which again I assented. On this visit he made a most favourable impression. After renewed assurances of the good feeling of America toward China, an American present expressed his intention of studying the language; he smiled, and pointed out how easy it is, and indeed gave him a lesson! He chose three words, heaven, earth, tea, and drilled him in their pronunciation. I agreed that they formed an excellent choice for a start, and that of the three essentials

he had put first things first. Then he spoke of the simplicity of the writing, and it is interesting to get the point of view, so different from our own. "With you," said he, "the word heaven takes six distinct characters which must be learned separately and then combined; with us in our ideographs there is but one character." Still, I could but reflect that they too have to combine their ideographs, and often these are ambiguous in their meaning, while a mere twenty-six characters will serve all our purpose as against hundreds and even thousands of theirs. He spoke of the population, and put that of Hangchow at between two and three hundred thousand. As I had heard estimates running up even to a million, this augured well for his moderation and freedom from megalomania. But it seems that there is no census from a religious standpoint, nor is one even contemplated. With much appreciation of the goodness that led him to devote so much attention to a wayfarer, I attended him to his chair and bowed him away. How remarkable that a Mongol governor should be here at a town that was the last refuge of the Chinese against the Mongols, at a town where ended the Grand Canal built by the Mongols! The hope of China lies in such enlightened men as he.

PART V.—THE GREAT STREET

Having paid official respect to the ruler, the next thing is to see life from the side of the people. For this the Great Street is the obvious scene, and my friend Prof. Fitch⁹ a most capable guide and interpreter.

We took our start at the Fêng Shan Gate, so called because it faces the Fêng Hill not far away, and where

⁹ Prof. Robt. F. Fitch, M.A., B.D., son of the distinguished Missionary.

before the building of Hangchow there was a village of barbarians. There are three methods of entering the city at this place, the ordinary way being through a double gate by which pedestrians enter: at one side is the water gate, through which at the time of our visit huge cargoes of paper were being boated; and at one side of the main gate, on the top of the crenellated wall, is a windlass with a basket suspended, by means of which people are able to enter the city at night for the payment of about a penny. This windlass has no ratchet, and sometimes when the man who works it is under the influence of liquor, the motive force ceases to operate, with the result that even the hauling of a foreigner in the basket is an insufficient stimulus to bring him straight to the top, and he has several times hung between heaven and earth, like Mohammed's coffin, at a dead standstill, wondering whether he should proceed upward or fall suddenly downward. But a man cannot expect to be heavily insured for a few coppers. The canal that runs parallel to Great Street might be drained and an electric railroad run in it; as the right of way is already secure, it would be enormously profitable. Perhaps a few petrol launches on the canal would be a cheaper investment, with less disturbance.

Within the double gate we came upon a small tent in which was a Celestial phrenologist, telepathist, and prophet. We respectfully entered his tent, and with twelve cents as compensation asked for information which he alone could give. He first asked my age; I replied, "Under sixty." This not satisfying him, he smiled, and I told him I was forty-three years younger than my father. Seeing that I was like a marriageable maiden in my diffidence in these things, he kindly proceeded to business. He pinched my left ear three times, right ear two times, and punched my nose seven times



FÊNG HILL GATE AND "NIGHT BASKET," HANGCHOW.

at least, sufficient to stimulate if not to discover the circulation. He said that from 1 to 7 years of age my left ear assumed its pleasing shape and indicated my then state; from 8 to 14 the right ear came in; from 15 to 16 my heavenly hall or the top of my forehead was well developed; from 17 to 18 the corners of the forehead; at 19 the middle of the forehead was developed; from 20 to 21 the temples were well developed; from 22 to 25, above the temples; from 26 to 27 *tsin ling tsong* was well developed; at 28 was developed a frown right in the middle that was unpropitious; at 29 my *pien yin san lin* was very good; from 30 to 32 my eyebrows matured not unpropitiously; from 33 to 34 the point right above the eyebrows developed—a lovely character; they indicated good luck. Then I asked him about my home. I had to draw chance rolls of yellow paper from the box which stood on his table. The first two rolls indicated nothing, and had to be thrown out; then when the third roll came, all that could be asked for came with it. The first thing that he told me was that I am to be a great official. I recalled him to my home. "Your wife is doing well and there is no cause for worry." The children were also safe and well, and already indicated marvellous capacities for future official life. I was to have not only thousands a year for my income but many tens of thousands. And all the powers of life I should exercise in full till over ninety years of age. He summed my fortune in these ideas: Influence, wealth, and old age. That man has probably told fortunes to thousands of people, and he has already formed his opinion of what the *summum bonum* of life is, and has expressed it in fortunes. An opportunity there for the missionary to teach something better; the simplest message the missionary has to offer

to men has in it good fortune. He was perplexed when I told him that I am a bachelor!

We passed the police station on our left, and came to a scissors factory where four men turn out one hundred pairs per day, with no Sunday, and receive each from \$6 to \$7 per month, eating the master's rice. There were clothing stores with the strange blue garments of the Celestials hanging with sleeves extended at full length, and barbers with basins and rough towels. Horn lantern globes caught my fancy and gave me pause; they take each the work of from five to six men, at from \$15 to \$16 per month and rice. The makers buy horns at Shanghai, taken from mountain goats; the horn is shaved to fineness and welded together with hot pinchers, a really interesting and skilful performance. Eggs cooked in clay and salt were selling at nineteen cash each, while fresh eggs were marked at fifteen cash each.

Then we came to an imposing establishment, a sort of Apothecaries' Hall, bearing a sign which entitles it "The Drug Hall of Propitious Munificence." The whole vertical front of the Hall was of inlaid square tiles, and threw one at once into a mood for prosperity. The passage-way by which we entered was hung with boards covered with gold inscriptions, telling of the merits of the concoctions within. We came to a large court-yard, beyond which behind counters were many clerks dispensing medicines. There are certain days in the week when hundreds constantly throng the place, because on such days they can get discount from the regular prices—much as our railways have cheap fares on special days. The hospitals also follow this plan. This enables the drug-store and the hospital both to apply the energies of the staff either to trade or to routine work in preparation of drugs; it makes a division of time and not of labour which might be of

BEAUTIFUL VERTICAL SIGNS ON GREAT
STREET, HANGCHOW.



MAKING A HORN LANTERN GLOBE ON GREAT
STREET, HANGCHOW.



advantage to some of our American druggists. Not only are there the golden inscriptions telling of the virtues of the concoctions, but almost immediately under them are vast jars containing the concoctions. These line the approach to the more sacred precincts of the selling department.

By all other means except taste we were then led to examine some of the preparations for medicinal use, and we found this one difference between Chinese medicines and those at home. The names of the Chinese remedies indicate their use or potency, whereas the majority of our U.S.A. remedies are worse than Sanscrit in conveying any idea as to what they are intended for. But the imagination must be well trained to follow the hints given by the names. The Great Blessing Pill, made of ten kinds of drugs, would naturally be a general tonic; the Double Mystery Pill was for elephantiasis, a disease mysterious enough for anybody; Six Taste Pill was for bad brains; Transparent Peace Pill was for Bright's disease, the Pill of Ten Thousand Efficacies for ten thousand indispositions; the Thousand Gold Pill was for maidens, "Thousand Gold"¹⁰ being a literary expression for a maiden.

Tons of raw material are brought to this store every year and converted into medicine for the market. At one of the branch houses donkey-skins were prepared; in another about a hundred deer were raised, and in this store were a hundred more deer, each in a narrow enclosure, eating mulberry leaves and drinking water from a trough, sleeping on a raised board at the back, and tramping on geranium leaves. The horns grow afresh in the summer, and are cut off in the winter and

¹⁰千金 ch'ien chin really means "a thousand ounces of silver," and is a conventional phrase used in alluding to another person's daughter. It is used in common speech.

made into medicine; all the other parts of the deer are also used. A deer costs from \$500 to \$800 Mexican, and about sixty deer are killed annually; no drug-stores in America kill annually sixty deer at that price. In this way fresh raw material is always at hand. On the street one can buy canned milk as old as the hills, but this store not only furnishes pure drugs but fresh ones. On certain raised platforms higher than the roof we saw thousands of pills sunning, the product of but one day's work; they sunned a day and then cooked a day. Those that need to be kept dry and fresh we saw being sealed hermetically in beautiful white wax balls, a process far surpassing the preservation of castor oil in gelatine capsules, as the wax does not deteriorate like the gelatine. Blind men were grinding, that they might not give away the secrets. In all there were 300 men, all Ningpo men, employed in making medicine, and none for advertising purposes; so different from a great American medicine factory I once visited, where there were on the top floor 18 men making medicine, and 75 below preparing advertisements.

Dr. Stuart, who was personally acquainted with the founder of this great medicine house, furnished me the following brief biography:

Wu Sin Yin was a poor boy in a bank, swept the floors, and made himself generally useful. A fire occurred; the other employees fled, but young Wu Sin stuck to his post. The proprietor rewarded him by throwing better positions in his way. He rose rapidly, became immensely wealthy, until he was the Rockefeller of Hangchow, one of the richest men in the empire. He opened pawnshops, the best investment in the Hills of T'ang. Took on thirty wives, built palaces, the most magnificent in this city. Provided himself with wives and palaces in the various cities where he had pawn-



"BURNING PAPER ALTAR," LIN YIN MONASTERY,
HANGCHOW.

To the left is the man who prayed "Buddha protect me," when the Author shook his finger at him. He has 12 burned spots on his head.



ANCIENT SUNDIAL IN THE YARD OF THE
MOSLEM MOSQUE, HANGCHOW.

shops, to avoid the necessity of "travelling" his wives. Loaned money to the Emperor. He had a good time; had sixty clocks in his Hangchow palace. Wanted a medicine shop to give him rebates; it refused to do so, and he started an opposition concern, which is now the greatest establishment of its kind in China. Cornered silk, and lost his wealth. Called each wife, gave her \$100, and sent her home; took gold leaf and died. His great medicine concern continues prosperous.

Wu Sin Yin rose from poverty to great wealth, just as boys have done in America. Too greedy; lost all; could not stand defeat; died of gold leaf.

Great Street reaches from farms to farms through the vast metropolis, and is the main dry artery of the city. A fire recently destroyed certain of the business houses, and the authorities ordained that wherever a new house went up, there the street should be widened by some fifty per cent.—a most sane and timely ordinance. Chinese do not like to have their streets and canals absolutely straight; it is more lucky to have them crooked, for then water-spirits and evil spirits are more likely to lose their way.

We crossed but one considerable bridge on Great Street, and on it was a shrine to the God of Wealth. There were two other bridges near-by, and the more important was called the Multiple Peace Bridge. Before coming to the God of Wealth we visited the mosque on Protection Square, one of the three in the city, built in the T'ang dynasty about the seventh century, the only religious building, save one, spared by the T'ai-p'ings, because of the absence of the idols. This mosque has been repaired on several occasions, and when extensive repairs were made the account was rendered to the public by means of stone tablets, this being

the custom also of Buddhist temples. One of these tablets first records the names of contributors; the largest contribution recorded was given by Mr. Ma, of the Firm of Prosperity and Goodness, his subscription being \$1989.96 and 1 mill, the smallest being \$2.00, and the total recorded on the tablet \$2209.96 and 1 mill.

Below this was a statement of expenditure. Inside the first tablet to catch the eye was an Imperial rescript; the tablet in front of it, worked in red and gilt, contained the words:

“ May the Emperor live Ten Thousand Years;
Ten Thousand Years; Ten Thousand Times Ten
Thousand Years.”

This was to indicate the loyalty of the Mohammedans to the Emperor. Outside in the court-yard was a peculiar sundial which indicated the twelve periods of day and night, *i.e.*, each period consisting of two of our hours. There are 200 families of Moslems in Hangchow, numbering in all about 2000 people; they were clean and intelligent-looking, and possessed a spirit of uprightness and independence not found on the street.

Universal Help Hall was also on Great Street; at one side of the main gate there was a small opening for the reception of infants. Very rarely is a boy, or a sound healthy child, brought to this place. From this place of reception it is taken to an asylum, where are now 200 children supported by voluntary contributions. If any one wishes to adopt one of these children, he must furnish good security that he will provide the child with right physical and moral treatment. Nor is this the only institution that surprises us by tokens of philanthropy which we did not expect to find in a heathen land. There is a home for old folks, and an almshouse.



Photo by Miss D. C. Joynt.

YÜAN-THE-PATRIOT; SOMETIMES SPOKEN OF AS YÜAN CH'ANG-THE-MARTYR, "WHO LAID DOWN HIS LIFE FOR 'STRANGERS' IN THE BOXER RIOTS BY ALTERING THE READING OF THE EDICT-TELEGRAM ORDERING THE EXTERMINATION OF FOREIGNERS." HIS GRAVE IS NEAR THE WHITE SNAKE PAGODA.



Photo by Venie J. Lee, M.D.

GREAT PEACE BRIDGE, HANGCHOW.

A very rich native gentleman who was "wild" turned over a new leaf and now gives his time and money to run a school for the young! Now, too, may be seen normal schools, high schools, grammar schools, and about fifty primary schools.

I also entered a spirit-money shop, in which modern Mexican dollars were made out of card-board and covered with tin foil; two hundred of such dollars I purchased for ten cents. This money is burned at the graves of the deceased, in order that the spiritual essence may ascend to some heavenly bank and be put to the credit of the deceased. When five months ago Prince Wang was buried, about \$10,000 Mexican was spent on his funeral, and a proportion of the money was spent on paper objects such as articles of furniture, and spirit-money, in order to furnish him with a spiritual essence in a spiritual world. This was done by the women of the prince's family to give the man a big send-off in the next world.

From the city I took a chair to the grave of the patriot Yüan. He was in power when an edict was issued ordering all foreigners to be killed. He was far-sighted—saw powerful fleets coming from the sunrise, vast legions of armed men springing up to avenge; so he changed the word "kill" into "protect," and published the edict broadcast. In this form it did its work, and few foreign lives were lost in this province. But of course the Empress could not brook such treason, and he was sawn asunder, the halves of his body being thrown unceremoniously into a rough box. Later on his foresight was justified; public feeling veered round, the box was encased in a heavy and costly coffin, and a state funeral was accorded at the bidding of the

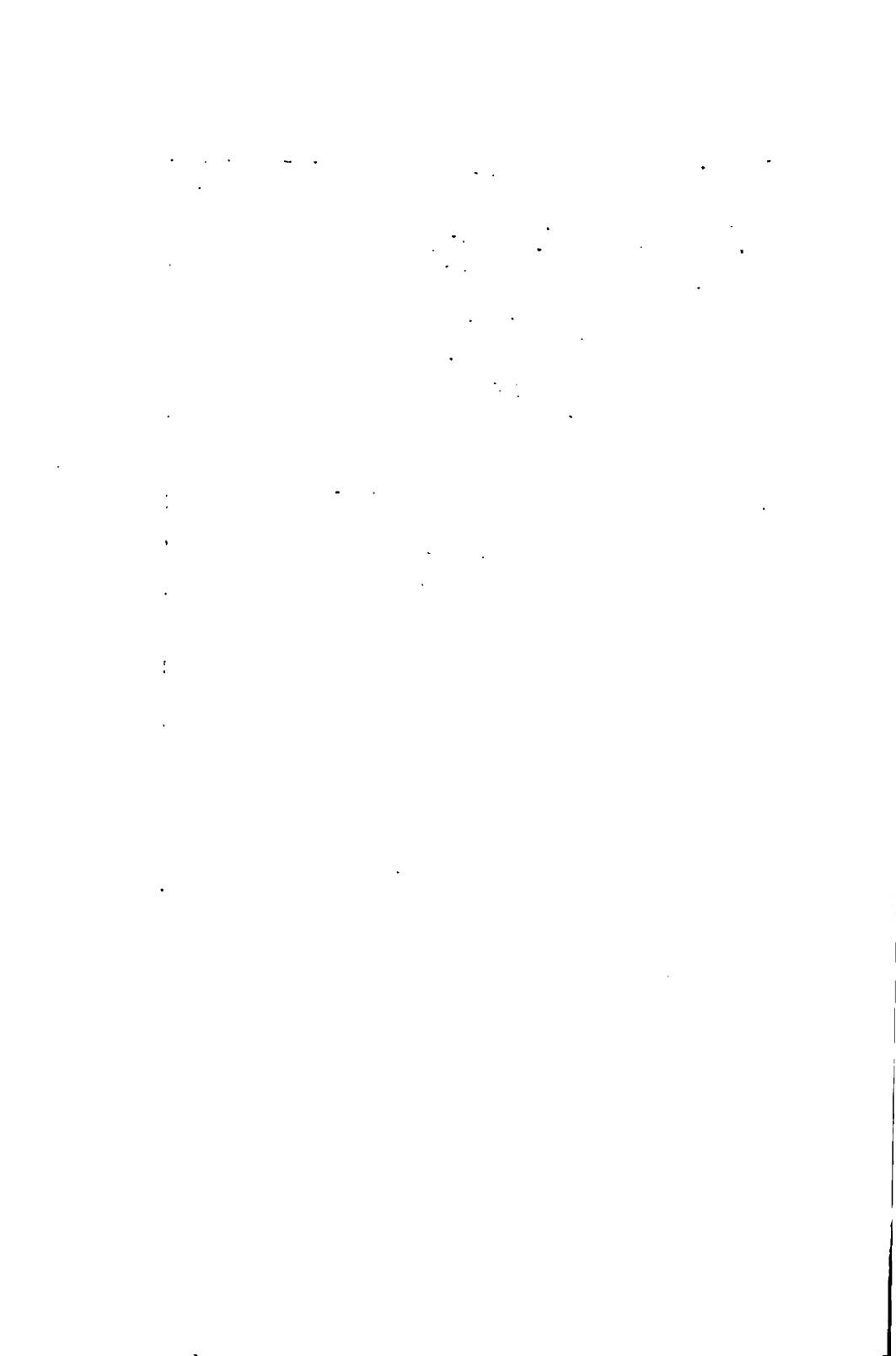
Emperor, when the procession traversed much of the Great Street and was honoured by many sacrifices, while his name was inscribed in the Hall of Fame. Every foreigner ought to go on pilgrimage to the tomb of this benefactor. I broke a sprig of evergreen and laid it in respect on the grave of the man wise and brave enough to dare the wrath of an Empress and act for the good of helpless foreigners and an ignorant nation.

If this shows one aspect of the new age that is so rapidly overtaking the land, an even more striking picture is to be seen in two monasteries, one of the past and one of the future. Come with me, first to Lin Yin, then to Blue Lotus. We crossed the cause-way built to convey the royal family and their visitors over the artificial lake to the Imperial residences, which occupied an island, and went on to the monastery founded by a monk from India some thirteen hundred years ago. An inscription indicates to those who enter that they are "One Foot From Heaven." In the grotto within the grounds, most of the images carved therein of disciples of Buddha were cut out by a Buddhist monk named Yang. One of these images had inscribed by its side the words, "A living Buddha." The monasteries in China should be considered purely a money-making scheme; they should be spelled "moneyasteries." Officials close monasteries because of the licentiousness prevailing.

Now contrast with this picture of a superstition which defies even the iconoclasm of the T'ai-p'ings a picture of a reformation wrought silently by a man of peace at the Blue Lotus Monastery. The building resembled those of a monastery, but, strange to say, I saw no images, nor was there anything tinctured with idol-worship. A gentleman came out to welcome us most courteously, and almost before I could get a question at him he had exclaimed, "God has been very



THE ANCIENT PAGODA OF THE CLASSICS, LIN YIN MONASTERY, HANGCHOW.



gracious to me." I asked myself, "What God?" Surprise and astonishment were evidently on my face. He shook hands with himself and smiled a great Celestial smile. When he turned his head, I noticed he had a queue, whereas Buddhist priests entirely shave their heads. This man has a wonderful tale. Born of a pedlar, at the age of thirteen carried off by the T'ai-p'ings, made to care for their horses, he had opportunity to cover a deal of country and had lots of affrighting experiences. He still shudders as he relates the scenes of carnage that frequently met his gaze. After the rebellion was over he returned to the city to find his parents, but failed to do so. Business failures led him to think of the Buddhist priesthood as a way to make a living. So he "left the world" to get into it, or to get it, and "practised virtue," which is the Buddhist expression for being a monk, alone in the Hangchow hills.

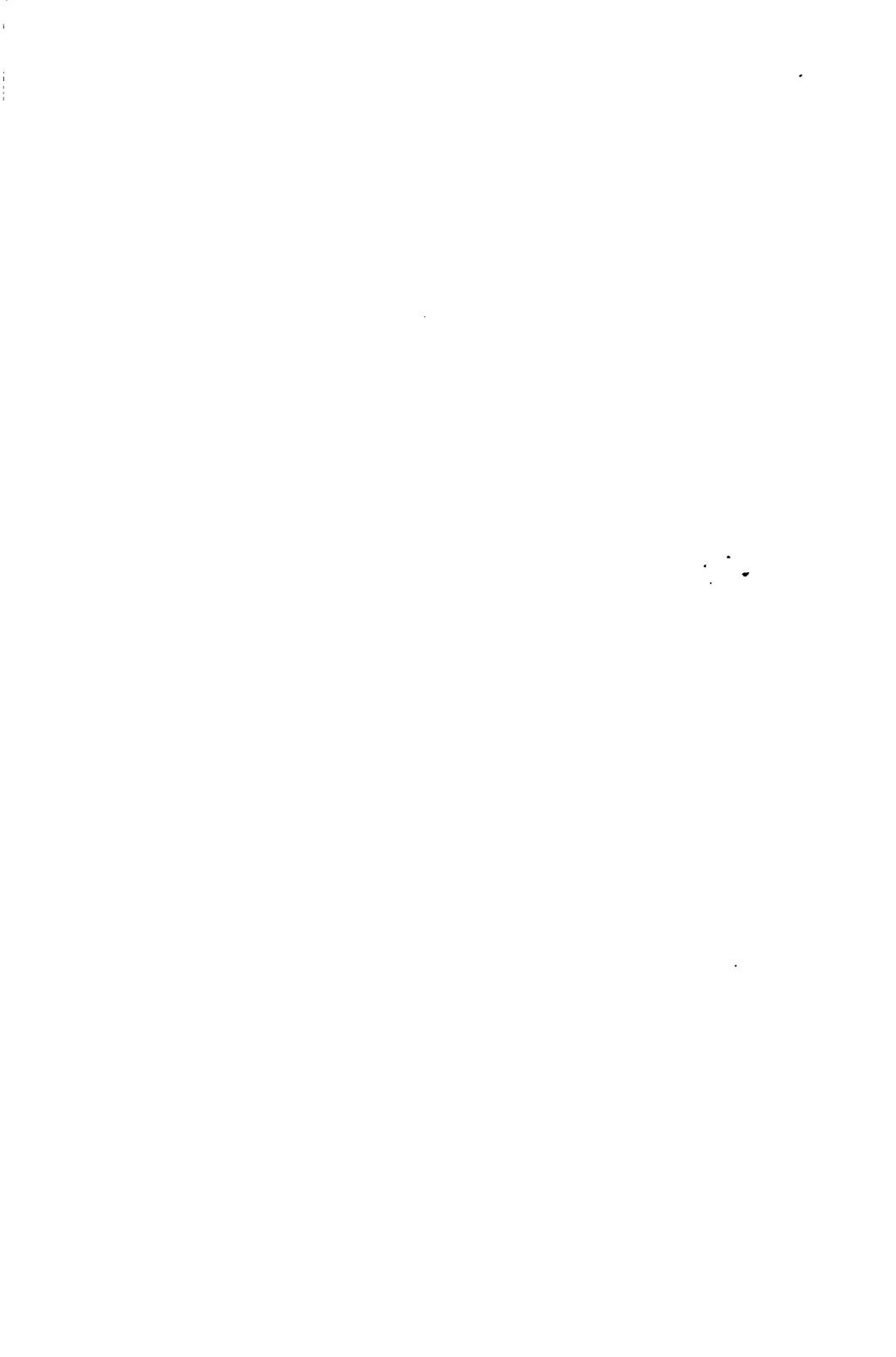
He got dissatisfied after many years because of the meanness of his brother monks. The difficulty of obtaining a livelihood led him to buy the living at the Blue Lotus with what money he could save and had raised. Here he lived for a dozen years in comfort off the rental of monastery houses, offerings of the people, and fees for the masses he was constantly sent for to say.

The explosion of the Powder Magazine in 1898 injured the main building and he sent for a carpenter to repair it. This carpenter was a Christian, and spoke to him of the One True God and His method of salvation. After some time he bought a Bible, and even accompanied the carpenter a few times to service at the C.M.S. Church. Afterwards he attended some night meetings at the Southern Chapel, somewhat nearer. "But what was the real thing which decided you to

become a Christian?" he was asked. "I used to attend the Friday evening prayer-meetings, going by back alleys for fear of recognition; one Friday night as I heard one after another stand up and make requests for prayer, one for a missionary going out on a trip, another for a sick church-member, and a third for an unbelieving friend, I said to myself, 'This is what I have been seeking all these years and never yet found, real, genuine love; that is what I want.' And that is why I am a Christian." A drowsy prayer-meeting did the work—a mid-week prayer-meeting. He thereupon did not know what to do with his monastery and idols and his idol business. His old customers could scarcely believe him when he refused to go out and say mass. And surely no Christian could keep up a monastery full of idols! He asked the native pastor what to do. "To follow Christ you must give up everything," was the reply. The simple old man took these words literally, brought the deeds of his monastery and laid them at the pastor's feet. The missionaries knew not what to do with it, therefore they kept it. The old monk went into business, but is now installed as teacher of a Christian school in the old monastery, and receives considerably less pay than was formerly his income from the property. He says he wants to devote the remaining years of his life to helping the children of China to hear the Truth.



THE BEAUTIFUL MONK'S REST BRIDGE, LIN YIN MONASTERY, HANGCHOW.



II

FOOCHOW

PART I.—ARRIVAL AND EXPLORATION

ONE of the most advanced provinces, in its own estimation, is Fukien, on the coast, south of Chekiang. Its largest stream is the Min or Snake River, which has a fine estuary, at whose head stands fair Foochow, which was opened to foreign commerce by treaty with the British seventy years ago. In forty years it built up an export trade of nearly one hundred million pounds of tea; but then came a war with the French.¹ The foreign fleet steamed up the gulf and nearly destroyed the arsenal; to prevent its nearer approach barges laden with stone were sunk across the river, and they have effectually prevented large ships coming higher. Ever since, vessels have halted at Pagoda Anchorage, some ten miles below the city.² Yet the trade was not utterly ruined; more than 400 steamers and 100 sailing-vessels cleared the customs in 1908, carrying away tea to the value of over £800,000, and yielding a revenue of £110,000. Besides tea, not much variety is sent away, beyond canes, wooden poles and boxes, silk, and camphor. Imports include about 500 foreigners annually, largely from Shanghai.

The voyage had occupied two and a half days, as a

¹ "I lived at Pagoda Anchorage in 1882. Already at that date the tea trade had begun to decline. The days of the famous tea-clippers, which used to sail round the Cape, were over, so that the war with the French in 1884 was not the primary cause of the falling off in trade."—Lionel Giles.

² "No large vessels—that is, nothing bigger than junks and steam-launches—ever went up to the city of Foochow itself, owing to the shallowness of the river."

threatened typhoon induced our captain twice to put into harbour. Through the yellow waters of the Formosan Channel, beyond which the Japanese are trying to tame the head-hunters, we passed over the bar into the outer basin of the estuary, then through the Kindai Pass into a second and warmer one, and, after the Mingan Pass, with mountains towering on either hand, came to our anchorage in the third basin, off the Pagoda. Our doctor was at once invoked to attend a pearl-diver who had been mauled by some strange beast unknown, reputed to be a sea-turtle³ which had greatly diminished the number of these divers. All around were monuments of the past. At the entrance stood a tower on the crest behind Sharp Peak; it was erected by a wife to welcome back her husband from a voyage, but when he saw the strange mark he concluded he had mistaken the estuary, and sailed away never to return. Here was a post to commemorate a wreck, here an old beacon superceded by electric telegraphy; yonder were forts to guard the passes. Here was one of a pair of mandarin's feet in the live rock. Sacrilegious quarrymen were not debarred from carving away its fellow by the blood that followed the strokes of the chisel, but detached it and took it up to build a bridge, where it assumed the offensive and kicked the masons into the river, so the hint was taken and the foot was allowed to follow them; this one remains here to prove the story. And now that we were at the head of ocean navigation, in a secure and spacious port, the Starry Tower Pagoda smiled across the water at such new edifices as the tanks of the Standard Oil Company and the American Mission, the former dignified with the title, "Beautiful Hatchery." The latter

³The Chinese equivalent for our sea-serpent is always figured as a gigantic turtle. Its name is *ch'ün*.

福

州

Foochow; "Happy Region."

houses a poet, Dr. Hubbard, whose muse has been inspired by the river below, and some lines from his "Ode to the Min" may beguile those who travel by launch up to the city.

Beautiful Min!
Thy waters have long
Blessed the labours of man.
Strong Hills of the Min!
Before our glad eyes
Your terraces high
Like stairs upward rise
To the bright blue sky.
Meandering Min!
So varied in form,
Turning north, turning south,
Southeast in the morn
From source to thy mouth;
Yet in thy long course
All ways dost thou flow,
By the strange acts of force
Moving fast, moving slow,
Now narrow and deep
Fast rushing along,
Now broadened, asleep,
Neath a feathery throng
Of graceful bamboos
And grasses with plumes,
Where the brown dove coos
And the wild lotus blooms.
Oh beautiful Min!
God's praises you speak . . .
From the hills of Bohea
To the Golden Gate
Where you enter the sea.

As our launch takes us up these beautiful waters, we see no less beautiful sights ashore. Here are the curved roofs that used to figure in our ideas of China.

The modern utilitarian native says that they are built thus in order to give the evil spirits no foothold when they would alight, but to cannon them off again into the air. Can we not hope that the style really was adopted to blend with the mountains around?⁴ Still, at the present day there are all sorts of queer customs kept up.] Here is a mud cat modelled on one roof to keep off evil influences; yonder is a fish to attract the good. There is a tattered red scroll, put out last New Year's Day, with the strip of white at the top, first pasted on in mourning for the Ming dynasty, which ended its reign four years before the Martyr King, Charles I; a few good old Jacobites in England still look up to the dethroned Stuarts, but a whole province mourning for a passed dynasty seems not complimentary to the present Manchu rulers. From the abodes of the living we naturally rest our eyes on the homes of the dead. The favourite places are dells on the mountain-side, sheltered from the storms, but commanding fine views, so that from the river they are most conspicuous; the grave itself is horse-shoe in shape, generally embowered in tall pines.

The boat comes into more crowded waters and slows down. On the native boats around we see piles of telegraph poles, representing the careful forestry which protects the trees for fifteen years and yields a rich felling. We slow up to the wharf near the Bridge of a Myriad Ages and find instead of the gruff Roman notice, "Beware of the Dog," quite a benediction inscribed for us, "May Your Coming and Going be in Peace!" The wharves give us an idea of the staple trades, by which we see what a quantity of agricultural

* The more prosaic explanation is that the curved roof represents the curve of the canvas in the primitive tent dwellings—is in fact a survival from prehistoric ages.

produce is exported: rice, millet, wheat, beans, peas, onions; melons, figs, white dates, plums, and many other fruits; crabs, fish, and turtles; salt, sugar, saltpetre, and silver. But manufactures are not lacking; besides raw hemp we see cloth, rough paper, and silk. And from another province is imported the sap of a tree which hardens into lacquer. The lustre is due to the use of the sap of the varnish tree, *Rhus vernicifera*, which is dissolved in spring water and mixed with oil and other ingredients, and then laid on with as many as ten to fifteen applications for the best specimens. For many centuries one family here has worked a secret process which makes Foochow lacquer-ware unrivalled. Tables, tea-sets, and other articles of furniture form the cheaper articles; combined with gold the lacquer takes beautiful green or crimson or yellow tints which decorate boxes, card-cases, vases, or chop-sticks, some wrought so delicately as to be but featherweight. Akin to this rare art is the silver jewelry in lotus design, into which is enamelled kingfisher feathers. But the great staple of the district is tea, congou and souchong. Unfortunately the Chamber of Commerce does not regulate the trade, and when a fine crop has been put upon the market all the reputation acquired is carelessly thrown away by the hasty production of very inferior teas. The Siberian and Russian trade in brick teas has been almost forfeited in this way, and the English are turning away from an uncertain market to the well-graded Indian and Ceylon teas. One of the great buyers almost despairs of the native short-sightedness, and suggests that the laws be altered to permit foreigners' acquiring and superintending great tea plantations.

Away from the busy haunts of commerce to the hospitable homes of the American missionaries, who welcome a compatriot and club together their resources

to satisfy his enquiring mind. "Is there anything to tell of the growth of the place?" Is there not, indeed! Soon thirty-two volumes of good size are produced, which comprise in seventy-six books all that could be learned of this district in 1776 A.D., sifted, sorted, and revised by the best university scholars; to which supplements have been added, as to the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Let us delve into this mass of wisdom and get out some masses to be distilled for Western use. It proves to be a cyclopædia in itself, dealing with maps, stars, undeveloped land, boundaries, cities, mountains and streams, fields and taxes, schools, coast-guards, soldiery, altars and temples, products, people, plants, lists of officials, grave-stones, customs, etc., etc.

Our method of locating a place by latitude and longitude is varied by taking the constellations of the heavens. The ancient "Book of Rites" explains how the nine continents are determined by reference to the stars. And on this principle Foochow is assigned to the Cow; but there was a quarrel between different schools of astronomical geographers, who upheld the Cow alone, or the Cow and the Plough, or the Cow and the Virgin, or even a mixture of all three. Suppose we compromise and say it is in the latitude of Key West.

Now as to its early condition. It is needful to recollect that the China of antiquity, the China of Confucius, of Ch'in Shih Huang Ti, of civilisation, was only the basin of the Yellow River, and that the basins of the Yangtze and of the Si Kiang rivers were acquired and civilised at a later date. This is the more important as the bulk of the emigrants to Australia and the Pacific and America come from the southern districts, which

bear to the original China somewhat the relation that New Mexico and Arizona bear to Virginia and New England. Granted that Chinese civilisation has overspread this section, how about the aborigines before that wave reached them? The answer shall be given as it was written out by a teacher in the Guild School in the Foochow district, idiomatically translated by my friend L. P. Peet, M.A., of Yale. Be it recollected that some aborigines yet survive in the hills, steadily refraining from intermixture.

In the Ming Dynasty the country [then called U Cu] belonged to China. During the Mings there was an Emperor, by name, Kao Hsing Huangti [1522–1567].⁵ In his time there was a country on the Western Half of the globe called Siu Iu; the country came and engaged in war with this Emperor, who was very badly defeated, not one of his generals daring to go out and fight against this Western Country. The Emperor of this Western Country became more and more proud and arrogant, causing the Emperor Kao Hsing to become very hot, so that he issued a notice calling for the enlistment of good men; this proclamation said, “Whoever is able to go and punish this Western Country and beat it, he shall have my own daughter in marriage. Her will I give to the leader of the victorious army.”

Just at this time there was a commander in the U Cu country who saw this proclamation; and this general was raising a dog; this dog stood two feet high and his length was over two and a half feet, colour flower-white; the dog was very ugly in behaviour, one that would scare people very readily; he ate and slept with his owner. This general thought within himself, “I will to-morrow go and announce to the Emperor Kao Hsing that I wish myself to go and fight.” While he was thus thinking within himself, this dog came running in and barked

⁵Chia Ching (Pekingese pronunciation) is the name of his year-title.

furiously at his side. The commander asked the dog, "Can you for me go and fight?" Dog nodded his head and said he could. And so this commander went and announced to the Huangti. Huangti was very glad on hearing of this and gave him a warrant to go and fight. Then the commander gave this commission to the dog, which took it in his mouth and swam to the Western Land. The Emperor of the Western Land, seeing the dog, was very happy and said, "The Central Kingdom has already been badly defeated, and even their dogs are fleeing to my country and come and join my side." Therefore this Western Country's Emperor received the dog into his country and nourished him in his palace, so that the dog slept and ate with the Emperor of the Western Country.

The dog thought within himself, "You are feeding me so well, yet in my heart I have the spirit of revenge and hence cannot receive the attentions of the Western King any longer." Therefore having visited him about ten days, on the night of the last day the dog waited until the Emperor of the Western Country was asleep, and in great haste bit off the Western Country's Emperor's head and carried it in his mouth back to the Central Kingdom to the great general, and the great general took it to Kao Hsing.

Then Kao Hsing investigated, asking his general how he overcame the Western Emperor; the general then told him about the dog. When Kao Hsing heard this he was very glad and he was sorry; glad because he overcame him, and sorry because he did not wish to give his daughter as wife to a dog. Therefore, as he could not take back his words, and the dog was victorious, yet how could he give his daughter to a dog? Then he asked the general, could this dog be turned into a person. The general then asked the dog, "Can you change into a person?" The dog bowed his head. That night in a dream the dog spoke to the general:

" You must crush me in a measure, and wait seven times forty days; I shall then be changed into a man." Therefore the general went to Huangti and told him to do this. Kao Hsing was pleased to do it, therefore he called his general to bring the dog into his palace.

Then he put this dog on a great tray, and he put the measure on top of him, and then put the whole into a great basket, and suspended it from a very high place to wait till the seven times forty days were finished.

Before the set time, only forty-five days, because the heavens were constantly sending down rain, the thunder was very great. The Empress was much frightened, and thought that as this dog for all these days had nothing to eat he would certainly die; therefore she ran and opened up the basket to see if the dog was alive. But the dog was alive; his whole body had changed except his head, and that was because the limit of the time had not come, therefore he was not wholly changed. Now there is no help for it! Kao Hsing Huangti's daughter must be given him to wife, to this dog-headed man in the basket! But this creature was not good to look at, therefore they took a cloth and flung it over his head with the idea of covering up his shame.

Even to the present days, with these North Mountain women, in front of their coiffure there is a tassel which is to explain about the cloth covering the head. Therefore all their life long they cannot change this coiffure. If they do change they do so by changing their husbands, therefore their coiffure is never changed. At the present time when the Central Kingdom celebrates the New Year, these people draw upon large charts the figure of a dog and worship it, and say that it is their ancestor who was victorious over the Western Kingdom Emperor, and the officials of the Central Kingdom cannot control them. These mountain people plant tea and sweet potatoes, and make brooms. At the present time in the earth, persons who bear the surnames Lei, Chung, Lang, Pan, these four surnames, belong to the descendants of this dog! These



DOG WORSHIPPERS—FROM THE MOUNTAINS NEAR FOOCHOW.



Photo by Dr. Kidner.

HEAD-DRESS OF A DOG-WORSHIPPING ABORIGINAL.



people of the Northern Hills have a language of their own. Now many have changed by having been instructed, have learned to read and speak Chinese native dialect. But they will not marry Foochow natives. Days of moon, feasts, all correspond to those of Foochow people.

Signed:

CH'IEN HSUANG SHEN.

Unfortunately this picturesque legend does not help us much, for it belongs to only some four hundred years ago. When we have to investigate the origin of the Sioux and the Ossawatomies, something may perhaps be done with the legends gathered by Catlin or versified by Longfellow; but the Smithsonian is showing us a better way in studying the live Hopi Indians and comparing with the remains of extinct races. No such critical work has been done on these aborigines of Fu-kien, and all we can do is to turn to the records from the Chinese side as gathered in the year of the American Revolution.

As Ch'in Shih Huang Ti destroyed all the cumbrous wooden records before his time, nothing of any earlier date is particularly reliable, unless it happens to be connected with the life of Confucius, around whom clustered many stories as veracious as that of Washington's hatchet. It is said that before his time there was a town here called Chek Min, but that more probably was a vague name applied to anything beyond the Yellow River basin. But when the sage flourished, about 500 B.C., the Chinese knew as much about this district or town as the average American knows about Montenegro. Six generations later there were seven civilised governments, the last being the petty state of Lu in which the sage had lived. A sort of robber baron named Usk, like Drake or Raleigh, exploring from the

kingdom of Ch'u some seven generations later, penetrated as far as here along the coast, and established himself as a kind of Rajah Brooke, being at last recognised by his former king. He built his castle where the examination hall for the degree of Master of Arts stood. But with the advent of the great Ch'in Shih Huang Ti, this whole realm became subjugated.

With the fall of Ch'in's Napoleonic empire, when the China of the Yellow River basin split into three, one of which was under the Han dynasty, 202 B.C. to 24 A.D., this realm became independent again, but with the new name U Cu. One of the three hills of the city, already famous because on the ninth day of the ninth moon the kings of Uok had held a festival—still observed by kite-flying—now became the abode of three brothers called Ho, whose philanthropy made them gratefully remembered. Also in these historical times nine men came from a distance and lived here near the well Dang-cang, making pills; these they fed to certain fish called Li,⁶ which thereupon grew into dragons on whose backs the nine men rode away. Ever since, the natives call this Nine-fairy Hill, though foreigners rather style it Temple Hill.

Under the After Han dynasty, this region was for the second time subjugated; but it formed part of a coastal kingdom called Wu, whose capital was in Kiangsu. Then about 300 A.D. we find the city renamed Ceng-ang-gong. One hundred and fifty years later the Nine-fairy Hill became the residence of a Mr. Chen, who was the best scholar of the Empire, and who accumulated a splendid library, including the "Doctrine of the Whole Universe," in 540 volumes, whence the hill-top is sometimes called Doctrine Hill. Among the 86 (6 times 6) wonderful things on this

⁶Carp.

eminence is a rock showing large foot-prints attributed to the Buddha, who may have become known here by this time.

In 589 A.D., all the different kingdoms were reunited after four centuries, but the capital of the whole Empire was fixed far away to the north.⁷ Great attention was now paid to literature and education, and the annals of the past were gathered up. It was under the famous T'ang dynasty that the name Foochow first appeared, about 713 A.D. And now Buddhism became very aggressive, of which there are many local signs. On Black Rock Hill is a spot called Hua-ngieng-ngang, where a monk used to sit and read his book; one night in a thunderstorm the rock was split, but it fell so as to form a cave wherein the monk continued to read in peace. Another place is named Buddha's Altar though the Golden Harvest Temple once there has fallen to ruin. Another great rock stands now where a monk built a brick cell, but because he was a wine-drinker the people heard a great crash one night and found the boulder there next morning. Another tale of this era relates to a cave four miles east of the city, where a wood-cutter pursued a white deer; here he found a dog with its owner, who declared he had crept thither to avoid the calamities of the Ch'u State, a thousand years earlier! He gave to the wood-cutter a pomegranate branch in flower; but when the wood-cutter sought him again the troglodyte had gone—probably to join the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. A more trustworthy memento of this age is the Black Pagoda, built to celebrate the birthday of an Emperor who reigned in 780 A.D. About a century later it was matched by a man from the East who built the White

⁷ At Ch'ang-an, the modern Sianfu in Shensi.

Pagoda to honour his parents. He called it by an epithet of the Buddha, "Fixed Light," and because a pearl of great brilliancy appeared during its erection it was often called Pao-t'a; "Precious Pile" is a common name for the pagoda. The structure is of brick and plaster, in seven stories, 261 feet high, and has needed only slight repairs recently. Hard by is a monastery with several score of monks, dependent on the great establishment at Kushan.

With the fall of the T'ang dynasty, China broke into eight pieces, and this district reasserted its independence, under a king of Min, for nearly a century. The house of Sung, however, reunited the whole, ruling first in the north, then at Nanking and at Hangchow. The most interesting sign of progress in their reign was a great bridge across the river, though the present structure is of later date.

After the drowning of the last Sung Emperor there was no further opposition to the rule of the Mongols, who ruled at this time from the Pacific to Hungary. Kublai Khan was ambitious to annex even Japan, and sent an armada with 100,000 troops; but, as with Napoleon's army in Egypt, the fleet which took them was utterly destroyed, and the Japanese wore down the army, ultimately slaying all but 10,000 men from this province of Fukien, with whom they had had some previous commerce, so that they only enslaved them.

These Tatar rulers conferred a great benefit on the city. The bridge estates had come into the possession of a Buddhist monastery, and the Emperor bade the monks rebuild the bridge. Apparently till his day there were only boats moored together, over which men walked, and often, owing to floods, "the ropes would give way and the boats would sink, and on both sides of the river, people, a great many of them, would drown." Now there was a Buddhist monk here of



THE WHITE PAGODA, FOOCHOW.

merit, son of a farmer, whose wife before his birth "obtained a very unnatural dream." The son at the age of only twelve turned monk and devoted himself to study. Nor did he limit himself to books, for he noticed how the waters come down and surround the city on three sides, and he often warned the boatmen of floods or hurricanes that were coming, and often wished to see a better bridge. In 1824 A.D., the provincial treasurer memorialised the Mongol Emperor, who gave leave to open a public subscription, which was liberally responded to, both in cash and in labour. The monk planned to have twenty-eight stone piers, so as to lay twenty-nine roadways; before the work was complete he died, but his apprentice Wu finished the whole, making a massive bridge more than 170 tens of feet long, and putting a stone parapet along the side. The funds permitted also a temple and a rest-house at either end, with the inscription on a tablet, "Myriad Ages Bridge." So excellent was the work that only twice has it needed any extensive overhauling.

The later history of Foochow would seem to have been somewhat commonplace, though the compilation in our year of Glorious Independence records a list of 168 calamities. But the annalist sets down in sequence how in the sixth year of Chinese independence there was an earthquake, and there was a heavy fall of snow; that another year mountain bandits overran the province, that a typhoon flooded out the city, that an earthquake was due to a dragon from the eastern seas burrowing under the city, that plum-trees produced peaches, that the wife of the commandant bore two sons and two daughters at once, that the city was devastated by fire, that electric fire fell and white clouds of air ascended like great swords, that a comet appeared in 1698 A.D., etc. etc.

On the whole, nothing particular seems to have happened till we get within living memory. The French raid has been mentioned already; here is one of its sequels, as recorded on a tablet in the North Tower:

“A Record of the rebuilding of the Watch-Sea Tower in the Reign of Kuang Hsü. Composed by Hsieh Chang Ting of Chang Loh, and written by Chen Pao Chen of Mi hsien.”

The composer of the inscription has since been called to a high position in Peking.

The inflow of Western ideas may be seen by an inscription recently put on a boulder high on the Black Rock Hill. We think the habit of scribbling on prominent stones to be rather a Western fashion, though indeed it is as old as Abu Simbel up the Nile and the Greek mercenaries on a tour. But here now in the Far East are signs of two men having climbed the hill to admire the prospect, the river bursting from between the Drum mountain and the Flag mountain, the sun about to rise into a world already flushed with dawn:

“The hills like Flag and Drum broken open,
The river from Hung Dong flowing down.
The sea-sun, risen or not risen?
A man has risen just at the death of night.

“In the reign of the Emperor Kuang Hsü, 2nd day, 12th moon, 21st year, Ch'én Hsiao and Liu Hsiao-Lai, cross-legged on the summit of Black Rock Hill.”

But perhaps as significant as aught else is the fact that the boulder these two Alpinists chose to embellish is an altar; the old religion must be effete if they dared thus desecrate its symbols.



FOOCHOW FIELD WOMAN.



NORTH TOWER, FOOCHOW.

In foreground are charms to protect the city from fires.



PART II.—POETRY AND POPULAR PROSE

From inscriptions we turn to investigate the poetical anthology, for good poetry is independent of local tastes and has something universal in it. There follow three sets of verses that deal with the world-wide relationships of son and mother, bride and bridegroom, mother and babe.

See! The autumn leaves are falling,
List! The north birds' loudly calling;
 Swift their southern flight.
Dread the mountain's winter bareness,
Robbed of summer's leafy fairness,
 Chilled by dreary night.
Filial son comes forth undaunted,
Myriad miles, all vision-haunted,
 With his mother's face.
Food-pack weighted, see a stranger
Armed for hunger, cold and danger,
 Footsteps homeward trace.
See the gentle mother, bending
O'er her needle, swiftly wending
 Back and forth all day;
Winter coat will soon be waiting.
Pitiful to hear her saying
 "Will he come to-day?"
At the gate her hopes are bright'ning,
Through the mist the sun is lighting
 Incense-burner hill.
Hungry mother bird with birdling,
Hover near, glad omen stirring
 Heart that hopeth still.

CHEN SHO CHI.

Next, what girls sing outside the bride-chamber:

Lift high the bridal coronet,
Upgleams good fortune's radiant jet.
Uplift the crown, uplift it high,
A house and farm they soon shall buy.

Right good! Right good!
Long life with jewels and gold,
Riches and honour, glory untold.

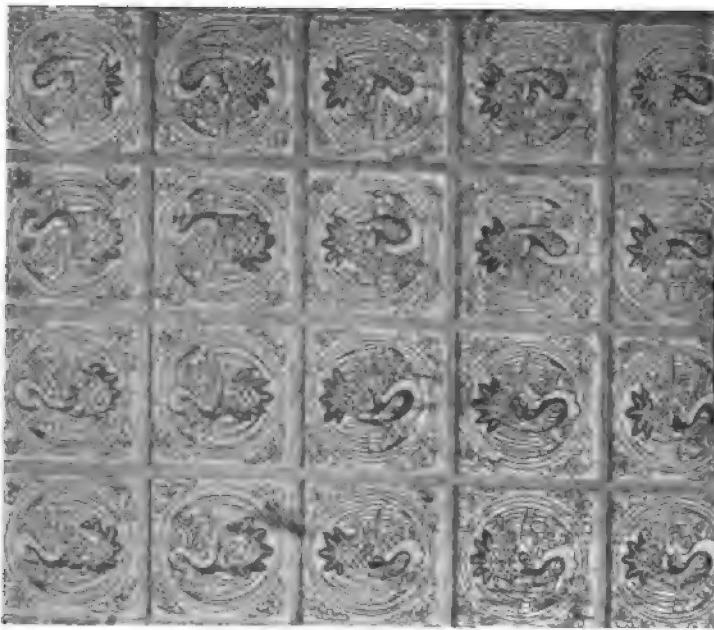
Feed the bridegroom chicken breast;
Happy father, soon he's blest.
Feed the bridegroom chicken back,
House nor palace shall he lack.

Right good! Right good!
Honey and sugar, sugar and honey,
Husband and wife, children and moncy.

And last, the lullaby with which baby boys are sung to sleep:

Aw-aw-loo; bedroom fairies hasten near,
Mr. Thief, Mistress Thief, disappear;
Aw-aw-lo-oo, fast asleep, sweetly asleep.

The almond flower is a favourite in Chinese art. In form and colour it is like the plum blossom, from which it could not be distinguished but for its marvellous fragrance, seeming to contain the sweetness of every other flower. It is the first tree to blossom at the opening of the Chinese year, usually late in January or in February. The gray skies of the rainy season bring relief from the intense sun of the south, and the universal leisure of this longest holiday of the year gives opportunity for walks and visits. Not only is the Chinese New Year the gala season but it is the chief time for worship, and the almond flower is an offering in every temple and at each family shrine. It is only to be



A FOOCHOW CEILING.



"PAPER BURN" ON FAIRY PEACH PLACE.
BLACK ROCK HILL, FOOCHOW.



expected then that this should call forth the muse. But unlike the real Chinese poems that go before, this which follows is the composition of Miss Emily Susan Hartwell, daughter of the distinguished missionary:

THE ALMOND FLOWER

Sweet almond flower,
Fairer than lovely May days,
Thy petals shower
Fairest, ferny byways.
Beneath gray skies,—
Winter's dull, dreary gloaming,—
Thou dear surprise,
Joy of glad New Year's roaming!

Sweet violet,
Sweeter than all the roses,
Quaint mignonette,
Dearest of old-time posies;
Not one so fair,
Spicy or sweet as thou art,
Oh, almond rare,
New Year's own winsome sweetheart.

Pagoda tall,
Mounted as city warden,
Ancestral hall,
Temple with stately garden,
Crown thee divine,
Fragrance of their oblation;
On each dim shrine
Breathest thou adoration.

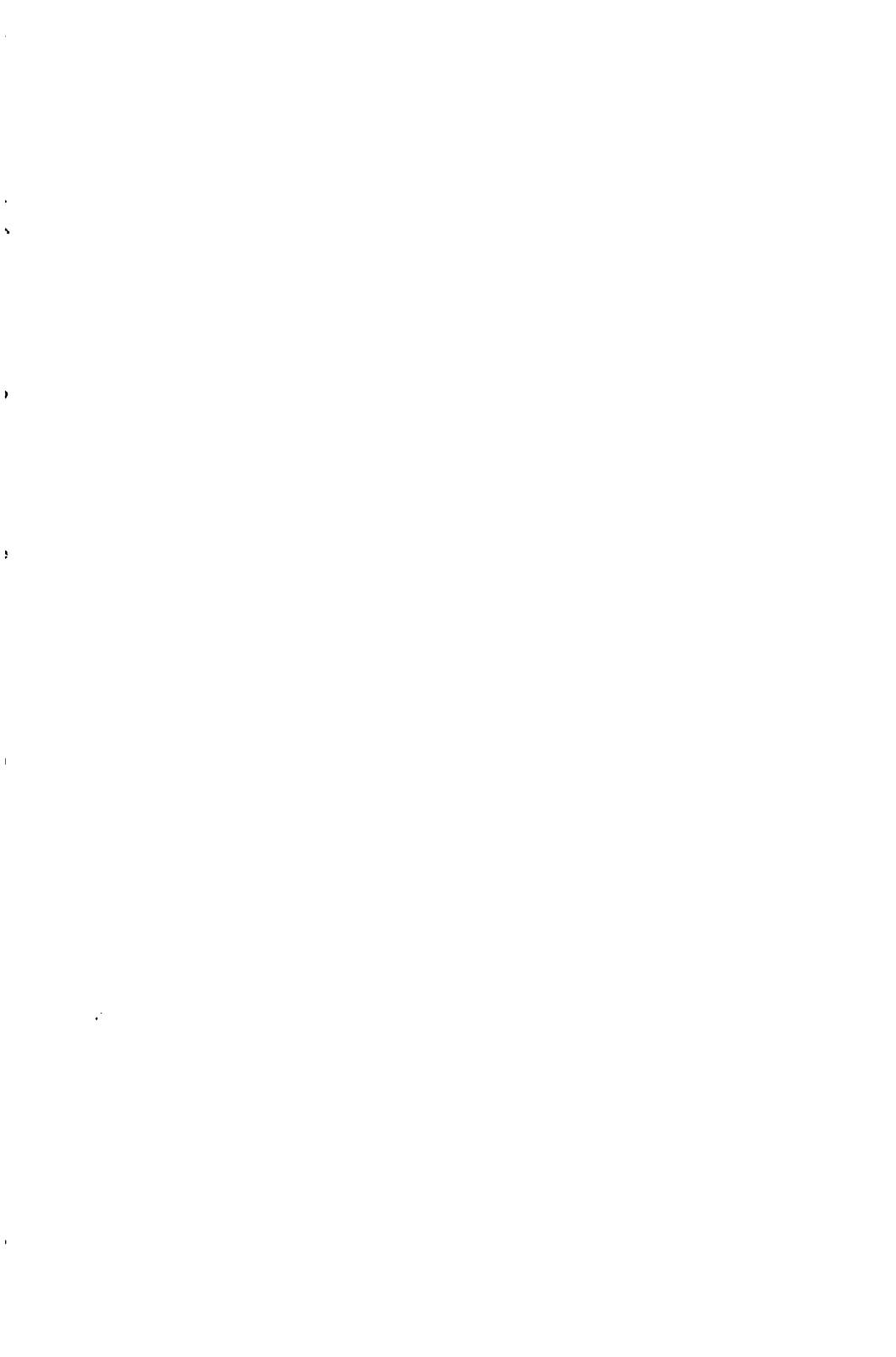
So far we have looked at the standard literature, the kind prescribed for examinations and analysed in dreary guides till any real beauty it contains is overlaid in the scholar's mind by endless prosing about metaphor and

simile, anapæst and dactyl, lyric and epic and dramatic. Reflect a little on our own literature. Which sell better, Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," Milton's "Areopagitica," Shakespeare's "Hamlet," and Longfellow's poems, or Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines," and Dick Deadwood's "Bloody Pirate of the Gory Main?" Some of these may compel recognition from the professor of literature, some deserve it; but it is not amiss to see what the book-stall really holds, and what the street Arab actually reads. Much is in doggerel rhyme and is chanted by the ballad-singer; irony is found in some, fun in most.

During our walk along the most important thoroughfare connecting the Bridge of a Myriad Ages and the South Gate of the city, I saw a chair coolie reading a book while he was sitting on a slab bench in a shop. He had one bare leg over the other, and was bent nearly double through the interest his mind was finding in the composition. I asked him for the book, a few cash affair of some thirty leaves, paid him ten times its worth, marked the place, and brought it along. The cover carries the curious date: "A lucky day of the Plum Moon (10th) of the First Original Year of Diffusive Entirety (Emperor). This is Vol. I, and is divided into seven books, which in turn are split into short sections on various subjects. The whole is entitled, "The Property of the Plain, or, The Crab Apple Flower." The general idea is as follows:

THE CRAB APPLE FLOWER.

In the reign of K'ien Lung a minister was sent abroad to represent the throne. A beautiful and fragrant blossom was presented to him by the king of the foreign lands. On the return of the minister he presented this rare and fragrant flower to the Emperor's mother. After a time an enemy circulated a story



PUTTING UP THE GOOD LUCK CHARACTERS.
He has already painted "Heaven Door."



ON KITE HILL, FOOCHOW.



金被罩雞籠

A CHICKEN COOP COVERED WITH CLOTH OF GOLD

69

that the minister had received bribes, and in return sold his country to the foreigners. This tale nearly brought the minister to death.

The coolie had opened the book where the Empress mother was saying to the Emperor:

“ Why art thou raging thus my son
What angers thee to-day? ”
“ My minister this wrong has done,
Our country sold, they say.”

“ But stay, my son, for him I plead,
His innocence I'll tell,
And prove he should be freed
His priceless flower he would not sell
But brought it unto me.
So let thy mother claim thy grace,
And find the enemy,
To perish in his place.”

On the next page the enemy has been found and he bemoans his fate, saying:

“ How could I know the Empress cared
To entertain this case,
Had I but guessed I had not dared
To enter on the race!

“ And now to death I soon must go,
Ai-ah my wretched fate,
Dread misery and torment now
Do chase the heels of hate.”

These story-books were originally written for the purpose of deterring people from committing the nine crimes; but they took so much space in describing the manner of perpetration that they gained popularity with

the more violent classes as a means of discovering how to commit crimes instead of avoiding them. They are now, therefore, looked upon with disfavour by the better classes, like the yellow novels which are read only by the coolie class of Americans.

HERE COME THE NINE CRIMES AND ONE MORE

1. To sell land to an enemy. 2. To deceive the Emperor and despise the sages. 3. To rob a soldier of his rations. 4. To sell an official title. 5. To open a private pawnshop. 6. To be lazy in guarding the sea-coast. 7. To keep back the Emperor's perquisites. 8. To hold a theatre for ten days (three is the regular time). 9. To steal people's hearts. To wreak vengeance on others.

THE STORY OF THIRTY-SIX MOTHERS-IN-LAW

(A book bought on the street)

Title, The Thirty-six Mothers-in-law. New Publication: complete edition. 5 pages. . . . The southern section mother-in-law, she has red in her hair. The pig-clawed coiffure mother-in-law, she is slow and is from Hsing Wha. The go-between mother-in-law has squeaking shoes and all her steps hurt. The convenient nurse mother-in-law leaves home in the middle of the cold night. The stingy mother-in-law wants all kinds of things, even a pail of water. Carriers of presents on occasions of marriages and burials are mothers-in-law from Lien Kiang. The mountain region mother-in-law is unable to speak plainly. The dirty old mother-in-law dribbling at the nose is not ashamed of the fact. The smallpox mother-in-law covers her ugliness with powder. The mother-in-law fond of eating and dress is the sorrow of the family. The Canton mother-in-law is small-footed and nice. The fortune-telling mother-in-law takes an

umbrella on a clear day. The mother-in-law who serves the uncivilised foreigner wears a long gown. The leprous mother-in-law was evil in a former age. The mother-in-law on the street who cried, "Great official and young master," is seeking for a bite of bread. The Soochow mother-in-law is beautiful to look at. The mountain mother-in-law who comes into the city is unwilling to return. The wicked old mother-in-law reviles people in unmentionable ways. The ferry-boat mother-in-law is slick beyond compare. The theatrical mother-in-law and the bawd are of one class. The airing, jangling mother-in-law is under the banner [she is a Manchu].

So on the whole the Chinese can be as vulgar as any educated Westerner.

But on the book-stalls may be found something more serious than Komic Kuts and Penny Dreadfuls.

PART III.—MEDICAL FOO

If the trading section of the community deserves attention, surely the professions must not be overlooked. Here is the advertisement of one physician of renown:

"Nine Days Hill. In the palace of the idol named Teacher Lu. In this palace the incense days are the first, third, fifth, ninth, fifteenth, nineteenth, and twenty-fourth of each moon. On these days the doors are open, wind and rain not changing the dates. Operations begin before noon. On the afternoon of the third there is opportunity to diagnose, otherwise the purpose is medicinal. Now all good people, and all who can believe in us, who desire to have diagnoses, must come early and make their marks, then respectfully prepare the incense and candles, as also the paper on which is written the petition to the Magic Pen, and the Fee."

This seemed too good an opportunity to be lost, as it was the nineteenth of the ninth moon of the Chicken Year of the idol Tai Shin in Hades. As I refused to fill up the schedule about moon, day, and hour of birth, the Magic Pen had no chance of turning up my record, or of coming to see if his prescription was taken. But he diagnosed as follows:

"This is for your information. The fire of the body is in the liver; the wood fire is too great within you, the gas in the central part of the body is confined. Such is the diagnosis. The cause of the trouble is that you have eaten too much broiled food and dry food. Now for treatment: Full-grown roses with the petals removed; little sea shell-fish three tenths of an ounce; white rice three tenths of an ounce; small sweet oranges two; buds of wheat three twentieths of an ounce; black beans three tenths of an ounce; fragrant pills eight hundredths of an ounce; dried small oranges four hundredths of an ounce (to stop the pain); root of Hook Ling three tenths of an ounce; sweet grass five hundredths of an ounce. Take also three slips of charm yellow paper whereon are fairy characters in vegetable red, to be cooked with the medicine."

No directions were given as to how many doses this constituted.

After consulting the Dragon Head Magic Pen, I found good reason to doubt the accuracy of the diagnosis and the propitiousness of the prescription. As my liver was actually out of order, I straightway set my course for the skilful Surgeon Kinnear, at the American Board Hospital, who prescribed in a very satisfactory manner. Here, then, on the same Nine Days Hill are these two competing medical establishments, one founded on pure philanthropy and science,

the other an unadulterated fraud resting for success on the gullibility of the populace, who are attached to real superstition and ignorance. On the side of the operators of the Magic Pen may be found none other than men who want money and will get it by any means which will let them evade both the law and the ire of an outraged public sentiment.

Finding that the instruments used by Dr. Kinnear were, in spite of "the damp and steamy atmosphere," as the fat Richard called it, in really first-class condition; that here was an American physician and surgeon of rare skill and perfect date; that even without the buildings which he needs for his sane and Christian propaganda (which would be quickly supplied if one or two wealthy Americans could but stay as long in Foochow as I have) he yet does a prodigious amount of satisfactory work—finding all this decided me to look into this Yankee fabric for medication.

Now I am free to say that I have not found any two reports of human operations as interesting as this of the foreign doctor of the Nine Fairies Hill, Foochow, and that of the American Life-saving Service. Indeed what life-saving devices will overshadow these two, one on each side of the earth, and one on either shore of the vast Pacific Ocean? I will proceed to quote from the former. The tales are plain, unvarnished, and could not be improved, according to my taste, by any amount of polish! I like this man Kinnear, his methods, his medicine, and his message!

On the first page of "The Year Ending Jan. 31, 1909," report, he says, "During eleven months of the year we gave 17,851 treatments, of which something over 6,000 were women and children. The great pleasure that we have enjoyed in doing the work, and

its successful results in both medical and spiritual ways, are proofs that the best things do not depend upon externals of any kind, buildings included. It has been the happiest year of the work that we have ever done." This, too, when he has no sitting-room; for the second illustration shows the modern operating-table in the private residence of the physician's family, and occupying the sitting-room! He has no hospital, but must deprive himself of even a sitting-room. But the report tells simply how he rests! Indeed, he does not seem to have much use for a "sitting-room," even in the hot summer months! "The hot season was spent, as usual, at Sharp Peak Island at the mouth of the Min River, and about thirty miles from Foochow. It seems enough of an out-of-the-way place to allow one to have a rest from medical work, but, as usual, there were from ten to twenty cases a day, so that the total for the time spent there was 478. This number, while not large, was enough to keep us in mind of the fact that having the talent of medical knowledge puts us under obligations to use it for the help of our fellow-men."

Foochow does everything by threes. If there are hills, then we expect and find *three* hills; and if epidemics, expect and learn that there were three epidemics, namely, Smallpox, Dysentery, Cholera! And if this were not enough for the heroic doctor and his equally heroic wife, we find that he at times has some financial concern! How will church members ever get to heaven who allow this Christian physician to "be anxious about the outcome of the year's finances?" But this happy line remains, "A single cheque at that time, from a generous donor, removed further need of anxiety." To that generous donor I say, after a stay of ten days here, that should he come out and have a look and a hear, it would become a fixed habit on his part to send a generous cheque each year!

All ages are treated. "The great pleasure" that he enjoyed consisted of such experiences as follows:

"A woman aged 72, though looking older, came with the middle finger of the right hand disorganized and the bone dead, following a maltreated felon. She was very garrulous, and was able to tell us a lengthy history of the treatments that the finger had received during the month since the trouble had commenced. 1. Sword-grass was soaked in urine and used as a poultice three nights. 2. Poulticed with salted cooked rice one night. 3. Poulticed with salt jelly-fish a day and a night, changing once. 4. Poulticed a day and a night with green peas beaten up with honey. 5. Poulticed two nights with pig's gall, one change of the dressing being made. 6. Two centipedes were wrapped in paper, burned, and powdered, the powder mixed with honey and sulphur to make a paste and applied three or four times. 7. A mixture of snake-grass, dried persimmon, and ginger-root was used four times and somewhat relieved the pain. 8. Pig's gall mixed with sulphur and used once. 9. Ginger and centipedes used again."

It is to be expected that these people will for some time to come submit themselves to treatment by native "old school" doctors and get more harm than help before visiting the foreign clinic.

But let us run on in the report of what gave the doctor "a good year."

"The most extensive injury due to violence was the case of a man who was defending his fruit orchards from thieves. He had an old gun, and one night shot it to drive thieves away. The breach of the gun exploded, and a piece tore through his lower jaw in front of the second molars, crushing the arch of the jaw into a dozen fragments, tearing the end of the tongue and the floor of the mouth into shreds, and cutting away the left side

of the upper lip. This part of the upper lip, the lower lip, and chin were still attached to the skin of the neck, and the whole flap was dropped down on the neck as though it had been hinged to the lower side of the jaw. It made a ghastly looking wound, and, as the ferry-boats would not receive such a looking person, it was two days before they could get a boat to bring him to Foo-chow. During the interval, the torn tissues commenced to decay, and native medicines were applied which only added to the general offensiveness. It is not often that we have such an exceedingly trying case to clean, and it required much patient work. The students had not seen anything quite so foul-smelling, and it made them sick to stay in the room to help very long at a time. The poor patient was tractable and endured the pain stoically. The broken pieces of bone were removed, the decaying shreds of torn tissue were cut away, and the shredded bits of skin trimmed. When after two hours' work the wound flaps had been cleansed of native medicines, and seemed as free from unpromising flesh as possible, it was secured in place making a serviceable mouth."

This certainly was bloody enough, and exacting enough, to satisfy almost any practitioner.

But here is also an oculist, the same man who has no sitting-room except for standing purposes:

"When his number was called, a brother and another relative, one holding each arm, helped him to step over the high Chinese door-sill. As he moved toward the table, it was evident that he was blind. He had been treated by native doctors for some form of eye disease a few months before, and he came two days' journey from his home for us to see him. A glance showed that the right eye was destroyed beyond any hope of recovery, but an upper segment of the cornea of the left eye was clear, and though he could see nothing he had perception of light. That small area of good



FIRST M. E. CHURCH BUILT IN ASIA. ON GREAT
STREET (SUBURB), FOOCHOW.



TOMBSTONE OF FIRST FOREIGNER MURDERED IN
FOOCHOW. DR. OHLINGER, OLDEST MISSIONARY IN
THE CTRY.

cornea compassed the only chance the young man had of not spending a life-time in darkness. We told him this, and he readily consented to the operation that was necessary. Before we had opportunity to operate, he urged, many times, that we do what we could for him. When everything seemed promising, a new pupil was made behind the clear cornea. It was a perfect success, and a few days later when the wound was entirely healed and the dressings could be removed, he was able to see well enough to do his ordinary work, that of a farmer. There was another side of the case that was still more delightful. From the time that he came to see us he listened intently to the Gospel story, accepted it as true, commenced to pray, to learn hymns, and to urge the other patients to become Christians at once. As soon as his eye could be used, he began learning to read the Testament and Hymn-book, and with him as a leader a large number of the patients became learners. The eye that was entirely blind was so badly disorganized that we feared that it might cause trouble in the one that had been saved, so he was advised to have it removed."

But I am not unmindful that there are others doing acceptable medical work here in the name of Western Christianity. My reason for using so largely material from one report was that I had personal experience of treatment by the American Board physician nearest to my residence in the "city." The "Threes" of Foochow continue to amaze me. There are not only three Protestant missions, but each has three doctors; that is, the Methodist Episcopalian has three physicians, the Church Missionary Society, usually called the English, has three able practitioners, and the Congregationalist three. Long may the three Threes work together as a Christian band, influencing the ancient city of Foochow in the new era that lies before it!

III

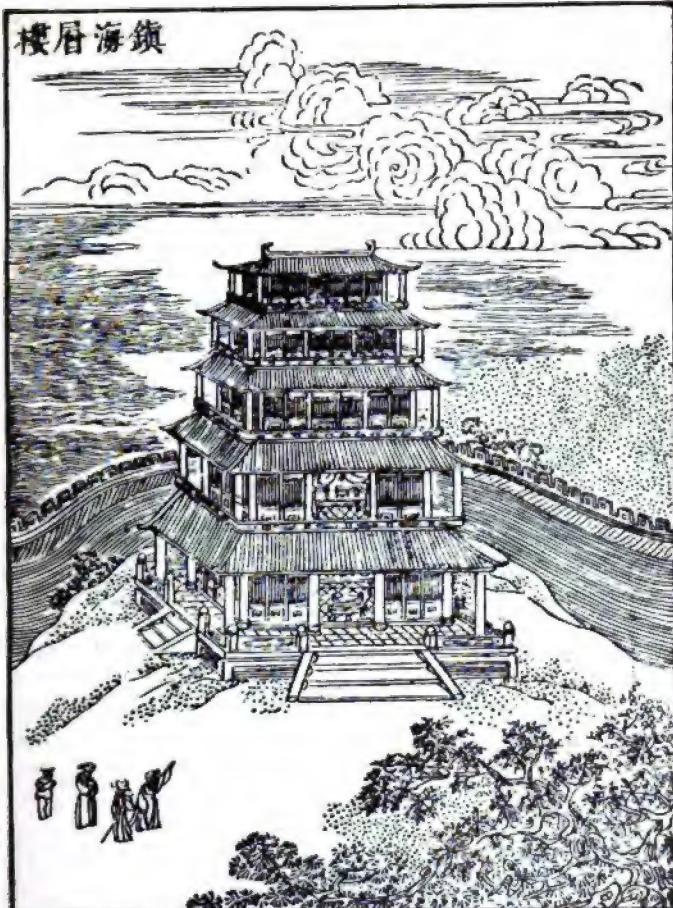
CANTON

PART I.—THE CITY OF THE GOAT¹

SITTING on the fifth story of the Five-storied House, we survey from this high point Canton, the largest city in China. Here is a bird's-eye view of the landscape as we gaze southward off this north wall of the city, for the house is like Rahab's, built on the wall, and presumably convenient for smuggling people out in baskets when the city gates are watched.

A New Yorker would feel himself at home, for there are sky-scrappers in all directions. Nor are they copied from America, but are of native growth. These mountainous erections are *monts-de-piété*, as the lively Gaul would term them, pawnshops in our unflowery language. They are safe deposits above ground, defended once by stink-pots on the roof, ready to be hurled down on the ascending pates of any robbers; now the up-to-date bomb has come as the chief weapon in reserve. Pass by these unique strong-rooms and sweep the uneven horizon from east to west. Right below us is the Old City, like the New Jerusalem with its twelve gates. It is a relic of the past age, with antiquated ideas of fortification. The lowest story of the house that gives us our point of vantage is furnished with a score of ancient cannon; the only point that towers higher is crowned with the Goddess of Mercy Fort, and antique guns are mounted on platforms all around. In the southwest of the Old City are barracks for the

¹ So called from five immortals who rode into Canton, under the Chou dynasty (ended about 250 B.C.), upon five goats or rams. The goats were turned into stone, and may be seen to this day!



THE SEA GUARD TOWER.

This is situated in the northern section of the city, it is also called "Watching the Sea Tower."

"In the time of Hung Wu Ming, this tower was built by two men. It is *Five Stories*, total height of 80 feet (Chinese) and is commonly spoken of as 'The Five Story Tower.' From the topmost story the view of hills and trees surpasses the power of the eye to comprehend. On the four quarters so distant is the horizon that the view fades away into mist. Looking down the sea may be seen. Elevate the eyes and there is the appearance of the day dawn. Some one has said that after this tower was built there was no more rebellion and therefore it is now called 'Guardian of the Sea'" (quoted from an ancient history). "My teacher said, 'This is all empty talk, it is not true. Is it not true that the French have a tower that is 1000 feet high? Do they therefore expect to be forever at peace? Mere Words.' "



少莫走廣

WHEN YOUNG DON'T GO TO CANTON

廣

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Kwangchow means "Broad District."

Tartar soldiers, another relic of the past age; much as the Roman legions held Antonia above the temple at Jerusalem, or poured out from their stations to quell the turbulent populace of Alexandria in the days of Hypatia.

Groves of trees here and there show where the government offices are to be found within the walls. Nearly due south of us rises a tower capped with glass that flashes back brilliant sun-rays; within it is a hoary clock formed of jars through which water drips.² The tower stands on an arch some two millenniums old. At its foot is the Paternoster Row of the town, where all the great book-stores are to be found.

There are tokens of change within the walls. Occasionally the eye lights on a house in foreign fashion, and one great new building challenges attention. On its site once stood a comb of cells where the industrious students secreted essays to compete for their old degrees. The whole place has been ruthlessly smoked out, and now the Western education for the whole province of Kwangtung is centred on the old site hallowed by the use of ages. Yet the traditions of the old classical education linger. We examined a typical graduating exercise written lately on the topic, "He who has the law cannot, according to himself, work out his destiny." This is the cheerful metaphysical line of study that reminds us in its progress of a kitten chasing its tail.

Lift up your eyes now and overlook the walls of the Old City. Beyond it, nearly down to the river bank, lies the New City, like a crescent moon. Three great gates from the old lead into the new, furnished with barbicans; two great gates and six lesser ones open out

² These water-clocks, or clepsydras, seem to have been used at a very early date. The term, however, does not occur in literature until about 100 B.C.

VIEW FROM THE "FIVE-STORY HOUSE," CANTON.





on three sides. Through its midst runs a creek, and the wall is specially fortified above its entrance and exit. Two curtains run down to the main river and complete the ancient defence.

But within this annex there is one building that challenges attention. It is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, complete with its two steeples. I have learned enough of Chinese superstition to wonder how they got leave to erect these two towers, which surely affect the propitious influences around. It was French wit that obtained the necessary leave: "Is not this the City of the Goat? But where are the horns? Let us put them on for you." Thus there arose towers which compare favourably with the ubiquitous pawnshops.

This is the city of commerce. One street is devoted to jade stone, another to ivory, a third to furniture of black wood. But business has outgrown the walls, and up the river outside the fortifications the silk-weavers herd. Theirs is a dying industry, for though the raw silk is still obtained freely in eight crops a year, the superior machinery of the West is ousting them slowly. They still send away piece-goods to the value of £750,000 a year, but the growers also export raw silk worth £2,500,000, and even silk refuse worth another quarter of a million.

Beyond the silk district we get a shock. What is yonder caterpillar crawling along as by steam filature? Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the Philistine triumph. It is a railway and a train of cars, heading away northward. Quite handy, in case of accidents, is Dr. Mary Fulton's most wisely conducted Medical College for women, the first in China. Next comes the Rice Mart, to which hundreds of native sailing-ships bring the grain from the

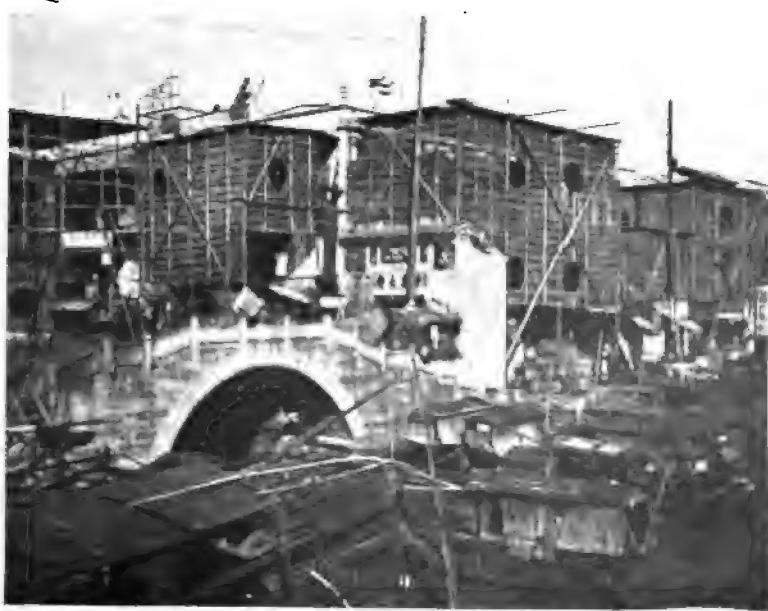
Straits Settlements, Siam, Tongking, and Hainan; for this province cannot grow enough for its teeming millions.

A sixty-foot canal divides off the Foreign Concession, one-third French and two-thirds British, to which two bridges give access. The Custom House is naturally just beyond, where more than £420,000 was collected last year. There is the local Wall Street; most properly all the native banks are close to the wall, within and without. Off in the river lies an island that raises a smile at the slyness of the Chinese in the dawn of European commerce. When the Dutch began to supplant the Portuguese in these waters, they came and settled on the mainland. The city officials persuaded them that they would be happier if secure from the importunity of beggars and free from molestation on an islet of their own. Once the innocent Dutch took up their quarters on the island they were vigorously boycotted as if in an isolation hospital, till they took the gentle hint and left "Dutch Folly."

Nearly opposite there starts now the great new street, the Kingsway of the city. First comes the really first-class Medical Mission Hospital, first of its kind in the world. Soon after we see the Young Men's Christian Association, on ground once belonging to the Baptist Mission. Then comes a great electric light plant, built and operated at first by foreigners but now acquired and worked by the Chinese themselves. In strange contrast to this novel enterprise is the throng of bamboo shops which come next, before we reach the great works of the new railroad to the British settlement of Kowloon, with offices and terminus beyond. Further east still is the Mint, where last year eighty-five million copper and silver pieces were coined for use in the southern provinces, representing a currency worth perhaps a million sterling. Out towards the open



A CANTON CANAL.



SCENE IN CANTON.

country on the southeast is the chief establishment of the Baptist Mission, with its schools.

Lifting up our eyes to get the even more distant background beyond Front Reach, we see the island of Honam, some twelve miles long and two wide.³ Opposite the Baptist Mission is the superb Christian College, well staffed by Chinese and Americans and doing work officially recognized by the government. Next come the cement works, opposite the railway terminus, where the Germans have built a splendid new kiln and taught the Chinese to turn out every day ten thousand eight-pound bricks, which sell for £15. A Scotch firm has built the cement works, where the Germans will teach the Chinese to produce five hundred casks daily. Off the river frontage are many old temples, the deserted residences of the foreign merchants, and a fine new college with several hundred students, founded by a Hong Kong Jew. Back on the mainland opposite the west end of Honam are clusters of foreign buildings, such as insane asylums, Presbyterian Missions, and Standard Oil tanks.

Here, then, is our bird's-eye view of the city, a most eclectic omelet into which many eggs have been broken. Suppose now we descend the winding alleys, and, lest we carry away too confused a notion of all there is to see, let us look out for what shows the old native life, untouched by outside influence. Then let us see how this has been modified by the foreign trader. And let us study the cross-current produced by the foreign missionary.

³ Opposite to this island formerly stood the celebrated foreign "Factories," so called from being the residence of factors or agents of the East India Company, and not because anything was manufactured there.

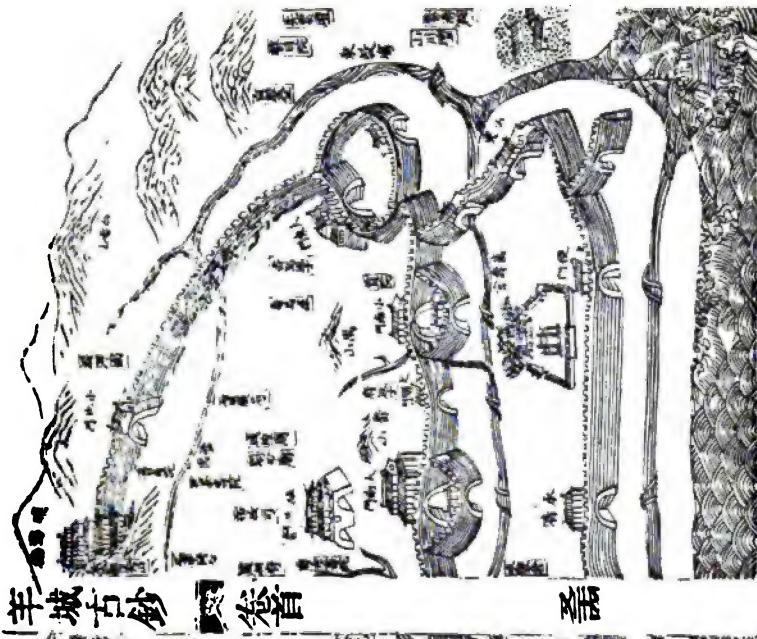
PART II.—“ ANCIENT FOOT TRACKS ”

What sort of a country is it in itself, for the climate and weather? The sunset the other evening was the most glorious that China has ever shown me; and rising early to test the other end of the day, I see the Light of the Day rising majestically in a way that recalls the stern majesty of the wilds of the Bashan and the purity of Everest in the Himalayas. The Lower Honam pagoda stands up out of the rice-fields like an obelisk from the Egyptian swamps, while a cloud in the rear adds to the illusion by taking the shape of a pyramid. Fellahin splash water in the fields, bearing it from the trenches in bamboo cups slung from poles. The hum of busy workmen tells that in this favoured land even in November they can turn out to labour before sunrise, so mild is the climate.

But as the “ Ancient History ” noticed, “ Canton is not 200 li from the open sea, whose tides are highest in the eighth moon. Now in autumn hurricanes are common; should one come at high tide, houses are swept off, fields are destroyed, boats are thrown around and reduced to pulp.” Or take an extract from the “ History of the South Seas ”:

Canton is more under the influence of the male principle than of the female [*i.e.*, is more clear than cloudy]. In the fifth and sixth moons the climate is very even, but one heavy rain follows another closely. The summers are long and provoking. In spring when the sun is shining it is as warm as in summer, but if it rains it is like winter. There seems to be no interval of pleasant weather, but little winter and much summer. Nor is there much distinction between spring and autumn. Winter has no snow; all seasons are abundantly damp. But in winter the weather is clear for longer than at other seasons.

CANTON, FROM "THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE CITY OF GOATS."



Now how came mankind to settle in this region, so beautiful, so full of adventure? Turn to the various classics, take up the "Ancient History of Canton," and in its fourth volume seek the heading, "Ancient Foot Tracks." It deals with the time when civilisation was gathered in the north, in the basin of the Hwangho, and when the famous Chou dynasty reigned over that part, which was the only land that could then be called the Central Kingdom. Here, facing south, was the undeveloped land of the Tsu, not yet subdued by Ch'in the Great. From that period of legend we expect a history, a classic history, to give us scientific fact, and we get:

According to records of the Chou dynasty there came to Nan Hai [i.e., the Southern Seas] five male fairies wearing five suits of different colours, riding on five goats of different colours. These five fairies came to the court of Tsu, each bearing in his hand a stalk of grain with six heads, which they gave to the people, saying, "Dwell here in perpetual peace, and never know famine." Then they disappeared, but the goats were changed into stone. From this incident the city is known as the City of Five Goats, or Fairy City, or Head of Grain City. And even yet there may be seen at Pu Shan a temple with the images of the five fairies, the youngest in the centre holding a rice-stalk, the others bearing Kao-liang or Kaffir Corn. In barbarian times these were greatly adored, clouds of incense circling round the heads of the stone goats in front. These are now highly polished by the constant friction of the worshippers.

If that story does not satisfy the enquiring mind, there is an alternative in the same antiquarian records:

In the days when Hai was King of Chou, he said to the Earl of Southern Tsu, “ You should not let the barbarians of the south arise in rebellion.” Whereupon this section of the Southern Seas was committed to the kingdom of Tsu, and henceforward was known as Kuang Chou,⁴ the Broad Department. Then the officials of Tsu were established in power.

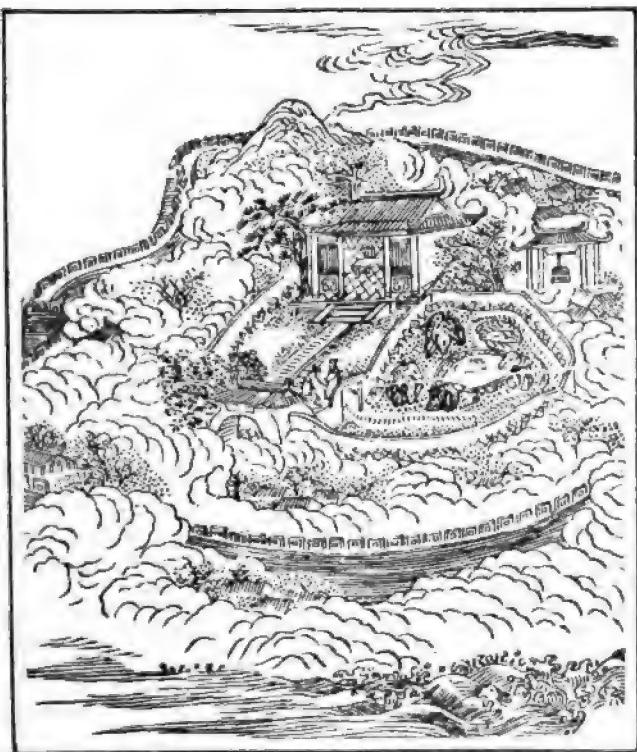
It is pleasant to find that a classical education has not extinguished all power of independent thought. My brilliant friend, Mr. Chen, M.A., said plainly that this was mere empty talk, there being then no writing in this country, so that no records could be made; these tales are the late invention of the people from the north.

Let us try further in another work, called “ New Words on Kwangtung,” turning to the section dealing with Products, the division Fishes, and the subdivision Dragon:

Nan Hai is the capital of the Dragon. In the days of Kien Lung, at the Three Islands, a boat was ferrying across the stream. When across, the occupant looked back at Ch'én Chung Landing, and saw a black log on the water. Suddenly the sea began to boil, clouds dropped from the heavens, waves rolled skywards in billows and fell again, wind arose with terrific force, rains poured down. Then he realised that the black log was a dragon.

Having thus satisfactorily ascertained the real origin of the district or of its name, we may continue our exploration of these voluminous records for the subsequent history. And perhaps it may be fair to distinguish between etymological guesses which an editor does not care to omit, though he has his opinion of their value, and extracts from annals, or modern

⁴ Kuang Chou, which is the Chinese name for Canton, means “ Broad Department.” Kuang Tung means “ Broad East.”



FLUSHED CLOUD FAIRY CAVE.

With the glow of morning or evening on it. . . . The Temple of the Five Fairies was of old on Barbarian St., but in the 10th year of Hung Wu (Ming dynasty) the Provincial treasurer of Kwangtung took the land of this temple for his treasury. He therefore built in the place of this temple a palace known as *Permeating Brillancy*. On Wave Mountain he had five images of the five fairies made. Besides these a great stone in the centre of which is a *Footprint*, in the footprint is water. When weather is dry this water does not dry up but still rises to the accustomed level as if there was a spring in the bottom. This is very strange. In connection with this temple a bell tower has been erected in the enclosure, on which are characters which say "The First Tower South of the Mountain Peaks." In the picture the bell tower can be seen to the right of the temple, the pool can be seen surrounded by the Five Fairy Goats.

(The above illustration and comment is found in the "Ancient History of the City of Goats.")

accounts of present conditions. The "History of the South Seas" is divided into fourteen sections, which deal with the following topics: Proclamations; Maps of the city; Maps of the district; Boundaries, with notes on the weather, products, and customs; Government, dealing with population, agriculture, taxes, stores against famine, salt, defences; River guards; Famous officials from the time of Liang; Relics of antiquity, temples, ancestral halls; Literary history and extracts from local books; Ancient inscriptions; Famous men; Famous women; Famous places and fairy scenes; Miscellaneous.

Turn over the pages to look at the literary history. There prove to be 76 writers catalogued, responsible for 348 books. And it rather astonishes us, who have been accustomed to think of the Chinese as industriously churning up old proverbs on conduct and metaphysics into some new arrangement, to be stamped with a new butter-pat, when we find that 54 of these authors turned their attention to general history, while local history also received much attention. On the side of physical geography, there are treatises on the sea, the soil, mountains, and streams, with the culture of fish in the latter as a corollary. Sociology finds recognition in genealogies and rolls of county families. Naval practice and military tactics are dealt with by specialists. Medical men discourse on the pulse, inoculation, and vaccination. Philosophy and religion are accountable for disquisitions on metaphysics, holy mountains, and Buddhist mountains. Of course, besides these concrete matters the abstract is honoured also, and our former estimate of Chinese learning proves to be correct as far as it went, in that here are also 198 essayists, who, like Wendell Holmes, Lamb, Augustine Birrell,

Emerson, and G. K. Chesterton, hang the old clothes of philosophy on all manner of pegs. Would you like a specimen, carefully brushed and dusted? A local historian of philosophy, a sort of G. H. Lewes, undertook to edit the “Words of the Philosophers Ch'êng, in Twelve Sections”; and here is his own preface to the book, from which it will be seen that the Jewish doctors of the law were not alone in being unable to think for themselves, and in retailing the pedigree of every idea:

“The exposition of the Doctrine has been difficult from of old. Han Yü of the T'ang dynasty says Yao transmitted his teaching to Shên, Shên transmitted his teaching to Yü, Yü transmitted what he had received to Wên, Wu, and Duke Chou, these transmitted their teachings to Confucius, and Confucius to Mencius. After Mencius died there was no one who was especially instrumental in transmitting the works of former sages. After him there was a thousand years to the Sung Dynasty until there arose a great philosopher. . . .

“But by to-day examining a manifestation, and to-morrow correcting former records, brilliant intelligence of things is arrived at. Even former investigators have arrived at such conclusions as to say that much attributed to the Ch'êngs was not theirs. However, I am not very brilliant, but the works of the Ch'êngs do appeal to me most profoundly. I have therefore made a complete investigation of all works genuine and spurious of these men; having expurgated the false, I have compiled a reliable treatise.”

Thus endeth the Preface.



TRANSLATION.

[Lines on a likeness of *Wang Yang Ming*. Engraved on stone at Kwei-yang, by Chang Tao An of the Ming Dynasty.]

“Profoundly versed in the Sages’ learning
A follower of Kung and Meng
In the doctrine of inherited qualities
He follows Mencius
This was censured as heresy
The men of this time, were deaf and blind
(NOTE: ‘deaf and blind’ to his defense)

Possessing the three claims to immortality:

(NOTE: Meritorious conduct, instructive books, exemplary virtues)
He rose to the 5th grade hereditary nobility
Enrolled among the famous servants of the state
He was joined with the Sage’s disciples
IN his sacrificial temple.
ALL men were envious of him, and set spares for him
Yet I esteem Yang Ming as equal to Han Yü
In regulating the currents of thought
His merit is not second to that of great Yü
(In regulating the rivers of the Empire)

(NOTE: Wang Yang Ming, after acquiring fame as a philosopher, was banished on account of the prominence which he gave to the teachings of Mencius, manifestly the work of envious enemies)

LINES by his disciple Wang Hi
bowing an HUNDRED TIMES!

Where is there a man who resembles my teacher’s figure?
Where is there another who resembles my teacher’s soul?
The figure is limited to one place; the soul is boundless
The one perishes, the other remains
To the one our attachment is slender
To the other our affection is strong
In us (our nature) all things combine
(NOTE: All the elements of nature)

In the same way the teachings of a thousand sages
Are centered in one heart. We have only to look in, to
Behold them there. If we ourselves do not mar the features
We retain their spiritual likeness.
May I not lose the true image of my master.”

RUBBING SUPPLIED TO DR. GEIL BY THOMAS WINDSOR. TRANSLATED BY DR. W. A. P. MARTIN.



PART III.—DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY

From philosophy let us turn to the Dictionary of National Biography, or, as its title runs literally, the "General History of Family Genealogies," which deals with all China. We will take from it a sketch of one man of this district who achieved national distinction, a certain Doctor P'êng.

In the days of Yung Lo, the Ming, there was in this province of Kwangtung, connected with the college of Nan Hsiung Chou, an immoral monastery in which was an image called the Holy Maiden. It had been the custom for the Director of Education to worship this image, in company with the students. When Doctor P'êng was appointed to this post he was angry at the superstition, and decided to destroy the image. On his way to take up his appointment he was met by a student from the prefectural city, and when he asked in surprise how the student knew where he was he was told, "The Holy Maiden revealed to me in a dream your name, village, county, titles, and rank; and she sent me to receive and wait upon Your Honor." He then dilated on the merits of the Holy Maiden, hoping to gain the Director's favor. But Doctor P'êng grew angry, and as soon as he had arrived at his post he caused firewood to be heaped around the monastery, intending some night to set fire to it and cause the place to be "accidentally" burned down. But before this could be carried out, the student had a second dream, wherein the Holy Maiden appeared again and said, "This Director of Education is worthless; go and tell him that I can bring calamities on him; in a few days his slaves shall die, a few days later his son and his wife shall die, last of all the man himself shall die." The student delivered the message, but Doctor P'êng

would pay it no attention. Surely enough, his slaves did die in a few days, whereupon the members of his family were filled with fear and prayed to the Holy Maiden until the slaves came to life again. When the Director understood what had happened, he was filled with rage, and publicly burned the monastery. The next night his son died, and his wife died soon afterwards, whereupon all the students went and pleaded with him to submit to the Maiden; but he remained obdurate. When his own death did not follow, doubt arose in the minds of the students. For a third time a vision came to the same dreamer, when he asked how the last prediction had failed. The Holy Maiden replied, "I am a disembodied spirit; how should I have ability to give life or send death to men? P'êng's son and his wife had reached the limit of their life; this I knew, and used the knowledge to try and extort his submission. But Doctor P'êng is a man of worth and integrity, who shall rise to greater eminence; how should I dare bring trouble on him?" The Director was presently promoted to be Literary Chancellor of the Two Kiang provinces, and ultimately attained the position of Imperial Censor. Thus he became a standard of excellence for subsequent scholars.

The Chinese are firm believers in women's rights; only their ideas of what those rights consist in may be unique. Here is a story of a virtuous widow, held up as a model:

"Her tribe was of the soldier class,
 Her name was Mrs. Tai;
Her husband he was Ch'en Nan;
 For beauty she ranked high.
Ch'en Nan too early left her side,
 A widow she became;
To serve his parents then she turned,
 And won a pious name.
When five long years had rolled away,
 A soldier sought to wed,
But loyal to her husband dear,

She rather would be dead.
He to the general repaired,
His pressure brought to bear;
Around her neck the cord she tied,
And leaped into the air.
So lived they and so faithful died,
When Sung was on the throne;
Lo Wei, in memory of her deed,
Put up an arch of stone."

Infant prodigies were not unknown in the olden days. In the reign of Wu Hou, of the T'ang dynasty, a child of seven immortalised herself by the accident of her brother's going to the capital for his Doctor's degree. The Emperor heard of her precocity, sent for her, and bade her write an epigram on her brother's separation from her, in the style of a Welsh Englyn at the poetic Eisteddfod. She extemporised in the purest classical style the highest Wênlí:

"Where forks the road the clouds obscuring rise;
As his degree he gains my tree all leafless stands.
Though of one mother born, the heart deep sighs;
We cannot soar above the world, like cranes in loving bands."

Such proficiency in the literary graces may pair off with the wonderful child of ten who lectured at Harvard to the mathematical professors on the Fourth Dimension.

Family affection and devotion to parents are a constant theme, and another extract which sets this forth in superlative fashion may indicate the workings of the Chinese mind. Under the dynasty succeeding the Sung Mrs. Lien lived outside the west gate of Canton with her two daughters. She was seized with severe illness, and there seemed no hope of recovery. One daughter cut off a piece of her own thigh, the other cut out a piece of her own liver; these pieces were cooked and respectfully presented to the mother, who ate and recovered. A provincial official named K'ang Mi-liang heard of this, and brought it to the Emperor's atten-

tion, whereupon an Imperial edict was issued, and a double palace was erected in their memory, whose foundations may yet be traced outside the wall. A certain Chang Shu also wrote an ode to commemorate the event:

"When Mrs. Lien had daughters twain, of age their hair to coil,
 A fell disease laid hold on her; their eyes with blood did boil,
 Their viscera were sore inflamed, their lives seemed nothing worth.
 'Of what good are our members now? To her who gave us birth
 Let us impart our flesh and blood!' A liver and a thigh
 These pious girls do mutilate; the stars rejoice on high.
 The mother's stiffened jaws they ope, the precious jade pour in;
 All heaven re-echoes with the praise the daughters justly win,
 And weeps in loving sympathy. The mother strength regains;
 The sickness, like the dying moon, to outer darkness wanes."

Lest the story seem too incredible, remember that this form of filial devotion has become standard, and the flesh of children is regarded as the most powerful restorative. Hence the frequent accusation against foreigners, foreign doctors especially, that they steal children and prepare medicaments from their vitals, sounds most credible to the Chinese, monstrous as it appears to us. But new China, in the person of my translator, curtly comments, "That woman certainly was a fool."

These stories reveal the standard of conduct set up for women by men; let us now see how men themselves can arrive at fame. There were eminent politicians of this province; one life we may briefly note, as told in the "Biographical Record of Famous Statesmen."

In the days of the T'ang dynasty lived Chang Chiuling, who at the age of seven was able to write essays. Later on he submitted to the governor a plan to reduce the disaffected and reorganise the province; this was so able that the writer was pronounced the ablest man

in the district, and great was the surprise to find he was but thirteen years old. While still young he secured his Doctor's degree, passing first. He then sent up a memorial to the Emperor, containing two important suggestions: that worship be limited to Shang Ti, the Creator and Preserver of the universe, and that officials should be promoted by degrees, gaining experience in the lower ranks, where alone they would learn the needs of the people. He was advanced to be a minister of state, and when on the Emperor's birthday others were sending valuable presents, including mirrors obtained at great expense from distant lands, he prepared only a book on "The Mirror of Everlasting Ages," wherein he discussed past methods of government and suggested their bearing on present problems. Because of his integrity he fell out with the officials at the capital, and returned to his southern home, with a reputation for clearness of perception in state affairs.⁵

PART IV.—THE PASSING OF OLD CHINA

Let us now lay down the literature, with all its insight into the past life, and supplement it by observing for ourselves, setting down what is still to be seen of that old China which is so rapidly passing away.

One of the most permanent of human needs is food. In the City of Sheep we might look for juicy chops and lamb cutlets; but the popular meats are of humble origin, though of great variety and fame, for the restaurants of Canton have a reputation throughout the East. Cats form the staple of many dishes, and I can honestly

⁵ Afterwards, however, the Emperor Ming Huang found out what a valuable counsellor he had lost, and ennobled him as earl. When new ministers were subsequently recommended, the Emperor invariably asked if they were like Chang Chiu-ling. In his youth he communicated with his relatives by means of carrier-pigeons, which he called his "flying slaves." He was also a brilliant poet.

avow that I have never tasted such delicious cat stew anywhere else. A common fat cat can be bought generally for forty cents American, but a black cat if alive will fetch sixty. If dressed ready for the pot it will retail at twelve cents a pound. The dressing consists of scalding, and scraping off the hair; then it is stewed whole with chicken, mushrooms, ginger, peanut oil, and brandy. While old cats are much in demand, the value of a dog rises with its youth, and the colour makes little difference, prices ranging above six cents American, rather higher than pork. Rats cost at least double, and are usually stewed with black beans; they are supposed to stimulate the growth of hair. Mice are not in demand. Snakes, however, are much sought after as a preservative against rheumatism; they are made up in sets of three, costing \$3.80 Mexican, f.o.b. the purchaser's basket at the apothecary's, but not delivered. The recipe is to kill the snake, congeal the blood with cooked brandy, and eat it; then simmer down the meat and bones with sugar-cane, ginger, and chicken till all is reduced to one bowlful. Other familiar delicatessen are lizards, sea-slugs, desiccated oysters, eggs three years' old, birds' nests, bamboo sprouts, fungus, and garlic, besides beef and mutton.

The "Annals of the Nan Hai or South Sea District" give millet, yellow and white, as the chief food. But rice, of many varieties, is now understood to be the principal nourishment. It is not ground and made into bread, but boiled into soup or porridge. The porridge is the favourite food, so that people meeting in the morning salute each other by asking, "Have you eaten your rice porridge?" The fact that this form of polite inquiry prevails in nearly the whole Empire indicates the prevalence of rice as a national food. The rice soup which is called congee is chiefly taken by sick people and little children.

Without our plan of arrangement, the "Annals" next refer to Mongolian hemp, "elephant's eye," a fabric made of silk, "cross-grained cloth," "fish pond cloth," and tree cotton.

Then among a long list of vegetables are the "yellow stone," because of its colour and because it grows on stones, the "stone flower vegetable," the "purple vegetable," and the "east wind." A poor man is often spoken of as one who "subsists on the west wind"; they do not say "east wind," else it might be supposed he lived on this vegetable.

Two varieties of mushroom are "stone ear" and "wood ear." "Mountain medicine" is simply the yam. Then there are the "fragrant melon" and the "pillow melon," which latter is comfortable to rest the head on when sleeping. Some good to sleep on! The banana-like fruit known as "autumn wind" grows on a tree twenty feet high. The plum is so common that it gives rise to the most common family name in the Empire.

After food, an almost daily need for a Chinese is a barber. This functionary begins his attentions to the child at the age of one month, and only ends after death. His first duty is to give the smallpox.

From the barber, whose calling is so badly esteemed that his sons are not allowed to try for a degree, let us pass on to the diviner, whose art is held in the highest estimation. Shall we take some pearls of coagulated wisdom from the Chinese Zadkiel, whose lucubrations are treated with great respect?

In the time of the Ch'in dynasty, the five stars of metal, wood, fire, water, earth, were called the Well of the Eastern Heavens, and they presided over the kingdom of Ch'in. In the second division of the zodiac are

the stars affecting North China. The stars which form the Southern Bushel contain in the eighth division those which have to do with Kwangtung. Now some three centuries ago Yüeh Chin, who had ruled over southeast China, lost the luck of kings, and was succeeded by Wei Tu. Besides the Southern Bushel, those who would learn about Kwangtung should study the stars which constitute the southern border of the Heavenly River which flows around the Well of the East. But to illustrate how the Southern Bushel is concerned with this province, note that in the sixth year of Yüan Ting [*i.e.*, 111 B.C.], Han dynasty, during the fourth or spring moon, the fire star entered the Southern Bushel, and the Emperor died, and in the fifth year of Ta Ting [*i.e.*, 559 A.D.], Liang dynasty, during the winter moon, a comet with a ten-foot tail came out of the Southern Bushel, while Li Fen, the king of the south, proved himself a great robber. When in the ninth year of Ta Yeh of the Sui dynasty [*i.e.*, 618 A.D.] the fire star again entered the Southern Bushel, the Emperor dreaded trouble, and two moons later the robber chief Ch'en Tien fought his way into Hao Yao, North of Canton, while a moon later another brigand fought his way into Wuchow. Three years afterwards two shooting-stars curled about like a snake and entered the Southern Bushel; that same year Lien N'eng raised a rebellion and set up a kingdom in Hunan, to which he annexed the Pan Yu country of Canton. When in the first year of Huang Yu of the Sung dynasty the great white star entered the Southern Bushel, the peasant barbarian Nêng Chi K'ou rebelled; he presently fought into Fêngchuen and besieged Kwangchow; having taken that, he dared besiege Canton itself, but when next year the great white star again entered the Southern Bushel, the rebels were quelled, the leader was slain, and the country was pacified.

A WOMAN'S HEART IS LIKE A NEEDLE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA;
YOU MAY LOOK AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE, BUT YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT

The Chinese are not alone in their belief that the movements of the heavenly bodies portend some effects on the earth. It seems a well-established fact that when the sun shines on a given portion of the globe more activity is witnessed there than at other times. But they carry their investigations much further than other peoples, even than old Moore. They have also another system, all their own, based on a belief that in our immediate skies there are good or malign influences which can affect certain districts. As these are supposed to be connected with wind and water, they have bent their attention to see how the good influences can be condensed and attracted, and how the evil influences can be harmlessly dissipated, or attracted and carefully distributed where they can harm other people. We in the West have a similar superstition relating to electricity, not wind and water; and we fancy that a wire stretched up aloft may attract any lightning that is wandering around, and bring it harmlessly to earth instead of letting it strike at random.

Now the Chinese have utilised two foreign inventions in somewhat this way. When the Buddhists came to the land about 250 A.D., they brought with them their architecture, and built dagobas; the spires that finished these off appealed to the geomantic ideas of the Chinese, who readily adopted them, emphasising the spire and adding stairways in the thick walls. They modified the Hindu word and called the towers "t'a," while the English popular name is pagoda.⁶ One of

⁶"Pagoda" has been derived from the Portuguese pronunciation of the Indian "dagoba." But it is more probably a corruption of the common term in use among the Chinese themselves, viz., 白骨塔, *po-ku-t'a*, "white bones tower." This latter name has reference to the fact that pagodas or stūpas were erected to contain relics—originally, the various parts (84,000 in all) of Buddha's body.

these exists in Canton. Then came the Mohammedans; in 628 A.D. the uncle of the prophet arrived here by sea with a band of Moslems, and soon won many converts. For their use a mosque arose, with a plain brick minaret nearly two hundred feet high, whence the faithful were called to prayer. And so from these two foreign religions Canton possesses two pagodas in the old city, one smooth and one rough, warranted to bring all the good influences.

The temples are by no means so conspicuous or so beautiful, but they are at least numerous. Dr. E. Z. Simmons set two Chinese to go through the city and make a careful count of the places dependent on idolatry. They brought in most remarkable figures, after a month's work. Every shop corresponding to our green-grocery dealt in objects used in worship, but these were not enumerated, nor were the brick shrines at the doors of most of the shops. But they found 68 shops entirely devoted to the making of idols, which seems a good proportion as compared with the statuaries of an Italian town or the icon-makers in Moscow. There were 278 altars standing in the open air, like the way-side shrines in Brittany or Savoy, and no fewer than 500 regular temples, where popular Buddhism installs its idols.

The worship is both private and public, and in each there is much expense. Weddings, funerals, opening of new shops, all are sanctified with worship involving fire-crackers, incense, and wax candles—perhaps the average family in an average year will spend \$2.50 in such worship; and it must be said that comparatively few Christians hold family prayers when they move, or when they open a new business place. Besides this domestic religion there is also an official state religion; theatres are connected with the temples, and a tax is levied to support the worship at ordinary times, while

in case of drought or plague there are special services, for which further assessment is made, and then the governor and the commandant and all officials both civil and military lead the devotions.

PART V.—NEW CANTON

Let us now turn away from old China, which soon may need to be investigated by the antiquarian. How much of this will survive in twenty years is a most interesting question. There was a time in the history of Oxford when all its revered text-books were collected to be treated as waste paper, while a new set of studies and a new set of teachers were introduced. That time has just passed in the history of China. The old curriculum in the classics is abolished; many of the old examination halls are torn down, as in Canton itself, while new colleges arise, where science of all kinds is being taught on Western lines. Where this revolution will lead no one can as yet tell. But let us look at the evidences of a new China in such tangible things as commerce. In the matter of a post office we see the old and the new superposed, like dissolving views from two lanterns cast on one screen.

Canton rejoices in an English post office, which is staffed at the counter entirely by Chinese, a French office, a German—for this too is now a world power—and a Japanese. The last-named deals in perhaps a dozen letters daily, and does not pretend to deliver, but claps a half-cent Chinese stamp on the letter and turns it over to the Chinese office. For these four represent the special conditions that were perhaps needful in by-gone days but are now quite outgrown. The Chinese themselves have established their own Imperial Post, which at the beginning they have manned with several

foreigners of outstanding ability, and which is so admirably conducted that many foreigners prefer to deal with it alone. Meantime these extra-territorial agencies continue, and the Chinese Imperial Post is not a member of the Postal Union, but is developing chiefly its internal working. As a sign of what progress is being made in this direction, letters for local delivery increased in one year from 440,000 to 550,000, while nearly 100,000 parcels were also received. For delivery to other parts of China 2,285,000 letters were posted, being an increase of nearly a million; these go off in many directions, by boat, by courier, and by rail. By the establishment of new routes the time for a letter to Chenchow in Hunan has been reduced from 30 to 7 days. Branch offices and box-office agencies are constantly increasing, and the efforts made to continue a regular service, in face of disasters which suspend private enterprise, serve to advertise the system and increase the confidence with which it is viewed.

An even more striking development is the new San Ning Railway, the only one in the four districts southwest of Canton. It starts from Kung Yik Fow at the north, a place which when the surveyors selected it was only rice-fields; within two years they laid out straight, wide, asphalted streets, well lit. About a thousand brick shops and offices grace these, and there has thus sprung into existence a great commercial centre, with a large hotel. The railway is built down to the Pacific, and is destined to open up this part of the delta. Now the noteworthy thing is that all this was planned, built, and paid for by the Chinese.

These are signs of the new China produced by the import of foreign trade. But if these things lie on the surface, there is another great influence whose results cannot be counted in tons and Haikwan taels. Christian missions must be otherwise described. Of the Old

work by the Persians, so curiously misnamed "Nestorian," of the mediæval work by the Roman Catholics, nothing need be said here. The first Protestant missionary was Robert Morrison, from the north of England, sent out by the London Missionary Society and arriving in Canton on an American ship during 1807. But his work was nearly single-handed till his death in 1834, though he left the materials for advance in a dictionary and a Bible, with nearly thirty other works all bearing on the work of missionaries. Nor should it be forgotten that as early as 1820 he began dispensing medicines, and it was on this line that much success was won by gaining native confidence.

In 1835 Dr. Parker opened a dispensary in Canton, and from that day this form of work has been prosecuted with steady success. Two other forms of Christian work were initiated at about the same time, in memory of Morrison, educational missions, and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; these operate chiefly from Hongkong and Shanghai. But for thirty years it is needless to look in detail at the efforts put forth, hindered as they were by such events as the opium wars and the T'ai-p'ing rebellion. Not till forty years ago did the Christian world turn at all serious attention to the claims of China, and it is not unfair to say that the most strenuous efforts were made from America. Granted that to-day there are 12 societies from Scandinavia and Germany, with 22 from Britain, yet from America there are 33 which labour in China, and Americans have been happy in seeing that half the Protestant community is due to their work. Here in the Canton district thirteen mission boards of America, Australasia, and Europe should co-operate to raise a memorial to Morrison.

When conditions are so favourable, it is depressing to find that the inflow of missionaries bears no relation to the inflow of foreign capital and traders. All the Protestant workers of all churches number only 18 unmarried women, 26 men, and their 17 wives. And the total result summed up shows only 10,000 communicants. But to judge from the Baptist expansion in the last eight years, which adds sixty-six per cent. to their results, the rate of increase is transcending all experience.

At the first Mission Hospital in the world, which has been an important factor here, I saw a young man, trained under Dr. Kerr, who had been helping in a serious surgical operation. About 2,000 operations are performed yearly, on 2,500 in-patients and ten times as many visitors. This is the work that broke down the initial prejudice and opened the door to preachers in dozens of towns and thousands of villages.

As Canton was to be the last great commercial centre visited for some months, we laid in supplies for the long journey overland to the far western capital, Chengtu, in Szechwan, and began our memorable journey to that distant city through the remote provinces of Kwangsi and Kweichow.

IV

KWEILIN

PART I.—THE ASCENT OF THE BEAUTIFUL CASSIA RIVER

KWEILIN is not on the shore of “the homeless sea,” but, like every other provincial capital in China, it stands on the bank of an hospitable river. Although the residence-city of the Governor of Kwangsi, its interest for the intending visitor is chiefly in the character of its landscape and the reputation of its people. While it can hardly be truthfully said that the city itself is or has been the home of many distinguished robbers, rebels, or revolutionists, the province, with its wild mountain fastnesses and forest-clad hills, has afforded ideal rendezvous for villains and patriots, indigenous and imported. The Broad West (Kwangsi),¹ notorious in ancient days as a mysterious region peopled with grievously mischievous creatures by imaginations degenerate through the loathsome teachings of immoral priests, renewed its reputation sixty years ago by the activities of the Great Peace Society.

Rendered famous by the T'ai-p'ings, the explorer, full of anticipatory joy, hastens to its forests haunted by wild beasts and wicked men, its crags and caverns from out which successful raids on poorly defended and unsuspecting towns and cities have been made without number, to find the scenery unsurpassed, the people polite, active, and patriotic, the robbers well-armed and discriminating. The wild beasts still roam the sparsely settled mountain ranges; the determined and dangerous

¹ The name really means “Western Part of Kwang (Chow),” an ancient province.

mountaineers still occupy caves and recesses in the grim natural fortifications; the dwellers on the flat-lands still revel in stories of daring, midnight attack, and horror, mixed with tales of awful beings, unlike anything in the heavens above, the earth below, or the waters under the earth, which prowl about mostly in the dark of the moon, wreaking vengeance on all who have consciously or unwittingly awakened their terrible wrath.

Kweilin is situated in the northeast corner of the province of Kwangsi, on one of the three largest tributaries of the West River, the Kwei, which flows through gorges and among rock-masses, often fantastic in design, on its way to the Si Kiang. Where the two rivers join their waters stands Wuchow, just within the eastern boundary of the province. This is the commercial capital of Kwangsi, where can be obtained boats up the Cassia River to the political capital.

In this prosperous treaty port, with its hospitals, missions, and foreign merchants, we made our preparations, and from the cheerful American colony started on the ascent of the Kwei. Warned to keep a weather-eye open for bandits, pirates, and rascals generally, we took on a supply of arms and ammunition, and, after the heathen boat-owner had made suitable offerings to his gods, put out into the current and began in real earnest the journey of six days to Pinglo.

At Canton we had heard much about the boat population, and so decided to make a study of our skipper, Loh by name, who figures thus in our diary written on the spot:

He, the skipper, cannot write his name, but knows at which end of the journey he finds profitable cargo. The craft is flat-bottomed, with three covered compartments for us and a small one over the rudder for his wife and children.

八十歲學吹鼓手氣力不佳

105

TO BEGIN THE STUDY OF MUSIC AT 80 YEARS OF AGE IS RATHER
TOO LATE.

桂

林

The name Kweilin is composed of two ideographs Kwei (桂) and Lin (林). Kwei (桂) is composed of two ideographs, one meaning a tree (木); the other meaning a scepter (圭). Combined they mean the tree which produces cinnamon or Cassia. Also used as a metaphor for literary honors. Lin, (林), the second ideograph, is composed of two trees meaning a forest. The name "Kweilin" may be said to mean "A Forest of Cassia."

As the boat was not making good progress, we accused him of not properly attending to the Fengshwei, in presenting offerings for the safety and speed of the vessel. This old man Loh firmly denied, declaring that he had killed a chicken, let off fire-crackers, and "put up the red." When asked what would happen if he forgot to put up the red, he replied, "How could I forget to put up the red?" To "put up the red" struck my fancy, and I sought information. It appears that he stuck up on the front of the cabin three bits of paper, one on each side the forward entrance and one over the door, then took of the blood of the sacrificed chicken and smeared the papers on both the lintel and door-posts. This constituted putting up the red. So he convinced us that on this cloudless day we were well started. The chicken had died that the boat and we might live and outlive the dangers of the rapids. He expended over 200 large cash on fireworks to frighten off evil spirits and to attract the attention of the gods to his sacrifice or offering of blood. Should any mishap befall us, it must be attributed to something other than any lack in the initial religious or superstitious preparations. Loh says the boat "has a temper," and in that particular it resembles the Dragon, hence he prevents his wife coming to the prow. When I asked him why he prohibits his wife coming to the prow, he replied with this startling question, "Would you like to have a woman stand on *your* head?"²

"Old Boards"³ is how we address the skipper of this flat-bottom. Indeed, every captain on the river is so addressed when there is any desire to honour him. In turn he calls Mr. Oldfield "Old Gentleman," which is also a term of respect, although he is a gentleman of thirty summers.

² There is something a little deeper than this. The Dragon symbolises Light and the Male Principle, whereas the Tiger stands for Darkness and the Female Principle.

³ On the Yangtze the term is "Lowdah" (老太) *Lao-ta*, "Old Great One").

WHEN YOU GALLOP ON THE CITY WALL IT'S HARD TO HIDE THE
HORSE'S TRACKS

Old Boards had his hands full after 4 this P.M.; it was while navigating the Lower 'Girl Rapid. The trackers were on the shore, good strong men; the bamboo rope was lengthened, the mast was strengthened, the long pointed bamboo poles unleashed; the crew took off their shirts. Thus prepared, we entered the Lower Girl. The strain was terrific. The trackers dropped upon their hands, and resembled strange four-footed animals as along the shore they scarcely moved. On the flat-bottom every human was straining to his utmost, as the boat simply hung in the swirling waters. We also gave a hand with the punt poles, till after prodigious efforts we cleared the lower rapid, and the yelling of the boatmen subsided.

In the calm water Old Boards pointed back, saying, "Full of devils. I can't see them, but there are over one hundred devils there. They sometimes get hold of the rudder, and just stop the boat. They hold on until the men are tired out and have to let go—then a wreck. Last moon eight men lost their lives there off one boat. The devils got them. The devils are hungry and poor, and are after people who have money. So I threw over rice for them and some paper money till they would let us go. I always throw them rice and money. The eight men who were killed last moon became devils. Whenever a man dies he becomes a devil and guards the river. One devil has control of forty-eight catties of water."

We asked Old Boards about the King of the Devils, who has located one devil for every forty-eight catties of water in the rapids. He says that every man at death becomes a devil; then, if he has been good, after three years he will transmigrate into a good man, but if bad, then after he has been a devil equal to the years of his life, he will become a cow or a hog or other undesirable animal.

And so we passed the Second Girl Rapid, except for a few minutes when Old Boards shouted a wierd song to scare off the devils of the Second Girl. He tells of six pirates who were killed one night when they attacked him. That night six fresh devils were added to the Cassia River. He insists that all officials will certainly turn into something dreadful, for "their hearts are poisonous." "They kill men who are innocent, and will turn into something fierce." Old Boards has no better opinion of Chinese officials than has many another Chinaman. Beautiful river! Beautiful Two Girls! Too beautiful to be peopled with devils, dark, dangerous demons!

The hills lack human inhabitants. Why I cannot say, but few, exceptionally few villages appear on the river shores. It may be that the water's bad behaviour has frightened off mankind. Steepness and lack of soil forbid the cultivation of the hills. This whole province is spoken of as sparsely populated, containing only five million people, as few as Canada lately, rather more than Scotland. If the shores are lonely of humans, the water bears many, for coming down have passed us each day boats of divers sizes and carrying various burdens. While going up we have passed everything on the river, chiefly salt craft. The Cinnamon Hills are bare, rugged, and precipitous at points. Pagodas are few, temples are few, gods are few! Among the people on shore have been women pounding putty; it goes into cracks in craft bottoms. Vainly has the eye roamed the hills for tigers, wolves, or other large and vigorous game.

Last night the men had a feast. At each large town Old Boards must furnish them a big meal. The fire-pot was placed forward soon after the punt stick had been driven through the prow into the foreshore at the mouth of a gorge. On the fire-urn was set a vessel containing pork, and a jug of native wine, for they prefer the wine hot. The menu called for vegetables also,



ABORIGINAL WOMEN SNAPPED AT WAN TIEN, KWANGSI.





and dry rice, to which we added a pomelo and two oranges each, for which they shook hands with themselves.

Two of the boatmen are small farmers who own a pig or two each. The two together produce 500 man-loads of rice, each load about 100 catties. This supports them and their parents, but leaves them nothing to barter for their clothes. So these two brothers go on the river to get clothes-money. Each made four dollars going down and two dollars going up. These brothers are different from the other men. We easily picked them out as superior. In China the farmer class stands next to the scholars.

At the close of a November day, while the gates of darkness were still ajar, we glided stealthily into quiet water amidst the rocks which lie just below the Shao Pei Rapids and drove our bamboo javelin in the firm beach. We saw an unhappy hull propped up on the shore undergoing repairs. Her rent bilges, the ghostly movements of her doctors as they shifted about in the gloaming, the alarming roar of the rapids, the experiences of the fast retreating day, all fostered a feeling that here was a spot where a vindictive ghost might prowl with fateful feet! Immediately an ill omen appeared: a boatman ran alongside, hastily pulled up the anchoring spear, and towed our floating coffin (for in the pale light of the rising moon it became a phantom-like creature fit for conveying the illustrious dead) to a still more lonely berth. The reason was that the skipper of the upturned vessel on the shore had notified our captain that later in the night his crew would "sung the water," and send the devil down stream; were we below, the devil might get on our rudder, as devils always go down stream.

The boat which lay with rent sides was going from Pinglo to Wuchow, loaded with rice. At the head

of the rapids she was impelled by the terrific swirl of waters against a sunken rock, and nearly met a premature fate. It was interesting to be thus at anchor this wierd night near a forest where tigers roam, beside a rapid where devils dwell, with the ceaseless roar of the waters, seemingly menacing us with an impending doom, ever in our ears. Figures moved mysteriously in the shadow of the lofty precipice. Fire, a black pot, chicken, and pork. Incense was lighted in great bundles at the verge of the water. The superstitious rite was begun! The shipwrecked crew, who spoke only in whispers, ate the chicken and pork, having thrown some to the demon in the deep as a farewell feast. Just as we were concluding that this was all a ruse and that in actual fact they were hatching a conspiracy to attack us, right off our starboard quarter the shipwrecked mariners leaped to their feet, uttered a mournful yell (I seized a rifle), threw more meat into the river, set off fire-crackers, and then stole quietly and quickly away. The ceremony of sending the hungry devil down stream was finished! The captain said that only a hungry devil will wreck a vessel on the Cassia River. Our men, after talking about the river devil and the foreign devils on the boat, asked me to fire my rifle, and when I asked if I must burn incense and crackers to keep off the wet devils, they replied, "No, they won't bother foreigners!" This was a great comfort.

Although below Wuchow the West River gave little to attract and arrest attention, the Cassia River is picturesque, is beautiful, is at times grand. After Pinglo the traveller need never have a dull hour until he swings against a boat at Kweilin and goes ashore. If it is not the Two Girls that compels admiration, or the Shoe-of-Silver Rapids, or the Spiral Rapids, then it will be the marvellous limestone formation, now grotesque when seen by moonlight, now grand when seen by sunlight, now uncanny when semi-enveloped by the morning mist, now closely approaching sublimity when



Below YANGSEH, CASSIA RIVER, KWANGSI, ENROUTE WUCHOW TO KWELLIN.



the reflection of lofty cliffs and a long line of domes, peaks, pinnacles, and spirals show with equal brilliancy in the pure crystal waters through which the native craft glides. The reflections have sent the wind back to the Garden of the Gods, where also are broken lines of pyramids, spires, sugar-loaves, saddles, and still more super-earthly figures to greet the eye of the willing beholder; while even the careless will be compelled to extend admiration to the rocks, caves, overhanging masses of mountain, the blue-birds, the fish, the bamboo rafts (five bamboo, six cormorants, and a man), women washing in Oriental fashion by pounding on the rocks clothes otherwise likely to last forever, the cutters in steep and dangerous places on the cliff sides gathering grasses and shrubs for the winter's consuming (for trees are scarce), grain growing where it was never expected to mature— And what more shall we say? For our vocabulary fails us in the effort to transmit to other minds the wonders of this chain of lakes that reaches from Pinglo to Kweilin, fairy regions in the early morning when the sun full-orbed shows half his rays above a group of rocks, each suggesting one of the mythical gods of the ancient Greeks. The huge rocks, resembling nothing so much as lighthouses on the coast of fairy-land, furnish with the encircling grandeur reflections and more solid scenes to ravish the heart of a Turner, or tune the lyre of a Wordsworth, or string the harp of a David. We prophesy that the date lies in no distant future when the tourist, wearied by the ennui of Europe, will find his way to the Great Wall, the Great Yangtze, the Great Yellow, and the wondrous elfin tract of the Cassia in its upper reaches. Cassia, hail! By thee we sailed into Kweilin, capital of Kwangsi, only a few miles south of the watershed parting from the basin of the Yangtze.

PART II.—THE STORY OF THE CITY

The Southern Region south of the basin of the Yangtze is no part of the original China, and has often been under independent rule, just as all the east half of England was for two hundred years under independent Danish kings or princes. But exactly as those Danes left no literature, and we always think of "England," reading the story as the English chose to tell it, however narrow the space into which they were cramped, so for our knowledge of the Southern Region we are quite dependent on the Chinese Annals.

They tell us that a huge Cinnamon Forest spread over the country here in prehistoric days. We wonder whether the inhabitants then were on the level of our friends the African Pigmies, when the Chinese of Ch'in were the proud possessors of bamboo books, or whether they were even nest-builders. All that the literary people of the North knew was that occasionally "barbarians from the South" broke in upon them.

There is a temple in the city to the memory of Shun, supposed to have lived about 2200 B.C. This temple, however, was built about three thousand years later, and the statements we proceeded to copy from a memorial tablet are not precisely contemporary. The tablet is broken now, with many characters obliterated, but the following is the legend that it seems to give, which has no precise bearing on this city, but refers generally and vaguely to this Southern Region:

The Emperor Shun bore the family name of Yao. He received the designation *Ch'ung-hua* [Double-flowery], implying that he rivalled in virtue his predecessor, the Emperor Yao. He was descended from Chuan Hsü. At the age of twenty he had acquired a high reputation for filial piety. At the age of thirty he became the colleague of the



PINGLO ON THE CASSIA RIVER, KWANGSI.

Emperor Yao, whom he succeeded on the throne, and in turn he chose Yü the Great as his own successor. Fifty years did he fill the throne, and died while inspecting his southern provinces at the age of 110 and two more. His virtues have been handed down to 10,000 generations; his spirit wanders abroad and is confined to no locality. The people of the south cherish his memory with great affection, and have established this shrine to offer sacrifices on a site where offerings were made through the three ancient dynasties of Hsia, Shang, and Chou [2200 to 255 B.C.] as also in the time of Ch'in Shih Huang Ti. In the 11th year of Ta Li [776 A.D.] the descendants of the Emperor were dwelling in the district of Lung Hsi . . . [here the tablet is mutilated.]

Such an inscription is worth as much for history as the millennial statue of Alfred the Great recently erected at Winchester. The plain fact is that this country is no part of ancient China. It first came into contact with the civilisation of the north when Ch'in the Second sent Chao T'o to Lung Chuen. This man presently added the South Sea District to his government, and soon ceased to pay any allegiance, took possession of more, and declared himself a prince.⁴ When the Han dynasty succeeded in the north, Han Kao Ti saw it was best to recognise the facts, and sent Lu Hun Kai⁵ with the royal signet to acknowledge the principality. On his death, Chao T'o even assumed

⁴ He was first "Viceroy of the South," with his headquarters at the modern Canton, and upon the fall of the Ch'in dynasty he proclaimed himself Prince of Yüeh (which is still the literary name for the provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi). With the exception of a brief period of hostility under the Empress Lü Hou, he remained a faithful vassal until his death, which took place at a very advanced age (137 B.C.).

⁵ Chia was his personal name. Hun-kai may have been his "style."

the title of Emperor which Ch'in had invented, and which Han Kao Ti had copied, but when the Han Wênti also assumed it and sent an embassy asking Chao T'o to call himself "Servant of the Emperor," he adopted this title, and transmitted it to his descendants. In the sixth year of Han Yuen Ting (111 B.C.), General Lu^{*} killed Chin Tê, the last of these, and the independent principality was Koreanised.

"Tao Kan was an official of the South Sea District [about 250 A.D.]. He had the habit of carrying one hundred bricks from the yard to the house every night, and back again every morning. When asked why, he explained that he was having such an easy time he feared he might grow lazy and lose his patriotism."

One would think there was better work to be done than this, when we find constant jottings of this kind in the annals: "Two thousand robbers came from Yung Ning to join the robber chief Lung. At the same time three robbers, Hsieh, Tan, Ho, drew after them 3,000 men who wore nude bodies and red turbans. The Righteous Benevolent Association consisted of 5,000 robbers with red turbans; they arose 80 li south, and disturbed the country until General Wang Hai Ting fought them back 120 li, then enlisted them as soldiers, forgoing all punishments." Be it remembered that in the official vocabulary "robber" means a man resisting the government, like Hereward against William the Norman, Wallace against Edward, Washington against George the Third. Some of these "robbers" adopted a triangular badge with three mottoes, "Peace to All, Correct in Temper, Level in Heart," as if they were pious Y.M.C.A. men.

* This "General Lu" cannot be the same as Lu Chia, who died long before this date.



THE MODERN PRISON SCHOOL AT KWELIN.

"In the days of the famous General Ma Yüan, there were in what has since been called Annam two women rebels named Chêng Tsê and Chêng Er. The Emperor asked General Ma Yüan, to go and hold a conflict with them. In the nineteenth year, first moon, of Chien Wu [48 A.D.] these two women had their heads removed and quietness reigned throughout the south."

Such are fragments from the Annals. In the disjointed times after the break-up of the T'angs in 900 A.D., this district came under the rule of the Sung, seated in Kaifeng. It was at this time that the South Sea District was divided into Broad East and Broad West, Kwangtung and Kwangsi, a division that has obtained ever since and is now nearly a thousand years old. What European state has had its boundaries fixed for so long?

The earliest building here of which we know is a temple founded during the Sui dynasty, which began in 589 A.D. Its story is recorded on a tablet of which the governor gave us a rubbing, and it runs:

"In Kweilin temples are many. Among them the most ancient is this Wan Shou Wsu. Its names have often been changed. When it was first built, in the Sui dynasty, it was called Opening Era. Under the T'angs it was Promotion of Virtue; under the Sung, Tranquil Old Age. In the second year of Hung Wu it was reduced to ashes, but was rebuilt in the sixteenth year [1884]. Under the present dynasty, in the sixteenth year of Shun Chih, the governor of Kwangsi caused it to be repaired under the present title, Ten Thousand Ages. In the fifty-sixth year of Ch'ien Lung the gentry and nobility of Kweilin repaired the building once more; especially was there a notable

scholar, Li Fêng Wêng, benevolent in character, who contributed 10,000 taels. When the great work was completed, the Prefect of Kweilin examined the task and composed this inscription to record the history."

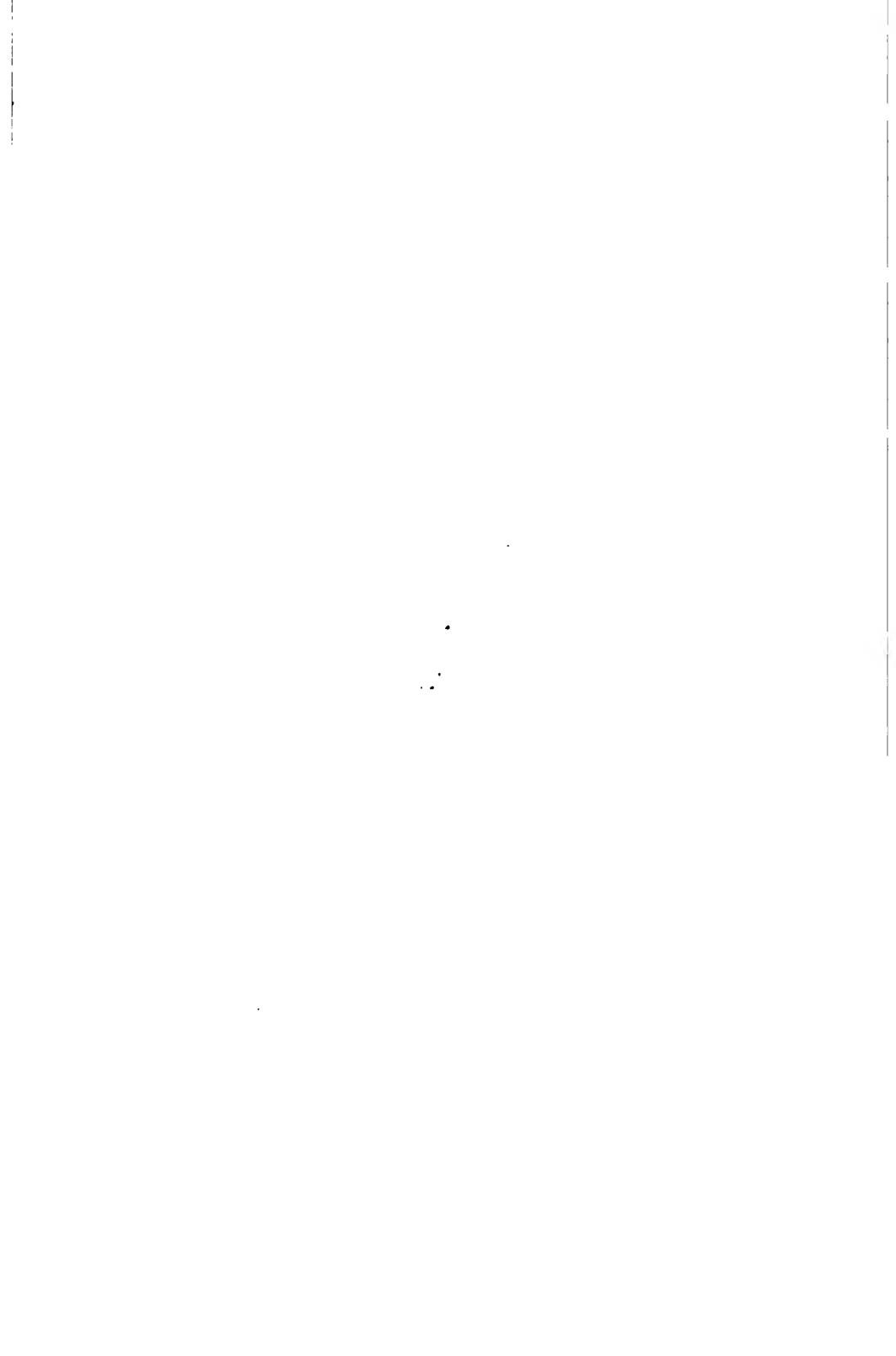
The inscription looks at the ecclesiastical side only. It is well to add that at first the temple stood in the open country, but under the Mongols about 1300 A.D. disorder was as rife as it seems usually to have been, with red-turbaned rebels troubling the district; there-upon a leading official proposed to build a great wall here, enclosing both the temple and much ground around. This was ingeniously chosen, with the great river on the east, a tributary on the south, a back-water on the west, and a marsh on the north, so that no artificial moat was necessary. "The people worked willingly, and none seemed to get tired." So arose the city of Kweilin.

When the Chinese dynasty of the Mings expelled the Mongols, Hung Wu, the Emperor, at once sent to demand the adhesion of this district. Ie Er Kih Ti refused, and was backed by a grateful people, so presently Yang Ching appeared with an army. For long the siege was fruitless, because of the excellent water defences. But the general saw the way to enlist these on his side; he dyked the river and sent it flooding against the fortifications. When these had to be abandoned, his soldiers effected an entrance. Ie Er Kih Ti was captured, taken to the Emperor, and, as he refused to submit, was beheaded.

An inner wall was now built around the temple, which was converted into a citadel for a Chinese Ming prince, Shou Chien, and the citadel was named Wang Fu. He evidently had a difficult time trying to conciliate the natives, and was driven to associate with men



THE GREAT MIDDLE SCHOOL, KWELIN IN REMOTE KWANGSI.



of low standing, till at last he gave over the attempt, called home his son, and abdicated in his favour. An hereditary line of princes reigned here until Li Tzū Ch'ēng captured the Northern Capital, Peking, in 1643, ending the Ming dynasty. Then a certain Hung Chia took possession here, styling himself Governor-in-charge. For seven or eight years none could predict, various Chinese leaders raised forces, and steadily the Manchus, who in 1618 had been invading from the northeast, extended their borders. These southern provinces, of course, held out longest against the Manchus, and not till 1649 did their forces capture Kweilin, after desperate fighting.

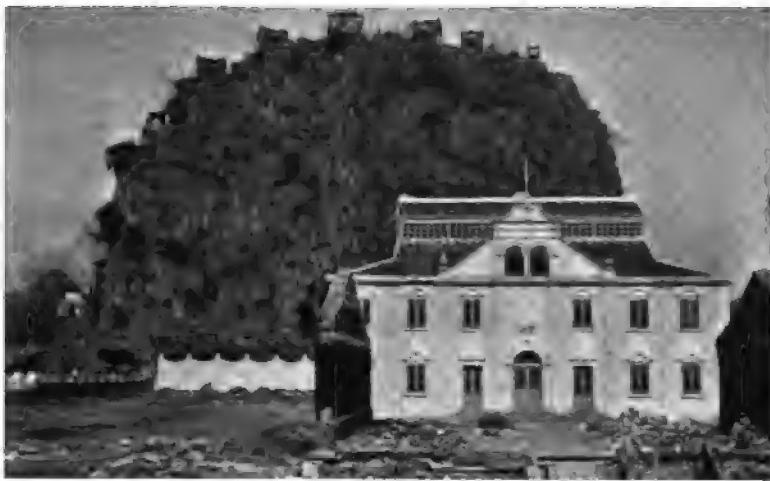
The Emperor Kang Hsi pacified the country and employed surveyors, but his successor drove them out. This province was closed to Europeans until within living memory, nor did any Christians come here to reside until the American Cunningham appeared in 1898. Under the Manchus the temple-citadel has been utilised in the examinations. This prompts the question whether the citizens, not being Chinese proper, were more ready to acquiesce in the rule of Mongols and Manchus than of Chinese, till we remember that it was just in this reign that the T'ai-p'ings, or Chinese patriots, organised and started on their career of conquest.

Greeted by our fellow-countrymen, the Cunninghams, we were soon pleasantly ensconced in their hospitable home, which we declined to exchange for the palatial entertainment offered by the government. First of all we were struck by the superb scenery in the city and around it. A city of pools, schools, and poets would be expected to have evidence in its nomenclature of the poetic instinct. This immediately appeared in

the names of the streets, such as the Street of the Five Beautiful Pools, Lion Grove Street, Universal Spring, Phoenix, Righteous Well, Brilliant, Spiral, Literary Gate, Wealthy Pearl, Happy Crab Apple, Leisure Tower, Approach the Day, Prostrate Waves, Cassia Cliff, Golden Fish, Reverential Virtue, Sunny Kindness, Peace and Concord Street, and One Hundred Year Neighbourhood. Even the famous floating bridge which carries the road from Wuchow across the Cassia River to the East Gate of the city has the charmingly philanthropic designation "Everlasting Almsgiving Bridge," which cannot be held to refer to uninterrupted importunities of beggars, for no mendicants are allowed to pester the passers-by. Even convicts must work. We met such, with one trouser-leg red, sweeping the streets.

But we ascended the Tao Chi Shan the "Mountain of Accumulating Preciousness," that our vision might be wider. The hills, the solitary rocks, the caves, caverns, crevices, dells, ravines, and lofty valleys, indeed the whole aspect and tone of the environing landscape of the capital suggest poets and robbers! We speak that which we do know when we say that no other capital whatever, of Imperial Cathay, viceregal or gubernatorial, is surrounded and interpenetrated by "rocks, rills, and templed hills" of a variety similar to the limestone expressions of this Cassia city. Adventurous are the cliffs, peaks, and people, fit for forming conspiracies, amalgamating men and metals for dangerous enterprises. Within easy reach of the southern centre of political influence are retreats where violent men might easily secrete themselves, awaiting in safety the day of the moon suitable for their bold ventures.

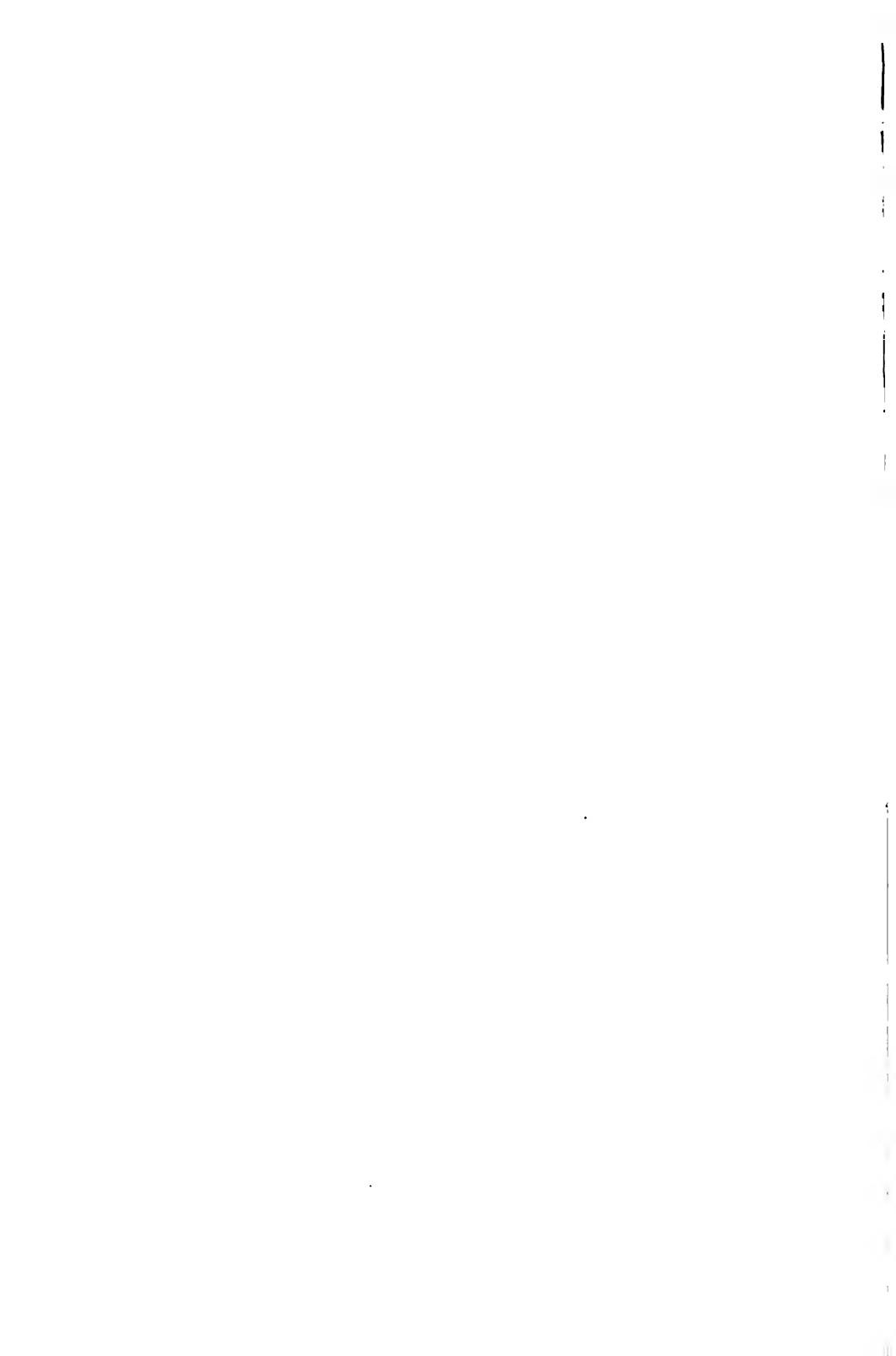
The drift of poetic progress is either accelerated or retarded by the material as well as the mental geography. We were not in the least surprised when a



THE NEW HALL FOR THE PROVINCIAL ASSEMBLY AT KWEILIN. RUINS OF THE "IMPERIAL CITY" ARE STILL STANDING. GOLD AND PURPLE GOOD LUCK ROCK, IN THE BACKGROUND.



AN HISTORIC ROOM AT KWEILIN. HERE CONVENED THE FIRST PROVINCIAL ASSEMBLY IN THE PROVINCE OF KWANGSI.



book of poems written locally was handed us. What in common have pirates and poets, whether on land or sea? Fancy had peopled every cave, river, hill, with creatures often more than human yet less than divine, residents not fit for either earth or sky.

But the robbers are also poetical, if we may judge by their names. Take those first mentioned in "The Good Book," as a teacher terms my source of information, the band of the White Water-lilies. A cavern occupied by wayward men has the entrancing name of the Cave of the Evening Sun. Then there are the Green Water-lily, the Silver Jar, the Auger, the Picture, and other eminences including the Hill of the Seven Stars. But to revert to caves, what could be desired above the White Dragon, the White Crane, and the Cave of the Fairies? These names invoke both the poet's muse and the robber's sense of safety and repose.

Our host, Mr. J. R. Cunningham of the Alliance Mission, proved himself well posted about robbers. This is an excellent trait in a missionary. He is not content with distributing literature, with holding services in the chapel, with opening a girls' school, worthy as this work is; he remembers that he has a message for the outcasts of society. He tells us that after the war with Annam many soldiers were discharged unpaid, so they were nicknamed Ya Yang, "floating soldiers." Naturally they were full of resentment, and went out with fire-arms and became robbers. Then the Chinese officials were their bitterest enemies. Soldiers were called in from other provinces to go and fight against the rebel-robbers. When defeated, the viceroy would degrade the official and send somebody else, and as the soldiers would often remain loyal to their

officers, the number of floating soldiers was rapidly increased.

It must have been in this province that Li Shê, the poet, was captured by brigands. Ordered to give a specimen of his art, he uttered the following impromptu, which earned his immediate release:

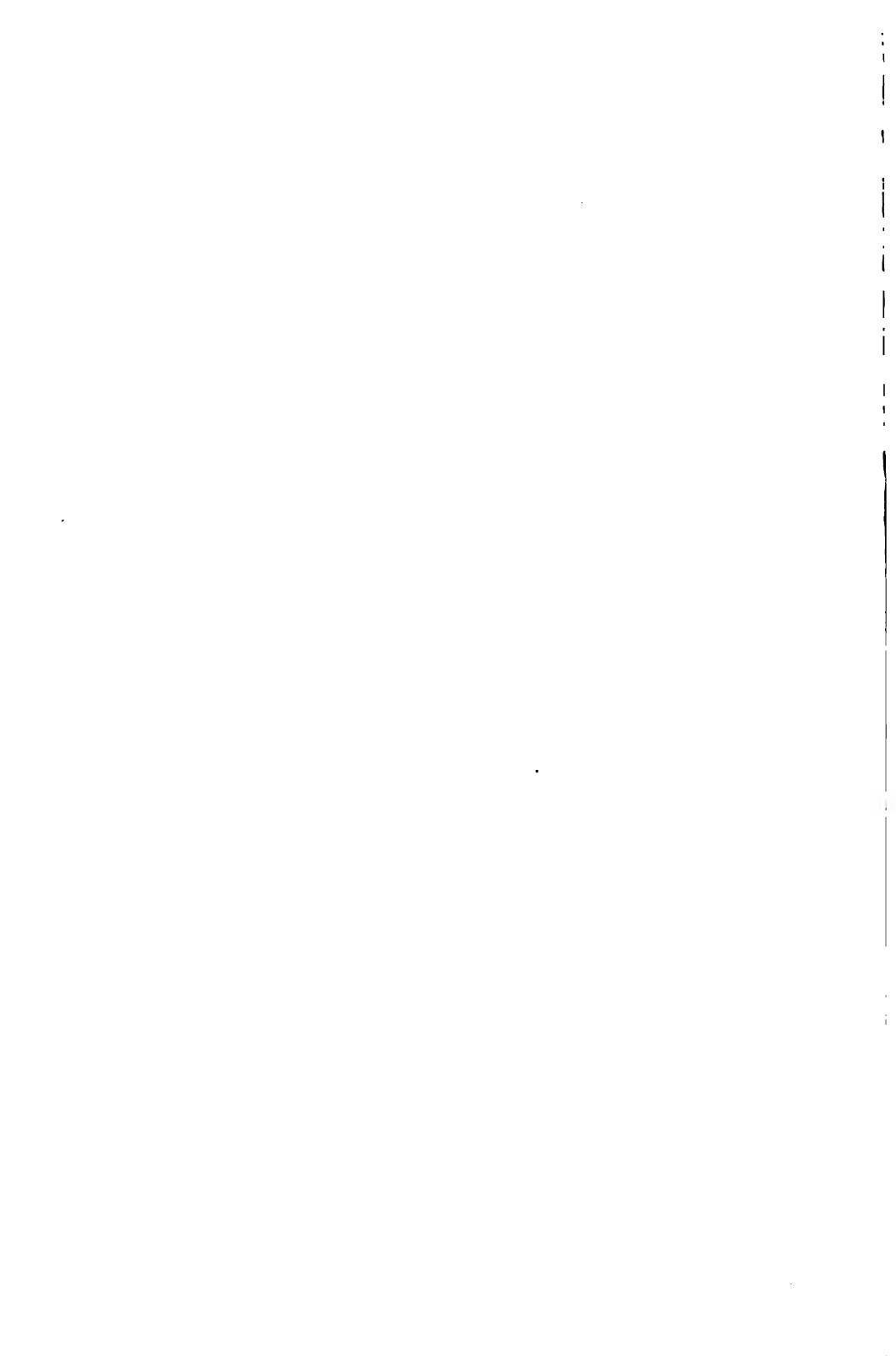
"The rainy mist sweeps gently
O'er the village by the stream,
When from the leafy forest glades
The brigand daggers gleam. . . .
And yet there is no need to fear
Or step from out their way,
Since more than half the world
Consists of bigger rogues than they!"

While robbers are still a prominent feature in the life of the province, arrangements are being brought up to date for them. There is a model prison, and military schools are at work, while all manner of educational institutions betoken the new spirit. This being the capital, we saw not only primary and middle schools, but a Technical Institute, a Normal School, a College of Agriculture, with foreign professors, and one comparatively unique institution.

We were fortunate in our cicerones. His Excellency the brilliant Hanlin, and governor of the province had received word from Peking of our coming, and graciously offered public entertainment. This was not accepted. He gave a banquet in our honour on the Kwei Tai Shan, when such delicate dishes were served as bird-nest soup, shark fin, pigeon eggs, turtles, chicken liver, mushrooms, shrimps, and ducks' feet. We heard afterward that a governor of Formosa who retired here to end his days used to prepare these delicacies by driving ducks into a room with a hot floor, till their feet were roasted, then driving them into another whose



PORTRAIT OF CHANG MIN-CHI, AGGRESSIVE GOVERNOR OF KWANGSI.
Presented to Dr. Geil by the Governor, at Kweilin, the Capital.



floor was covered with delicately flavoured oil, and keeping them there till they were saturated. But this ex-governor has passed away in poverty, and our host is not treading in his footsteps.

Four hours did his Excellency spare from his arduous labours. All around us could be heard the sound of chisel and mallet, and on every side were tokens of the great building operations promoted by his taste and ambition. Finding that we had antiquarian leanings, he was courteous enough to obtain for us rubbings of several inscriptions.

One of these was 10 by 14, and we have already given its account of the mythical Shun. It has been badly treated, for in the Ming dynasty the commander of the garrison invited a poet to accompany him to the mountain, where they were caught in a thunder-storm. The bard composed a few stanzas, which the general was Goth enough to chisel into the ancient tablet:

“ On a spring morning when the sun shone out after rain,
When the mountain scenery showed to the best advantage,
We gathered up our robes and wandered, gathering herbs.
For the temple of Chung Hwa we wrote this poem.
All round was silent except the song of rare birds;
On every side were the blossoms of peach and plum,
Nigh at hand was a deep ravine of flowing water;
A pool of size produced dragons and serpents.
The breaking clouds revealed mulberry-groves and hemp-fields.”

Another tablet gives a hymn just over a thousand years old. Yet a third dates from 826 A.D., which, after some prose, gives a poem. Of these we append a version by Dr. Martin:

“ Where the Cassia River leaves the Mountains of the South there is a stream called South Brook. . . .

On the hillside is a cavern of nine chambers, and the natural scenery is superb. It kindles the imagination. In the second year of the Emperor Pao Li of the T'ang dynasty, a son of Cheng Ki, by name Li Po, was banished to Kweilin. . . . In his poems is this line:

Beneath this lofty cliff I could pass the remainder of my days.

In addition to this line, he added an ode which was carved on stone in praise of Kweilin scenery:

ODE TO THE SOUTH BROOK

This frowning height sheds beauty on the Southern Brook;
A new fountain springs fresh from an unseen pool.

The cliff and fountain are alike pregnant with spiritual beauty,
And the natural scenery is befitting to the mountain wall.

A hanging peak seems let down from heaven;
A wondrous cavern appears scooped out by hand divine;
A stream meanders through its endless vaults.

The gemmy pool reveals no water,
And a sombre well appears unfathomably deep.
Rare flowers bloom and fade,
Balmy gums drop fragrance.

You would think the place the workshop of an ancient alchemist
Who has left no footprints on his stony path.

To the south you view the clouds of Tsang Wu,
To the north you gaze toward the Tung T'ing Lake.
The place is solitary, far from wind and smoke,
Cool and bright, a fit abode for gods."

To banish a poet to Kweilin was like sending humming-birds to a garden of morning-glories! And yet in an obscure line the poet seems to await the coming of a "traveller from the north."

We visited the Cave of the Seven Stars, which lies opposite the city, across the Cassia, and is fully a li long. Accompanied by four guides and guards who carried petroleum torches, we entered at the Fish Dragon Gate

Photo by S. D. Ptry.
THE CITY OF KWELIN FROM THE KWEISHAN PAVILION WHERE THE GOVERNOR AND DISTINGUISHED SCHOLARS GAVE A BANQUET IN HONOUR OF THE AUTHOR.





of the cave and proceeded to view the following objects: Prince's Platform, Fish Dragon Mouth, Big Snowy Lohan. "This deity," the lusty guide remarked in a voice to wake the Buddha, "has charge of the East Gate of Kweilin." Then, "Clouds of Heaven!" roared the guide, like rolling thunder. Though we told him our hearing was good, his superstitious soul compelled him to shout. First Gate to the Home of the Fairies, Two Dragons Fighting for a Pearl, Stone Fence—these were all our worthy guardian's interpretations of curious rock-formations. "Bottomless Pit!" shrieked the guide. It was really startling to have one's attention called to such an awful object in a still more awful voice. We looked into the unfathomed cavity into which people who desire to perform good works throw live fish. "Dragon Drum!" roared the guide. Lamp Post, Third Drum, Door to Fairy Land (third) . . . "Heavenly Curtain!" yelled all the guides in concert, their voices echoing and re-echoing down the chambers of the dark, damp corridor of caverns. Monkey Stealing Fairy Peaches . . . "Fairy Bed!" screamed the old pilot. Camel and Lion, Frog, Fish, Tiger's Head, Fairies Eating Pomegranates, Wind Dragon Tunnel . . . "Three Stars After a Snail!" thundered the conductor. Then fell a stillness which was awe-inspiring, during which time we were solemnly thinking of the Almighty Hand which through long years had been exquisitely fashioning the stalactites and stalagmites; and soon after we emerged at the Prince's Mouth of the Cave of the Eight Stars, counting our guide a star of the first magnitude.

PART III.—THE ONLY FOREIGN GRAVE AT KWEILIN

Outside the old West Gate of the capital, a Sabbath Day's journey toward sunset, in the lovely vale of the Roving Horse Mountain lies a lonely foreign grave. Interred two bow-shots beyond the Gate of the Garden of the Gods, and where the winds of heaven sweep down from the Wind Cave Mountain and the strange flowers of China grow, rests the frail form of a fellow-country-woman who fell into her long sleep in the winter moon of November. To show our reverence for the dead, our patriotic devotion to the memory of an American, and to express a Christian interest in the repose of the body of a missionary of the Cross in this land far distant from home, we made our way along Righteous Well Street to the Drum Tower, thence along Prince's Palace Street to the old West Gate, where we paused before a stone tablet on which was an inscription of Ch'ien Lung's time forbidding interference with the Dragon's Bones. Resuming our journey, we passed out of the city, crossed a stone bridge, and approached the towering rocks which guard the entrance into the beautiful Long Valley and sentinel the lonely sepulchre of the daughter of the West.

At the parting of the ways an erect slab tablet bade us halt again. It was set up in the 4th year of Kwang Hsü, 2nd moon and 5th day. It "everlastingly forbids" the opening of the adjoining mountain with a chisel, because the blood vein of the Dragon carrying precious prosperity to the Confucius Temple, and indeed to the whole city, passes through the Long Valley. The edict decrees that the Roving Horse Mountain be left undisturbed. Then follow the terrible words, "No leniency for any person opening the Roving Horse with a chisel." And turning to survey the landscape, behold, bold quarrymen were taking

stone out of a spur of the Roving Horse! So we were living in the present even in China, and not in the past.

Continuing along the same route followed by that solemn procession in November, we entered the Long Valley, and stood uncovered beside the inclining grave of Beulah Virginia Funk, the Mennonite. In China two short years, she fell asleep in this remote region, and now lies amidst lofty rocks on the southern foothills of the lucky range, lonely save for the round graves of native Christians which keep her's company. The solemn cortège which bore the heavy casket to this place of tombs passed over the Dragon's veins and helped to crush them! That short life destroyed some superstition, as these round mounds testify, and taught that the course of prosperity should be sought in a loftier element than the Mountain of the Roving Horse.

V

KWEIYANG

PART I.—KWEILIN TO KWEICHOW, FROM THE CASSIA FOREST
TO THE LAND OF DEVILS

KWEICHOW PROVINCE, once styled the Land of Devils,¹ is high, not dry. Its three considerable rivers were all wanted to carry off the fog and rain that descended during our sojourn. The three hundred miles, more or less, from Kweilin to Kweiyang led through a region rarely traversed by pale-faces. A party of Frenchmen met an Englishman, and said that they belonged to the Lyons Mission and were going to Hsing I, in Kweichow. He was overjoyed to hear of the reinforcement to the Christian forces there, but was disillusioned on learning that it was a commercial mission. Both alike are rarities, and the spiritual missions have only twenty-four members as against seven millions of people.

Our way lay over range after range of limestone hills, although the province possesses five fertile plains. These mountains are occupied by the Miao, a semi-barbarous race of aborigines, picturesque and agile. On our first night we stayed at the village of Chang Po, where the whole population of eighty families turned out to see the first foreigner that ever passed that way. We were equally interested in seeing the women wearing bare knees, and heavy silver crescents on their necks. Less to our taste were swarms of insects from ponds all around, which betrayed a fondness for investigating

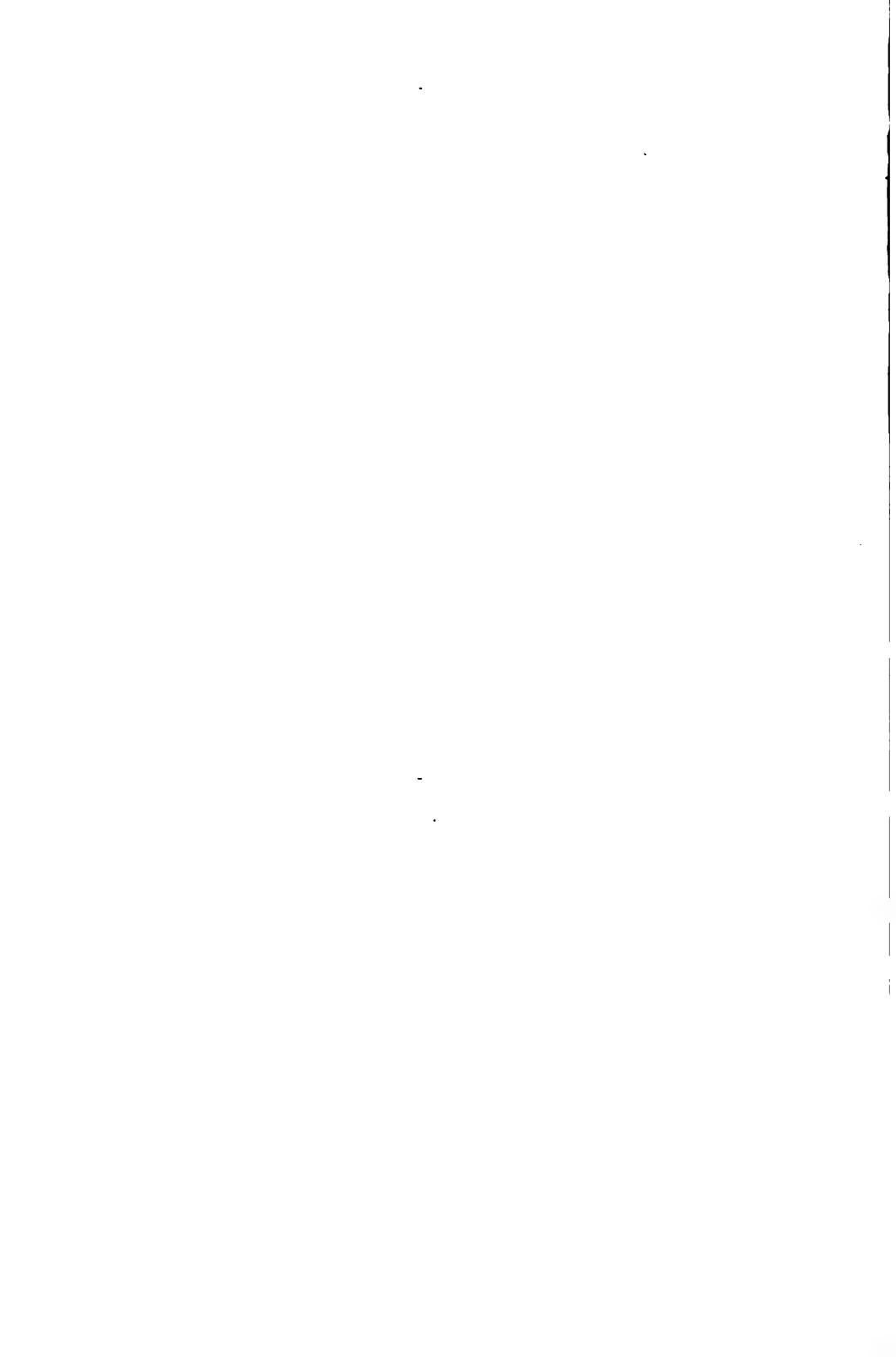
¹ *Kwei*, 鬼 means "devil," and the province may have been called "Land of Devils," for aught I know. But the present name 雖. *Kweichow*, is written with another character meaning "precious."



THE FAMOUS PAGODA CHURCH, FRENCH CATHOLIC, AT KWEIYANG.



BLUE MIAO WOMEN, WITH BARE KNEES, WEARING KILTS. NEAR KWEIYANG.



new blood. The inn of Chang Po was a decrepit edifice whose keeper distrusted his ability to provide for our caravan, but, being assured that there we were and there we would stay, he cast on his dung-fire quantities of incense, and prepared to live up to his notice, "Immediately on arrival you will be contented."

The Miao have a tale as to their origin which we heard on this journey, but which we reproduce from page 172 of the "Records of the West China Missionary Conference:"

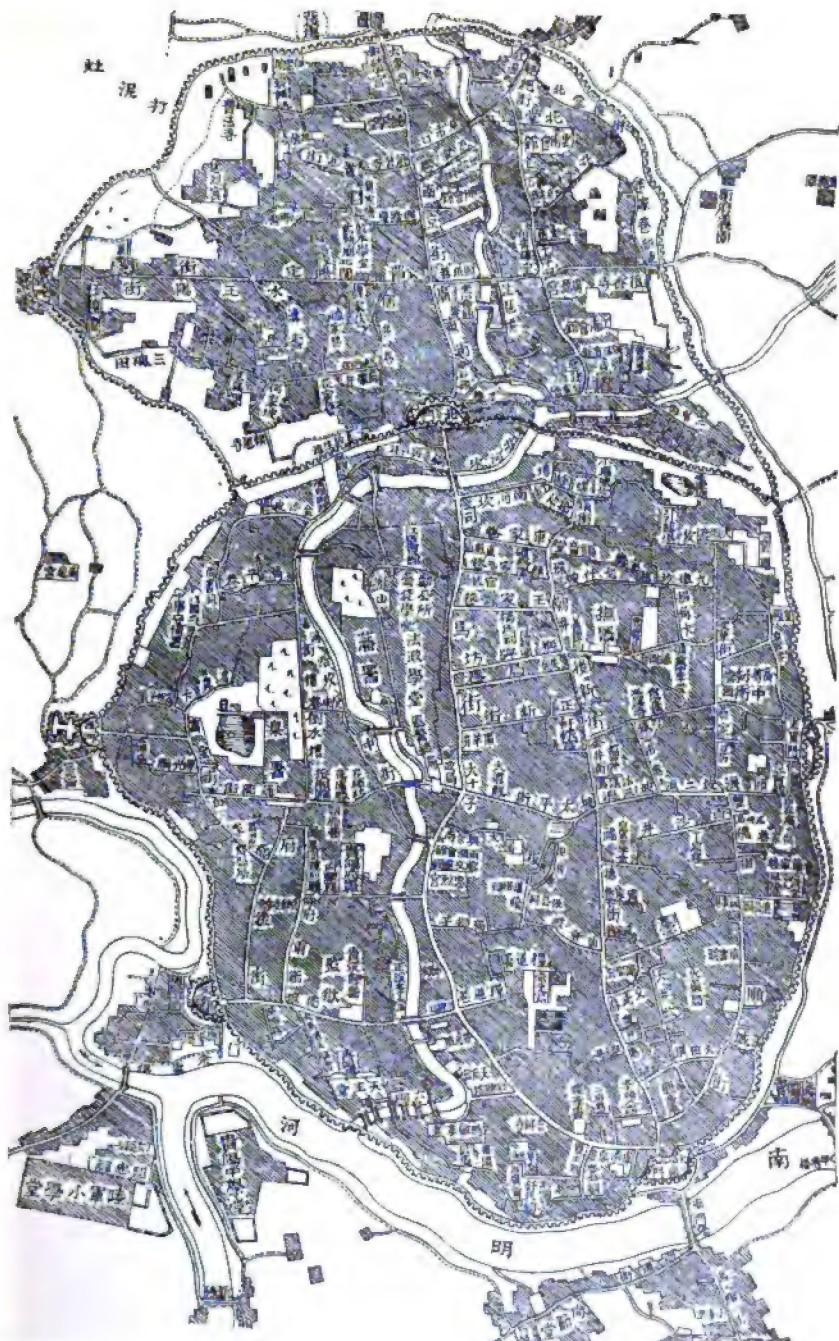
"In the legend of the flood, two persons survived, a brother and a sister, who were saved in a huge bottle-gourd. The brother wished the sister to be his wife, but she objected to this as not being proper. At length she suggested to her brother that one should take the upper and the other the nether millstone and going to the tops of opposite hills roll the stones down into the valley between. If these stones should be found in the valley one upon the other after the manner of millstones, she would consent to be his wife, but not if the stones were found lying apart. The brother agreed to this proposal; but considering how unlikely it was that two stones rolled down from opposite hills should meet and be found in the position required, he surreptitiously placed two millstones one on top of the other in the valley. Then from the hill-tops they rolled down the stones, which were lost on the hillsides; and on reaching the valley he showed the sister the stones as he had placed them. She, however, was not satisfied, and proposed that a box should be placed in the valley, and that each from opposite hills should throw a knife into the valley. If both the knives were found in the box they should marry, but not otherwise. Again the brother, thinking how unlikely it was that both the knives should

find the box, put two knives in it before starting up the hill. Both the knives thrown from the hill-tops were lost, but when the sister saw the two knives her brother had placed in the box, she consented to be his wife. In course of time a child was born, deaf, dumb, and without arms and legs. The father was so enraged that he killed the child, cut it in pieces, and threw them about on the hillside. Next morning these pieces had changed into men and women, and in this way the earth was repeopled."

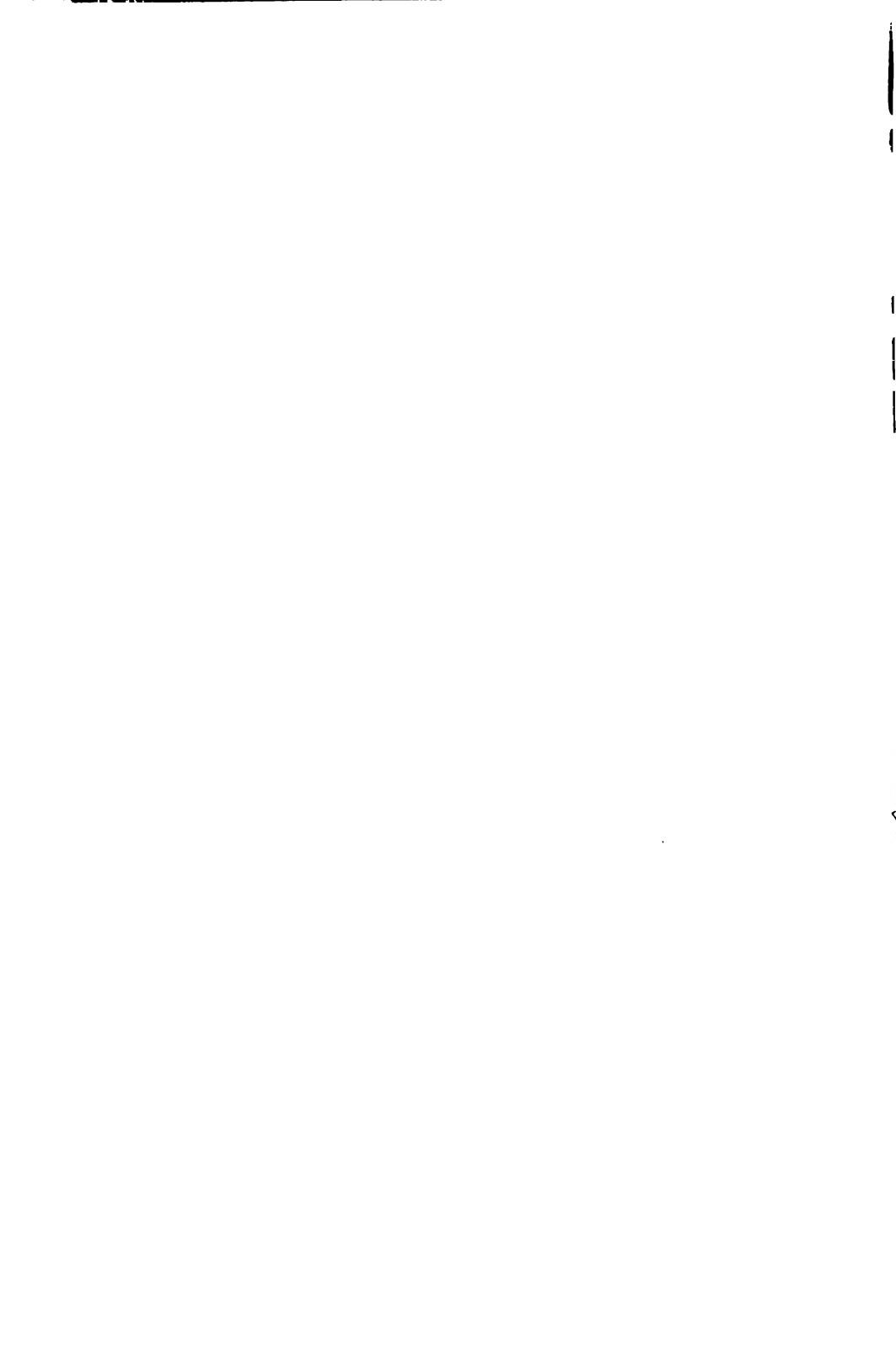
In our own version the flesh human and spirit divine united to make the Miao, hence the Miao are descended from the gods.

Such is the autochthonous account of the origin. Chinese antiquaries have been busy on these tribes in the Kweiyang prefecture, and have classified them roughly into twenty-seven groups, which they name by some peculiarity of the female dress. From the standard history of Kweichow we select a few paragraphs:

The *White Miao* are so called from the colour of their dress. They wear turbans and are barefooted. The women wear hoods instead of turbans, and make up their hair upon a long hair-pin usually in length ten inches. In the middle of spring they dress in gorgeous clothes and gather themselves upon a level plain to dance. They call the place where they dance "dancing ground"; the Chinese name is "tiao chang." . . . When dancing the males play the bamboo pipe or Lusung, and the females make little jingling sounds with the metal bells on their skirts. In the evening each leads his or her love home. The value of dowry is reckoned by the number of necklaces the bride wears. They offer large and fat bulls to their ancestors, and celebrate festival days watching bull-fights. They kill the bull that is the strongest in the fighting and offer it to the gods of their village. . . . The man who pre-



KWEIYANG, CAPITAL OF KWEICHOW.



善人頭上有青天

129

AZURE HEAVEN RESTS ON THE HEADS OF THE GOOD

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Kweiyang can be translated "South of the Kwei Mountains."

sides over the sacrifice wears a white long gown, and a shorter one of black colour with rich fringes at the outside. After the ceremony is over, the whole tribe indulge themselves drinking wine and singing love-songs, which results in an indescribable scene of bacchanalian debauchery. These people are simple and rude. Cultivation is their chief occupation.

The Flowery Miao live to the south and southeast of the provincial capital. [They also live in other parts of the province.] Not infrequently they live with the Chinese. For the dress of the men they tear down cloth in strips which are spun into rugs. . . . These are made into garments which do not open in the front or back but have a hole at the top just large enough to let a head pass through. [This was not true of the Flowery Miao we actually saw.] The men wear on their heads black turbans, and the women insert horse-hair into their own and make them so bushy that a single head resembles a magpie's nest. . . . For the dress material of the women they pour wax, cut out like flowers, then pour on dye, scratch off the wax, and the flowers become manifested! This scheme is used to make the adornments for their dresses in addition to the cotton embroidery placed on their sleeves. Hence the name *Flowery Miao*.²

In the middle of spring they plant a fir tree with wild flowers tied upon its boughs in the middle of their dancing ground. Males and females wear on that day beautiful garments. The former play a bamboo pipe and the latter sing love-songs. In this way they dance around the Wild Flower Tree, to provide means for choosing a lover. The exchange of a male's girdle with a female shows that both of them are willing to become one pair. And the marriage presents are sent to the

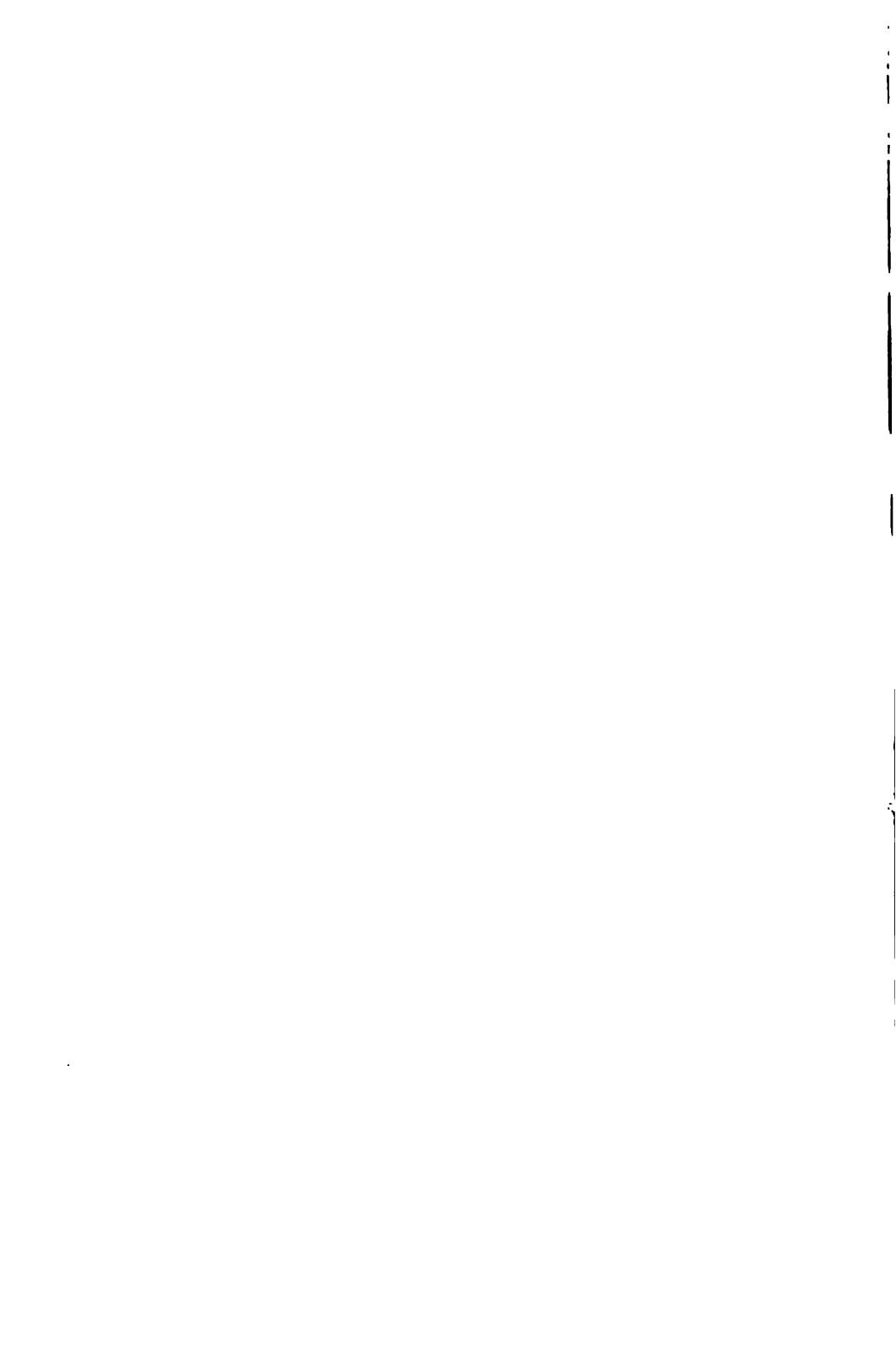
² *Hua*, "flowery," is the name applied by the Chinese to themselves. It has struck me that the "Flowery Miao" might be so called on account of their superior civilisation, rendering them more akin to the Chinese, as indeed they are.



Big Flowery Miao C. I. M. Bible Class. Weilingchow, 6 days
from Anshun.



Big Flowery Miao—Man and Wife, Anshun,
Kweichow.



bride according to the number of silver ornaments on her neck.

The bride goes back to her mother after three days of marriage and will not return to her husband until she has borne her first child. When a Flowery Miao dies, the dress of the deceased is hung upon a corner of the house, and the chief mourner will cry toward it, saying, "Come back! come back!" Relatives then come bringing with them wine and dried meats to offer to the dead, and mourn for him. The mourners sit around the corpse, weeping and eating beef prepared for them by the family of the deceased.

Coffins are not used in burying the dead. In choosing the grave ground an egg is let fall from a man's height; if the sod does not break the egg, then the spot is considered a favourable or lucky one for the dead. When sick the Flowery Miao in the Kweiyang prefecture do not use medicine, but make prayers to deities and offer them bulls and cows. By so doing some run their families into debt and waste their patrimony.

They take the sixth moon as the beginning of the year. They are simple, timid fellows. But they are also diligent. Cultivation is the chief occupation of the men, and spinning hemp is that of the women.

The *Blue Miao* live to the south and southwest of the capital. The males, who carry a knife wherever they go, are dressed in blue clothes, bamboo hats, and straw sandals. The females cover their heads with a particular handkerchief, and their dresses and skirts fall down to the knees, which are bare. Their marriage customs and ways of dancing are similar to those of the Flowery Miao. They consider that they have great honour when killing many bulls and cows at marriages and funerals. When sick, instead of calling a doctor, they pray to ghosts and take charms. They can speak Chinese, and are a fierce people, but are unwilling to be robbers.

The *Chung Miäo*⁸ wear blue turbans and shave their heads, and are dressed like Chinese peasants. The women wear long many-tailed petticoats and cover their heads with flowery handkerchiefs. The more petticoats a woman wears the richer she is considered to be. A well-to-do Chung Miao will oftentimes wear as many as twenty petticoats at one time, but their coats are so short that they do not reach very far below the loins. A piece of cloth with mosaic flowers is attached upon their back. They are very diligent and frugal. And their year begins with the twelfth of the Chinese moon. Their chief daily dish is a rotten bone mixture, made of animal bones blended with liquid rice and preserved until it produces a very strong, sour taste; the older the mixture the better it tastes. So a Chung Miao boasting of his wealth will refer to the large quantity of the sour, rotten bone mixture, generations old, which he owns.

They have no proper form of marriage. In spring-time they dance on an open ground, like every other tribe, where the unmarried ones are assembled to throw coloured cotton balls and sing love-songs. In throwing balls one may throw at any one whom he or she likes. But if the one to whom the ball is thrown picks it up, then it is understood that the picker is willing to follow the thrower. After that the marriage present of bulls is sent to the bride. The number of bulls increases or decreases according to the beauty of the bride. A present of fifty fat bulls will be sent to the most beautiful ones.

In funerals, too, they offer bulls to the deceased and indulge in wine-drinking. Instead of drinking slowly, a big bull's horn of wine is poured down the throat of any one who comes to mourn the dead. But the chief mourner is not provided with any meat or

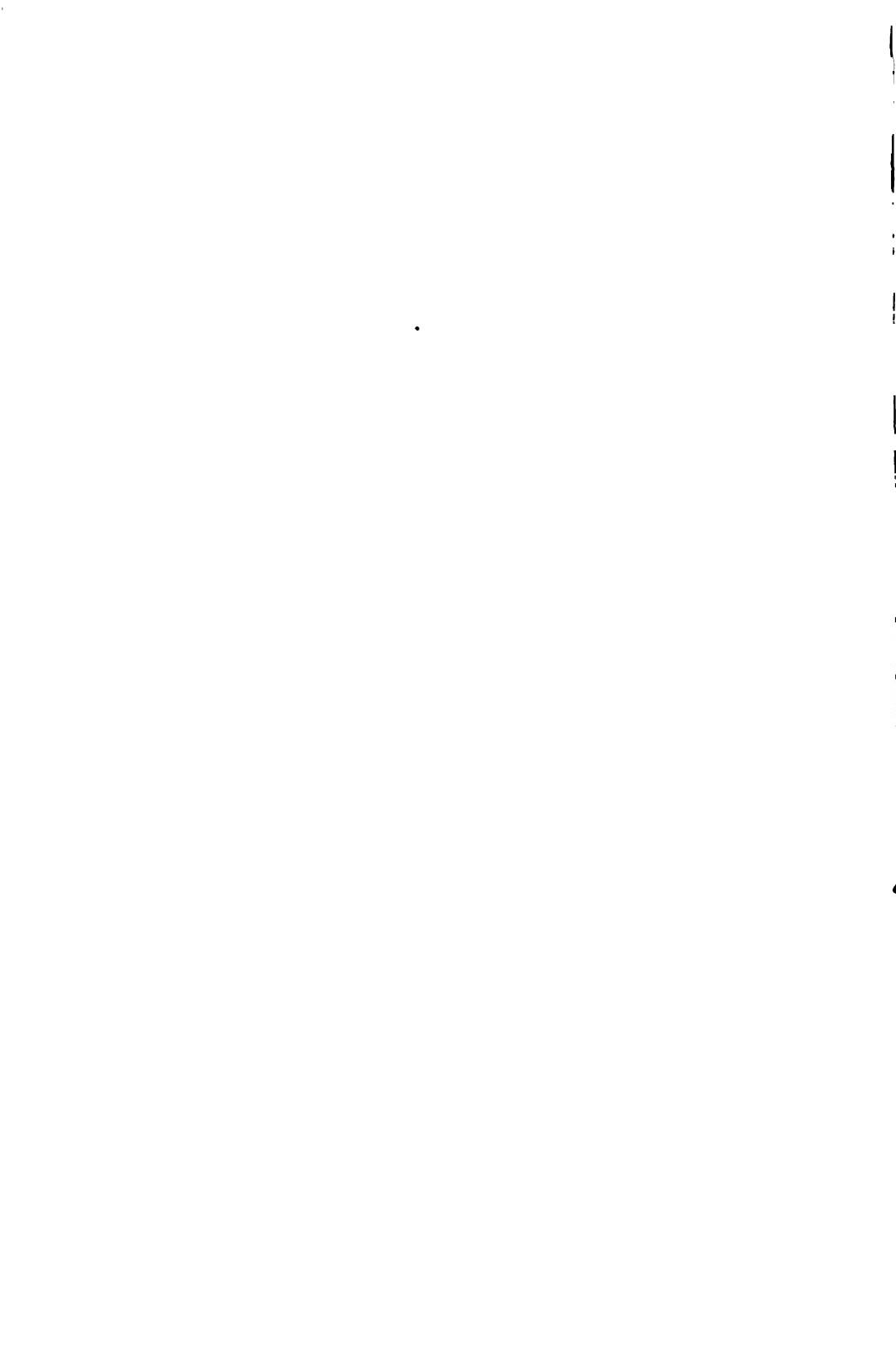
⁸ The *Chungchia tzu* are the descendants of former Chinese soldiers who settled in the country when Kweichow was subdued by China in the tenth century.



FIRST HOSPITAL ERECTED IN KWEICHOW. ALSO THE FIRST EVER BUILT FOR THE MIAO.



FLOWERY MIAO WOMEN IN GALA GARMENTS—AT LANHA TIEN.



wine. Coffins are used for burying the dead, and on the grave a paper umbrella is spread for a year. Their chief musical instrument is a brass drum eight inches in diameter.

It is said that some of the Chung Miao keep the Ku, a kind of poisonous worm.⁴ There are two kinds of Ku, the golden flying worms and the frog-worms. The former when they come out at night to drink water emit a yellowish light, hence their name "golden flying worm." The latter are only kept by the women, who sleep with them during the night, and if any one kills a Ku the woman will die. These two kinds of Ku often bring riches to their keepers, who on this account are always wealthy. A Ku must kill one person in every thousand days; if not, the keeper will be poisoned. The house where the Ku is kept must be very clean.

The Chung Miao also have a poisonous preparation which is so deadly that a drop the size of a needle's point will cause instant death. They carry strong bows and knives wherever they go, and are revengeful. And often for a little offence they will cause a person to die. In a word, they are a people as cruel as jackals. The so-called Miao Rebellion [1850] was caused by cruel treatment."

Here end the translations of our veracious Chinese chroniclers about the Miao, a fair sample of the exceedingly interesting material lying awaiting the student of primitives. In the province are some eighty varieties of Miao and other so-called aborigines; good work could be done here by a specialist.

⁴ Care should be exercised not to confound the two kinds of *Ku*. One seems to denote an intestinal worm, not necessarily poisonous. The other *Ku* is a virulent poison, which according to the Chinese is prepared by shutting up all kinds of poisonous insects and reptiles together in a box and letting them eat each other until only one remains! "Those who have been poisoned by *Ku*," says one native writer, "turn black all over their bodies, and their bellies swell to a great size."

PART II.—PAIFANGS: PORTALS OF POSTHUMOUS POPULARITY

Approaching Kweiyang by the Kuchow road from the foot of a lofty mountain affording a wonderful view, the gaze is arrested by a series of monuments spanning the paved road as it curves gracefully to the city. Each consists of three square-topped portals embellished with fretwork and carved figures; it can hardly be called an archway, for it has no thickness, but is like a façade detached from a building. As the stone highway passes through the centre span, there is no shelter from sun or rain; no base utilitarian value detracts from the mere beauty of the workmanship or the merit of the person honoured.

For these are not merely ornaments, they are designed to tell of some conspicuous heroine or hero of the district. Nor may any ambitious company-promoter, anxious to win credit or good luck, erect to himself at his good pleasure; every case has to be adjudicated by the proper Imperial officials, and only the highest attainments warrant such permanent recognition.

The Egyptian kings prepared their own monuments, the pyramids. Artemisia is said to have immortalised Mausolus by a tomb which has provided a classic name for such posthumous memorials. The Romans erected arches of victory, such as Titus and Constantine have made familiar, and the French copied in the Arc de Triomphe and the English in the Marble Arch. The Greeks had struck out another line, in statuary, and many a park displays stone presentments of local celebrities. Colleges have been founded by kings, queens, Caius, Downing, to keep their names in remembrance; lowlier individuals have contented themselves with orphanages, almshouses, and museums. But these do not match the Chinese Paifang or Pailo, for the former commemorate the donor and do not express public



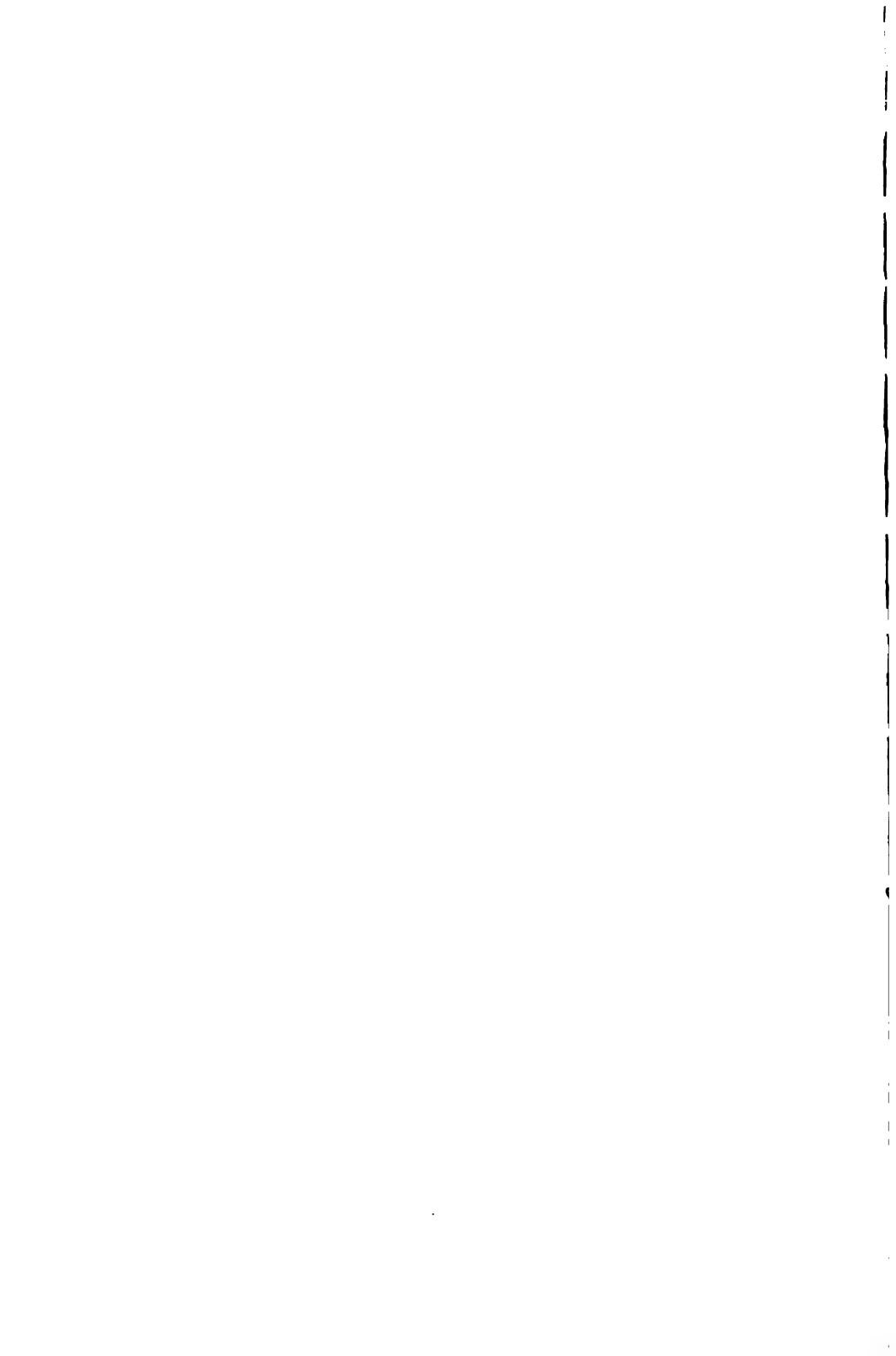
**BIG FLOWERY MIAO BAND THAT SERENADED THE AUTHOR
ON NEW YEAR'S DAY AT ANSHUN, KWEICHOW.**

The band belongs to Tsai Djia Yuen outside the North Gate
of Anshun.



Photo by I. Page.

PLoughing FLOODED RICE FIELD OUTSIDE KWEIYANG.



A GOOD BOY DOES NOT PUT ON FINE CLOTHES,
A GOOD GIRL DOES NOT GO TO SHOWS

recognition of his merits. The Roman Catholics have a regular trial before one of their communion is beatified or sanctified, and this excellent plan is not unlike the older Chinese method.

A few are built in wood, chiefly to recall some such isolated and minor act of virtue as the rebuilding of a temple, but the standard material is stone. Such memorials are found in all parts of the country, dotted about in the neighborhood honoured by and honouring its hero. But not even Peking can show such an avenue of Paifangs as here greets the eye. On this one road into Kweiyang, to say nothing of others out of it, the traveller passes beneath twenty-nine such structures, assuring him that he is in a province which, for all its remoteness and its sparseness of population, grows Women and Men.

We took particulars of the whole series, which enable us to sum up the kind of qualities recognised as entitling to public honour. We found nothing in honour of a man who is descended from a remote ancestor who installed himself as baron or earl, and who has fattened on the rents of a country-side; nor anything to hold up to obloquy the successful engineer of a corner in wheat or rice; nor even to celebrate the builder of a school, though that may in future come into operation here in Kweiyang. Five classes seem to provide for the twenty-nine heroines and heroes here.

To the memory of a female suicide who jumped into a well or by other device lost her life but saved her virtue. Like the famous Lucretia in the West, her sister in the East produces a profound sensation.

To commemorate the excessive virtue of a beautiful young widow who, although young, charming, and

wealthy, steadfastly refused to marry again, even though her lovers were as numerous as those of Penelope, and all of them exceptionally desirable. She remained true to the memory of her first and only husband. That is sufficient reason for the construction of a massive monument made to span a main highway.

To the Senior Wrangler of the Hanlin Academy. The First of the First Scholars of the Empire, lucky enough to win the highest prize in scholarship, is equally worthy of a lasting memorial, usually near his native place. In this the whole village, town, city, county, and province take pride. It supplies an unreading public with an object to awaken desire for education and prominence in the State.

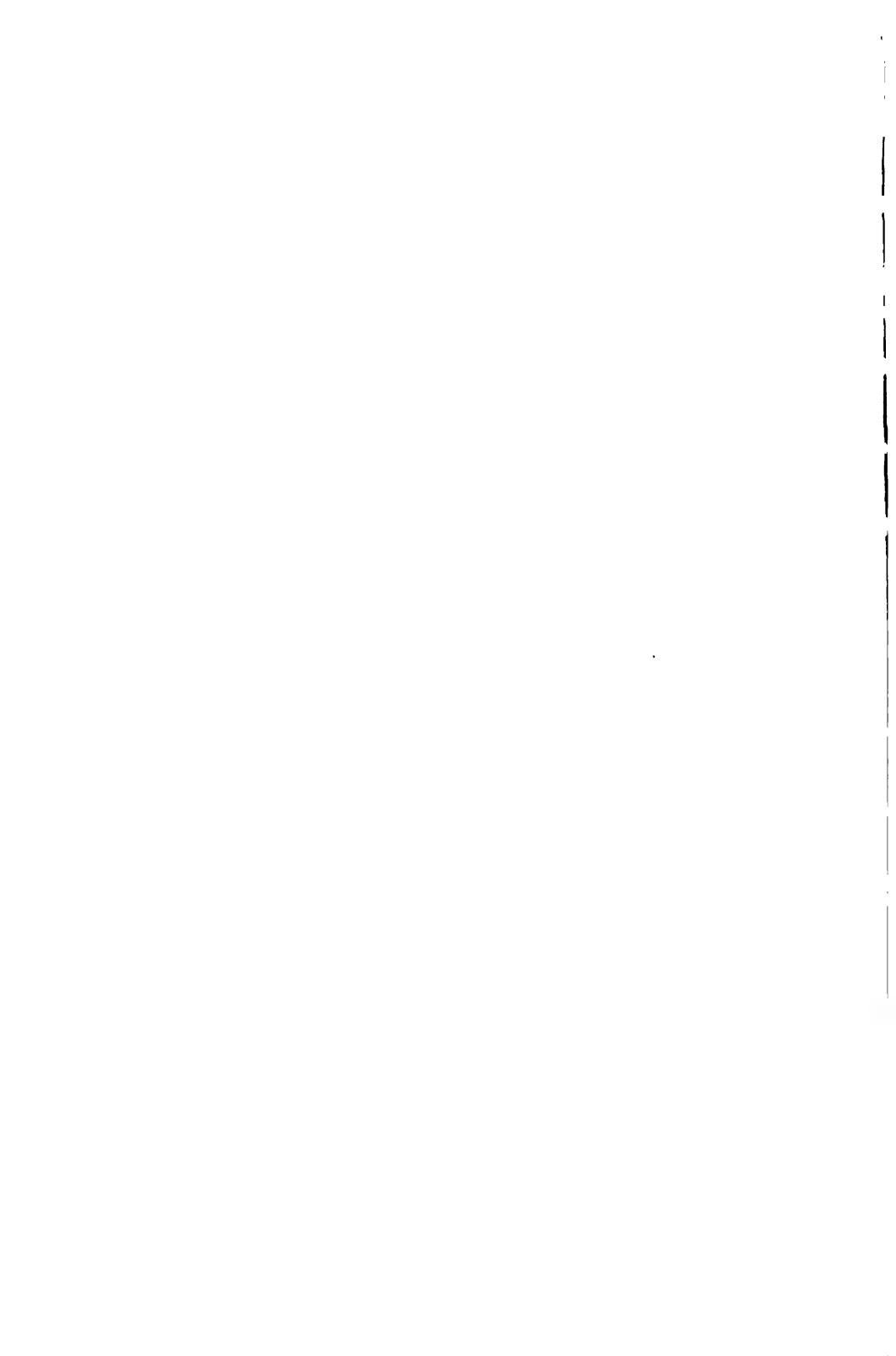
To keep ever before the minds of a city the heroic deeds of a general who by strategy and heroism saved the place from the sack of an invading army, or rescued the besieged from the jaws of death and the women from the gate of hell. While war remains necessary, the warrior should be remembered.

In memory of a philanthropist who refused to raise the price of rice when a drought had sent up the cost of living, but instead contributed liberally to the abatement of the dire effects of the famine.

To this general summary we add a description of a single Paifang, which stands outside the Red Side Gate, tastefully designed and beautifully carved. This we photographed and also had sketched by the leading artist of the city. When we asked the cost, we were told that if we would publish in the sensational local daily that he did it for us, and that he is the only man in the capital capable of doing it, we should have the work without money and without price. Human nature, the same everywhere! We preferred to pay him, and handed over two taels. But not yet ready to dismiss this portal from our attention, we employed still another Chinese to copy all the ideographs.



STONE HONORARY PORTALS NORTHEAST OF ANSHUN, KWEICHOW.



On the uppermost slab is cut:

“The Throne Granted Permission to the Family of Ch‘êñ, because of Fidelity and Chastity, to Erect this Portal.”

Scrolled upon the pillars flanking the central pillars are two inscriptions:

“Providence has compassion upon the chaste soul who by filial piety serves his father and mother; and does not this good woman compare in beauty and conduct with ‘Yin’ and ‘Hsün’ of ancient times?”

“The grace of the gods is pity to the lonely but chaste widow, and the virtue of this woman is handed down to posterity. She well compares with ‘Tao’ and ‘Heng’ and will eternally have the same fragrant memory.”

We were locally informed that the writer of these two scrolls is the best writer of scrolls in the province, and that they still sell at fifty taels the pair.

The other two pillars have other inscriptions by another author:

“The filial piety that will cut its own flesh to heal father or mother is noted in heaven. Good instruction to children which cost distress to give, must be propagated to all generations.”

Other ideographs say: “If a mother teaches her sons for thirty years, as regularly and persistently as the yearly ice and frost come, and they will not learn, and she breaks the shuttle of the spinning-wheel machine by which she earns a living, still she has done her duty by them.” “To observe all

moral obligations manifests a woman's chastity one thousand li, and the grace of it as much as rain-water, and sheds light abroad as the light of the moon!"

This was written by Hu, a relative of the family of Ch'én.

A final couple of scrolls apparently express the general opinion, not of officials and relatives alone, but of the city at large: "The manners of the family Ch'én were so dignified and respectful, their fragrance was like the epidendrum, and red cassia flowers, and is handed down to the children." "The portal outside the Red Side Gate is high, and the chastity of Ch'én Pao Hsi is as firmly displayed as the durability of the box tree and the age of the pine tree."

With such high testimonials is the virtuous Ch'én Pao Hsi belauded. All honour to the city that in death, if not in life, acknowledges the lustre cast on it by its daughters. And thus with the assurance that this remote town has glorified the Empire by the noble deeds of at least thirty people, more than are celebrated in cities ten times the size, advance we to scan it more closely.

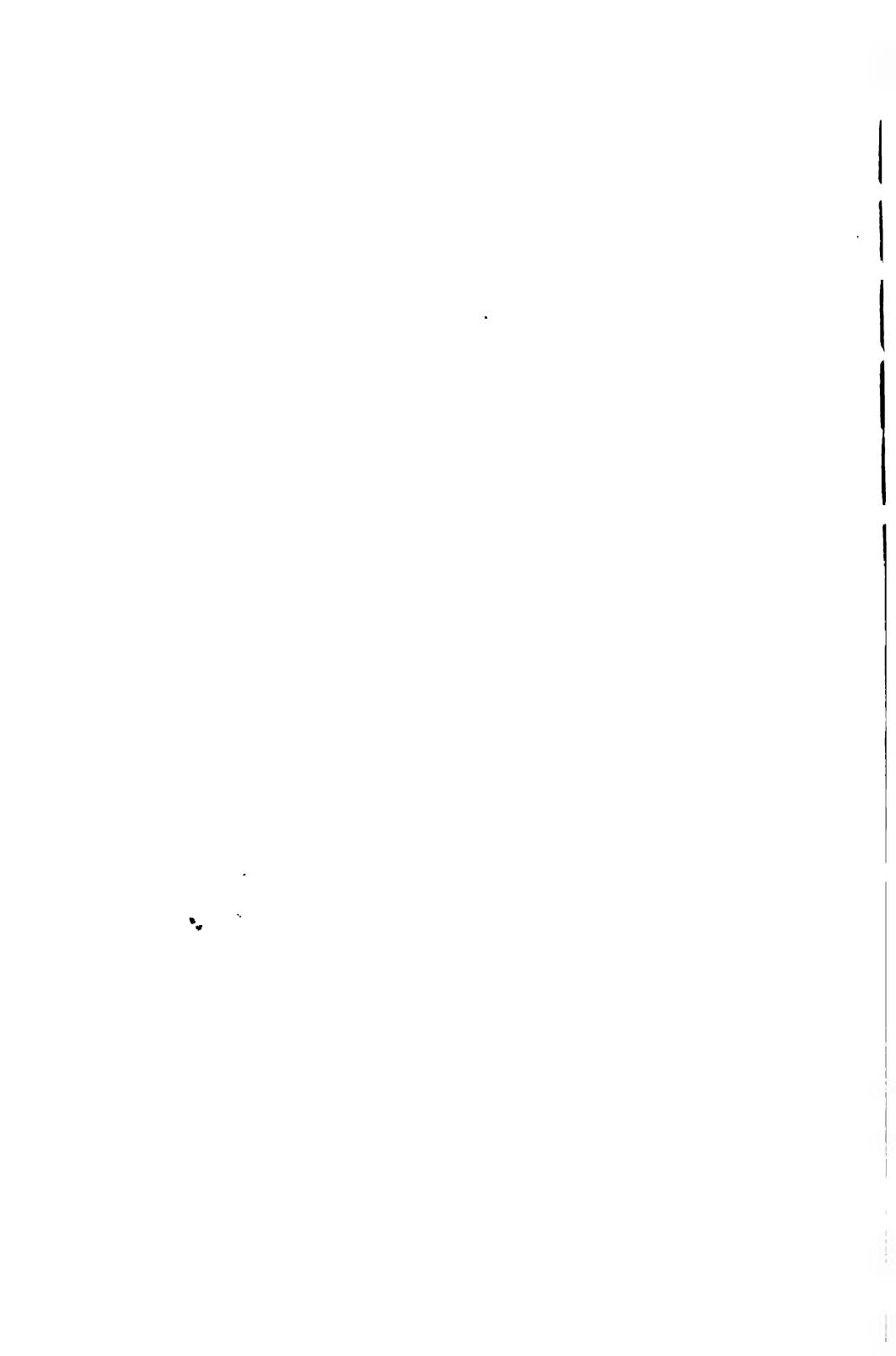
PART III.—THE LAND OF DEVILS AND ITS CAPITAL

In prehistoric times all this region was called the Southern Border of Liangchow. About 1100 B.C. the Chou dynasty called it Yungchow, and toward the end of the dynasty the king of Ch'u, now the province of Hunan, named it Ch'ien, a name that still obtains, just as the ancient Roman term Britannia persists after two thousand years. The whole district was then as completely outside the Chinese system as Britain was



Drawn by a native artist.

PALO OUTSIDE THE HONG PIEN MEN, KWEIYANG.



outside the Roman Empire. But as Ch'u Cæsar made a raid once, and when Ch'in made a precedent of subduing and incorporating the south, the Hans extended their frontier to embrace part here. Of course with the break-up of the Second Empire in 190 A.D., all control here ceased, and the aborigines returned to their own ways, as did the British when the Roman legions withdrew.

The Third Empire, of the Sui and T'ang dynasties, seems to have made no attempt to annex this Region of Devils, but when the Chinese were subjugated north of the Yellow River by the Tatars, the Sung dynasty at Kaifeng sought compensation by annexing toward the south. A few tribes made a nominal submission, and the tract became known as Kweichow. When the Mongols completed their advance in 1280 A.D., they found here eight principal tribes, each with a head chief.

The Fourth Empire then sent officials into the region, which they organised as a province, though everything had to be managed through the chiefs. The Kwei Mountain seized the Chinese fancy as auguring good luck, and two li to the south they threw up an earthen rampart enclosing space which they called "South of the Kwei," or Kweiyang. That was the beginning of this town. A later moraliser remarked that "the ancient kings often feared lest the people should be content with their low estate of ignorance, so in establishing cities and districts they were wont to bestow on them high-sounding names, that they might lead the people to think of higher things, might stimulate their spirits, and call forth their energies."

When the Chinese regained their independence and thrust out the Mongols, they maintained their hold on Kweiyang, and under the Mings the settlement grew

into the head of a prefecture. Presently the earthen rampart was replaced with a stone wall 22 feet high, 9.7 li around, taking in more land to the north and providing five gates. In the closing years of the last native line an earthen wall was erected to enclose the north suburb. But evidently when the Manchus conquered the land there was some severe local fighting, for the walls required to be rebuilt. The city was then chosen as capital of the province, and extensive work was done on its defenses, resulting in a stone wall being carried round the whole of the outer suburb. The Manchus displayed some tact in their management, for they encouraged Chinese immigration from all the provinces round, until to-day the Chinese near the capital outnumber the aboriginal Miao.

Two other sets of immigrants deserve notice, the China Inland Mission and the Roman Catholics. The cathedral of these latter, who claim 5,000 converts, presents some interesting architectural features, especially the figures of French soldiers put up at the door.

Chinese usage requires that the Mun Shen or Door Gods shall be put up as prints; those on the temple doors are the same design only much larger, ferocious in aspect and menacing in attitude. They are not threatening the inmates, but protecting those who dwell within from every form of hostile foe or unwholesome influence. These are almost universally employed. Was it not natural, then, that when French missionaries built a cathedral to take the place of a heathen temple those tutelary gods should find themselves displaced by the protecting arms of French soldiers? And was it not also to be expected in a region supposed to be especially under the eye of the French government, and likely to be invaded by the legions of the Republic for purposes of permanent conquest, that these same French gods should awaken in the uneasy minds of the people

a deep suspicion that the missionaries (after all their professions of disinterested religious activity) were the spies of a Great Power seeking to add to its Tongking possessions the contiguous realm? When suspicion of that character is rife, a reasonable caution might suggest a whitewashing of the guards, unless indeed a source of misunderstanding was desired. We cannot discredit the French nation with being in sympathy with any such ulterior motive or plan of aggrandisement.

There are perhaps 100,000 people. The Great Street is well paved with dressed stone slabs. Business seems to prosper. Well-built shops line the business streets. The province has exported pigs' bristles, cow-skins, and medicinal herbs to the value of 60,000 taels, opium to the value of 8,500,000 taels. Here, then, is a terrible financial problem, as the central government has prohibited this crop from being raised. The governor has sent for cottonseed, but the soil is not suitable. He is experimenting at the Agricultural College, but so far has not solved the question of what to grow.

Schools of all kinds are in session, including a School of Parliaments, the only one in Asia. A new style prison is being erected. On our way in we saw the old style, a man being carried out in a cage to be beheaded.

The changes at Kweiyang are most rapid and most thorough. We were fortunate enough to have a strong light thrown on some of them, affecting the feminine side of life, by our hostess, Mrs. Davies of the China Inland Mission, showing what she has observed within six years. Of course it is to be remembered that this is a region not thoroughly Chinese, and only peopled by Chinese in recent centuries; the manners of Boston do not root deeply in Pike County, Missouri.

Six years ago all female feet were bound tight and fast, and women laughed at the idea of unbinding their feet; they said, "Never, never will we be like men." But now not a girl under ten years of age in the whole province has bound feet. Wonderful how these reforms are being worked, even out here in this remote region, by the quick process of edict, while we in the West accomplish reforms by the slow process of public agitation and election! Six years ago girls never went on the street, but now they march out of the girls' schools in file and drop out of line when their corner is reached. Then few girls could read; soon it will be the exception not to con a book.

Six years ago girls wore bright colours and bead flower trimmings and expensive dresses; now black, called "foreign," is the height of fashion. Foreign buttons are for sale on the street, and "pearl" buttons are worn by girls. Now no girl paints her face, a custom once universal; if a girl paints her face now, it is regarded as a sign that she is "fast" or from an uncultivated family. Now girls often have the privilege of refusing the young man proposed, and girls actually refuse to marry, something unheard-of in old China. In new China a girl may choose her husband much as girls at home do. All girls on the streets wear long gowns.

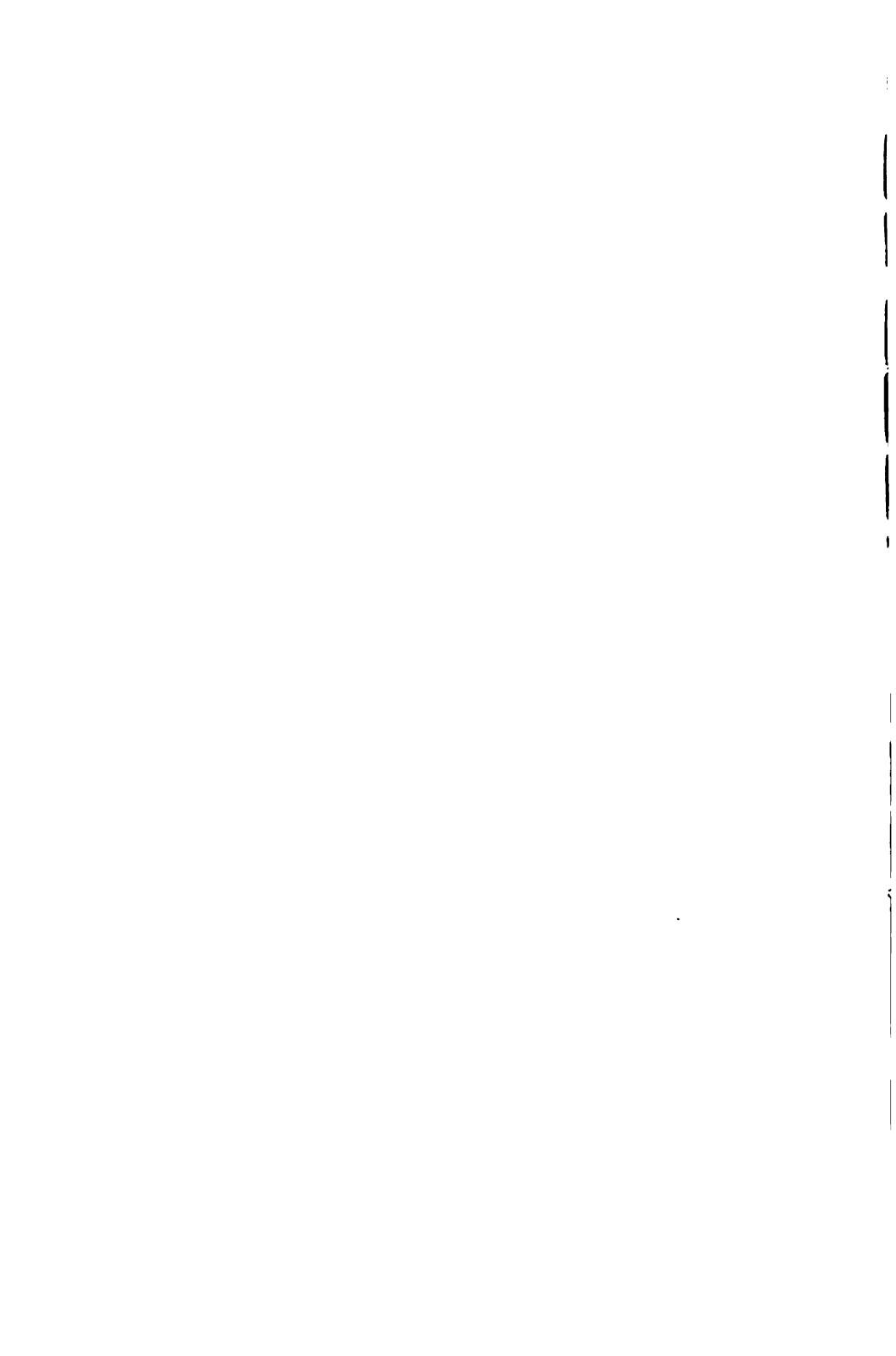
Nor are the changes confined to women. Scholars have cut their finger-nails!

PART IV.—LOCAL LITERATURE AND FAIRY TALES

Considering that this province has been under Chinese influence barely three hundred years, it is surprising how much literature has accumulated. The Red Men produced about as much as the Miao; books are due to the white immigrants into North America, to the yellow into Kweichow.



H. E. PANG HONG SHU, DISTINGUISHED GOVERNOR OF KWEIFCHOW.
From a portrait presented by the Governor to Dr. Geil.



It is hard to know what to select from the stores that have grown so quickly. Perhaps nursery rhymes ought to come first:

“Sleep, sleep is coming,
Telling me to take off my embroidered shoes.
The matting on the bed bids me lie down
The quilt bids me cover myself,
The pillow bids me be good and sleep quickly.
So I will; to-morrow I shall have sweets.”

“Great aunt, second aunt,
Ate sweets dipped in honey, broke the pot between them,
Became angry, visit one another no more.”

“There was a little mouse crawled up the candlestick;
When he had eaten the grease he could not crawl down.
He tried, but broke the stand and made a noise,
Then soiled the ladies’ embroidered shoes.
Shoo, shoo, the cat is coming!
Mew! Mew! Mew!”

The local version of “Little Red Riding-hood” is too long to quote; a delightful touch is the wolf’s request for a bird-cage to sit on instead of a chair, so that his tail could swish about inside.

Several inscriptions were copied for us by rubbing, through the kindness of Thomas Windsor, a Colchester man who after twenty-five years in this province knows it like a native.

PART V.—EXCURSION TO SEE THE MIAO

As roads are the only means of communication, there are many here, and some are well paved. We went over two hundred li to the southwest to see something of the Miao, who have taken to their heart a

sterling Scot from Dundee. It was thoughtful of the Westerners to send Adam to this primitive people. Under his tutelage we saw much of the inner life of the aborigines, and heard even more of what it was before he began to modify it.

The ordinary Chinese manners have little in common with those of this aboriginal tribe. Yet they esteem themselves better than the Lao, a still more aboriginal people of whom we heard that the women merely cut a hole in a square of cloth, put their head through, bind the hair like a Taoist priest, and are then in full-dress costume. The Lao are fast diminishing and are only in a few scattered villages. The Miao are in several reservations, but this by choice or because they prefer to cling to the hills, like most free peoples. The pine trees are being hewn down for fuel, but good crops of oats, wheat, buckwheat, maize, rice, indigo, and hemp are raised. Chickens, sheep, goats, and bees are reared, the honey being an important crop. A sort of arrowroot, potatoes, yams, peas, and beans nearly exhaust the usual produce. This is carried about in baskets on the back, as on the Swiss hills, and is traded for cash or salt. Some tribes fish, with net or cormorant or otherwise.

The Black Miao make silver jewelry, and their bridal headgear weighs as much as forty ounces; birds in front, flowers behind, mounted on a band with silver streamers hanging down. But there is not much handicraft otherwise.

The Black Miao have remarkable dances. A huge copper drum open at one end is slung by ropes, and one man beats it while a second ladles out the sound. The others circle round, and the penalty for falling out is to drink a cup of whiskey. In the open air they have a different figure, like the spokes of a wheel, one being of girls, the next of men with reed pipes varying from

a few inches to ten feet. In the Anshun district where we were visiting, only the men dance, but half are dressed up as girls.

Others of these dances are to afford opportunities for courtship and engagement. The actual marriage ceremony may last three days, the favorite time being after harvest, when feasting comes natural. The bride dresses in the robes she has been preparing for three years past; the groom sweeps out the cow-house and lays down fresh straw for her and her friends to sit down on. At evening of the first day the bride goes round with boiling water to wash the feet of all the guests. Then whiskey is handed round for some lips and reed pipes for others, and a regular symposium begins. The guests praise the host and all his preparations; he belittles these and lauds them. So they warm to their work, a continuous sing-song for three days, after which the bride usually runs home, not to return till a child is born.

Students of marriage customs will find antique methods still obtaining. Marriage ends, or is supposed to end, a period of recognised license when girls and boys sleep promiscuously in the granary or corn-loft, or when the lads of one village go like the pied piper of Hamelin and wile away all the lasses of another into the moonlight glades. The doctors tell sad tales as to the ravages caused by this and the omnipresent drinking.

The funeral customs are equally peculiar. After death occurs, three cannon-shots warn the villages round and the smoke directs the spirit of the deceased to the abode of his ancestors. On the day of burial each married daughter and each son brings an ox, or at worst a pig, all of which are offered to the parent's spirit; half

the flesh goes to the donor, half to the family. At the sacrifice proper there is much music to entertain the departed spirit.

Of superstition among the people there is no end. They are still in the animist stage, and live in continual fear of evil spirits, to which they attribute all sickness or calamity.

But this primitive people is becoming self-conscious and ready to recognise its need of rising in the scale. Not only have they learned from the Chinese, but they are responsive to the efforts of the French Catholics, who have placed a priest among them, erected a church with a pagoda front, and organised their converts. The most wonderful civilising work is to be placed to the credit of the Dundee Young Men's Christian Association.

VI

YUNNANFU.¹

PART I.—THE LOFTIEST CAPITAL

YUNNAN is the geographical name of the lofty southwest corner of China, and Yunnanfu is the highest and most western of all the gubernatorial or viceregal cities in the Central Kingdom.² The indented and serrated plateau, larger than Great Britain, has room to multiply her population fourfold, and the capital, lying in a basin plain a thousand li in length in the lovely lake district, will increase in size and importance, for it is scarcely behind many famous foreign health resorts in the desirability of its climate and the picturesqueness of its environment. Yunnan is the Switzerland of China.

This landlocked province of Yunnan has now a French line of railroad to the capital, and it should soon have others penetrating from Assam and Burma on the Szechwan. The fear is in some minds that such lines might forward political schemes for the amalgamation of India and China, which, with the two countries completely modernised, would certainly make the remaining half of the world stand back and think. Such a combination, however, would mean that China, which is larger and homogeneous in written language and race, would partially assimilate India politically; but religiously Hinduism has been like a python, able to swallow and digest nearly anything. The process of action and interaction is likely to be long and compli-

¹ See "A Yankee on the Yangtze," by William Edgar Geil.

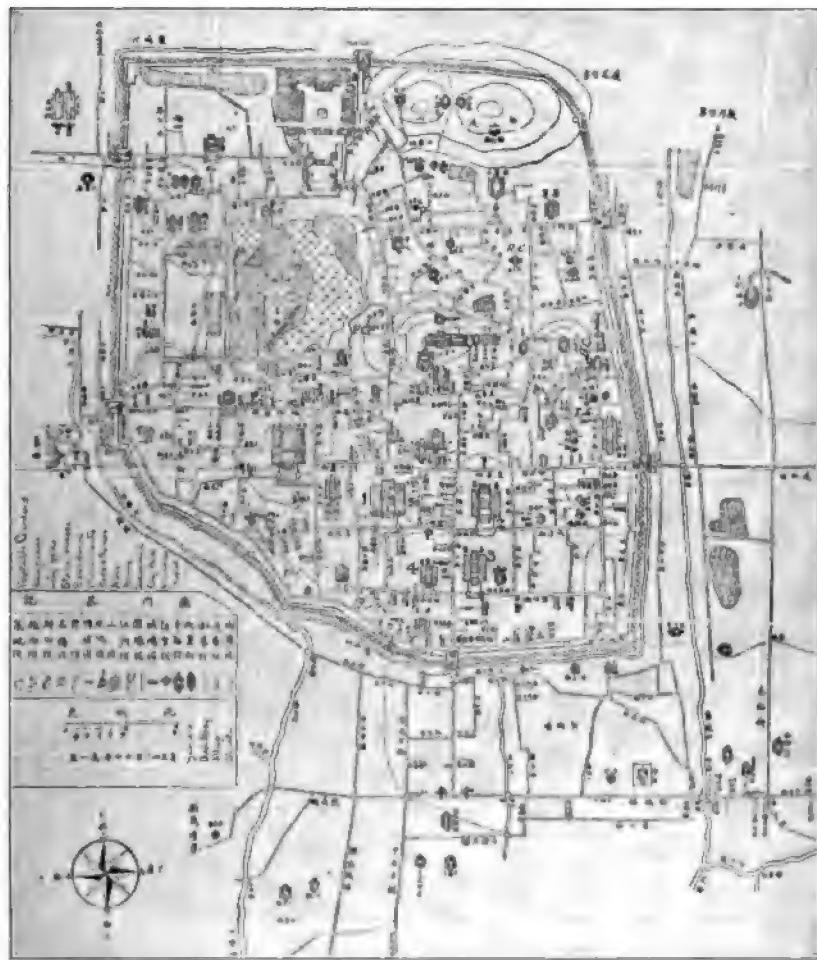
² Yunnan and Kweichow are governed by the same viceroy, who bears the title "Viceroy of Yünkwei," and resides at Yunnanfu.

cated; but the aloofness of the two empires will disappear. Here is an opportunity for wise statecraft.

Yunnan Sheng, the capital, the largest city in the province, is surrounded by a brick wall twenty li in circumference and in good condition. Major Davies, in his valuable book on Yunnan, estimates the population of Yunnanfu at 80,000, which corresponds closely with our own estimate made on the spot independently. The altitude is nearly 6,700 feet above the tide, which is sufficient to act beneficially on persons who require the rare air of lofty altitudes.

The capital can boast of much that is new, including the new Assembly Hall and the Public Gardens outside the lucky South Gate, not far from the terminus of the French railway. A new model jail occupies a suitable site inside the West Gate, while near the Little West Gate the government Medical School and hospitals are conveniently located. Outside the North Gate a few li from the city wall are extensive barracks; also outside the South Gate are large barracks, while farther off and to the south-southeast the cavalry have ample accommodations. War and religion are absorbing subjects. The city boasts many temples. In mentioning a few of the new things in Yunnanfu, there should be included the Cartridge Magazine, the Normal School, and the new Armory, which stands conveniently near the Wu Hou Shan.

All this change and improvement suggests that THE PAST DIES FAST in China. To overtake this fast fleeing past the investigator must bestir himself, for the Chinese scholars are now ashamed of their ancient annals, and in this period, between the disgust with them and the time when they become proud of their folklore, there is great danger that destruction will overtake the old writings. This added zest to our quest for the books which would tell of the strange southwest past, and we



MAP OF YUNNANFU, HIGHEST CAPITAL IN THE CENTRAL GLORY.



雲

南

"Yunnan" signifies "South of the Yun Mountains." "Yun" means Cloud or Cloudy."

take some pleasure in the prospect of preserving the Annals of the various capitals now collected together for the first time.

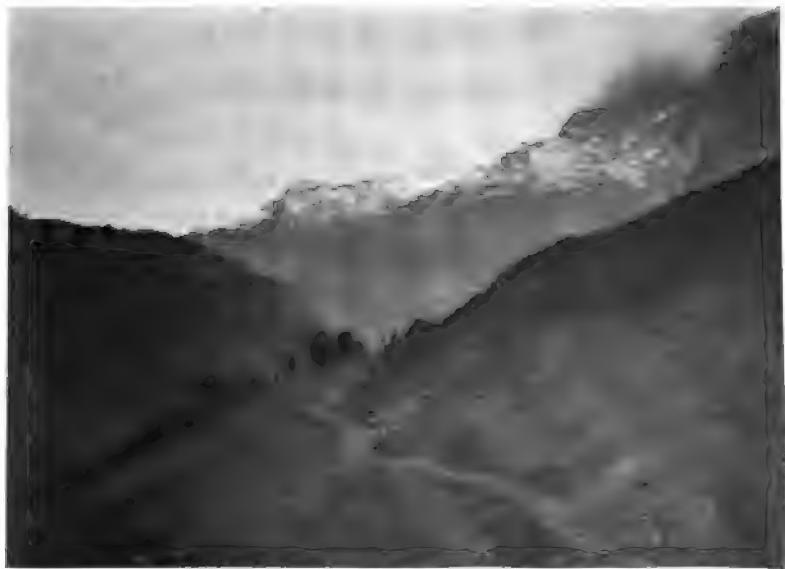
The new buildings, and particularly the new spirit abroad in this great Red Province, awaken the inquiring mind to the importance of the capital. It is the residence of a viceroy. Indeed, the Chinese wisely place their ablest men at the Imperial capital and the most distant centres of political importance; hence the western capitals, Lanchow, Chêngtu and Yunnanfu, have not mere governors but viceroys, always resident.

We look upon this region as promising to the future Celestial miner, pastoralist, and agriculturist. The most important product of the soil is that which makes silk possible, mulberry trees. Of rice there are said to be fully an hundred different kinds. We have gone to some trouble to learn concerning the cereals, vegetables, fruits, and birds of the southwest. The more attractive rice names are red, white, and glutinous. Then there are small wheat (which is oats), swallow wheat, pearl, and "western direction wheat." Millet is white, red, yellow, long-haired, and reed, and there is still another bearing the odd name of "gray bark millet." Beans have been in the past an important product in China, and will become more so now that many popy-fields are designated for the raising of them. The chief varieties are sheep's eye, little black, tea, hair-cloth, blue pod, great black, and silkworm, otherwise called Buddha bean, which is sown in the fall and ripens the following spring.

Vegetables are numerous and attractive to both eye and taste, as almost everywhere in China. Ginger, mustard, and onions abound, and, as a farmer said, "garlic which can stay out through the winter." Any one who has caught the odor of garlic from his servants will wish it to stay out all summer also, and forever!



PARROT'S BEAK MOUNTAIN.



ON THE ROAD FROM CHOWTUNG TO YUNNANFU.



There is cabbage, and turnips, red and white, which grow two or three feet long if properly tended. The Yunnanese are also fruit-growers, and the traveller notices melons and pumpkins, peaches, apricots, dates, pomegranates, pine seed, and pears that "arrive when the wheat is ripe."

The region is famous for medicines, and is immortalised by the wonder-working Boho, Yunnan Boho!³ The landscape is beautified by an abundance of bamboo of various kinds, including "kind-hearted," dragon, water, hairy, dripping, Buddha's heart, and cat's head. Hemp abounds, the "fragrant flower," blue, and white.

Among the birds are seen storks, pheasants, peacocks, parrots, white cockatoos, eagles, snipe, wild geese, and quail. The animals, aside from those domesticated, are different sorts of tigers, panthers, beavers, foxes, etc. As for fish, the "telescope" is most easily remembered.

PART II.—THE FAST FLEETING PAST: THE "BROTHER BRIGHT" ANNALS

The "Annals of K'un Ming Hsien,"⁴ have a preface at each end! The first preface begins:

"The best of literature cannot be destroyed by wind and frost, neither can it be destroyed by water or fire; nor can it be destroyed by sword and soldier. This is not by the grace of man but by the will of Heaven.

"The formation of anything valuable on this earth is not easy. Yün Ying, the courtier, wrote these Annals. And the work is of such a character that it will be valuable forever. 'Half of the flower of his life,' five years, was occupied in the work. But from

³ See "A Yankee on the Yangtze."

⁴ K'un Ming, i.e., "Brother Bright."

the time the manuscript was ready for the printer until the proofs appeared, a period of sixty years elapsed. During this cycle two devastating rebellions interfered with the smooth course of things, the T'ai-p'ings' and the Mohammedans.'

"Yün Ying wrote many poems and accomplished much literary effect, but the blocks were destroyed, and these Annals are all that remain of his prodigious labour. As this is all that escaped destruction, therefore it is proof that Heaven considered this as his best."

Yün Ying died before the printed "Annals" were published. He gave the manuscript to his son, who in turn gave it to a large guild for publication, and in the twenty-seventh year of the last Emperor, Kwang Hsü, General Liu Hsin-yüan and various members of the guild furnished the money, and the book went to press in 1902, with the following preface by the general at the end—shall we call it a *postface*, as the French do?

"I have been absent from home for sixteen years. In the summer of the fifteenth year of Tao Kuang [1885], a friend handed me the manuscript of the Annals of K'un Ming Hsien, explaining that K'un Ming is the head Hsien of seven; the other prefectures and districts have annals, but this, the most strategic, has none."

The "Eye of the Book" is deeply interesting to the outsider, and to those who have an intimate knowledge of the region and who know the oral traditions it strongly appeals. "In the fourth moon, first year, of Shih Tsung of the Ming (1522 A.D.) rain and hail destroyed harvests, and the Miao, because the hail hit them, died without number. Fourth moon, sixth year, Chia Ching,"⁵ (1527 A.D.), the Drum of Heaven sounded

⁵ "Chia Ching" is a year title of the Emperor Shih Tsung.



THE GOLDEN TEMPLE NORTHEAST OF THE CITY OF YUNNANFU, BUILT BY
CHENG YONG-PING IN THE MING DYNASTY.

The walls and roofing are of brass, the steps and railings of Tali marble. It was erected for the purpose of worshipping the Supreme Ruler of the North Pole.



very loud. Eighth moon, fourteenth year, same reign, a star fell, sounding like thunder. Seventh moon, thirty-fifth year, a comet appeared. It was several feet in length and lasted for a moon! In the summer of the twenty-ninth year of Wan Li (1601) there was a terrible famine. In the ninth moon, same year, great rain and snow; in the eleventh moon the peak of Loa Han burst. In the thirty-fifth year of Wan Li an extraordinary bird screamed; the shrieking killed many people. In the autumn a comet appeared. The same season a stalk grew in the field with two leaves, neither grain nor tares; people thought it represented a spear with two flags, signifying war. Second moon, forty-eighth year, earthquake. On another day bloody air, and a mist, yellow and red, gradually turned to black mist in the daytime as dark as night; there was a large wind and it rained 'like pouring water.' Another day the moon turned into a yellow and black colour and the stars gave no light. In the third moon a sheep was born with a head like a dog, three ears, eight feet, all black, two tails, and the body had white spots." Wan Li, who built 1770 li of the Great Wall, had troubrous time during his long and enterprising reign!

The omens of the past dynasties have an interest in leading up to the omens of the present (Manchu) dynasty. These we read with a strong inclination not to destroy but to preserve them. The marvellous progress making in Yunnanfu cannot be fully appreciated without standing off for perspective.

"In the fourth year of Shun Chih (1647) a hen turned into a rooster." And that too outside the South Gate! "In the eleventh year, fifth moon, north of the city, at the Yung Chien Temple, two dragons were fighting and broke a gate. Sixteenth year, third moon,

hail the size of eggs and some as large as a man's fist rained to a depth of two Chinese feet and killed countless animals. First moon, eighteenth year, small butterflies covered the sky; they came from the southeast and were going northwest; continued for a moon.

"In the fifth moon, tenth year, of K'ang Hsi (1671) a large bird visited the city, and a great flood destroyed barracks, thousands of rooms; destroyed men and animals without number. On the New Year day of the twelfth year of K'ang Hsi there was an earthquake. On the fifth day, third moon, an owl hooted in the East City Tower; in the owl's breath was white smoke, five feet high, four feet broad, and full of mosquitoes. The dome of the West Temple Pagoda is a bronze stork; it cried for several days and could not be stopped until its head was cut off! In the same day a great bird came, spread its wings ten square feet, and killed men; those who know everything did not know its name." This is all in a serious history, written in only the last century by a man above reproach. To many of the occurrences there may easily be found a natural explanation; some are but the workings of an inflamed imagination, an imagination wrought on by the superstitious beliefs of the day. Out from all this worship of the marvellous the people are emerging at a hitherto unknown rate.

The author of the "Annals" spent "half the flower of his life" on this book, which has divisions as follows: Boundaries, hills, and streams; Fêng Su; Products; Districts; Taxes; Schools; Worships; Magistrates; Tributes; Industries; Literature; Homes; Beauties (women); Antiquities; Omens; Tombs; Miscellaneous. This list leaves much to be desired, but the above might readily occupy years of the time of a conscientious compiler. Probably rather than travel to distant parts he fell into this task, for he says, "We Yunnan people

HIAHSEN-TUNG IS IN THE NORTHWESTERN PART OF THE CITY OF YUNNANFU. BUILT IN 1779 BY GENTRY AND A PRIEST CALLED U-HONG.

Dragons meet here. The fish are so numerous that the water is dark. The fish are regarded as sacred, no one is allowed to molest them. At certain seasons some of the fish are sold on the street but the native Yunnanese are afraid to touch them, but foreigners and persons from other provinces enjoy the delicacy.



do not like to leave our homes, especially those who live in K'un Ming Hsien; only a few go out of the villages, mostly to attend examinations for a degree; others are satisfied in ploughing the fields and cultivating mulberry trees or hemp as a life-work. Only two per cent. go with carts and oxen for trade. This indicates the simplicity of the nature and customs."

He is very careful to indicate clearly the location of Yunnan. Under the heading of Fēng Su he says, "In the capital at Peking the Polar Star appeared 40 degrees above the horizon; by the Yangtze the Polar Star appeared to be 32 degrees above the horizon; in the capital of Yunnan the Polar Star appeared to be 24 degrees above the horizon."

Yün Ying was not unmindful of "Beauty," under which head he furnishes future generations with a glimpse of the women of his day. Under a subdivision of "Women's Apartments in the Home," he writes: "Li Yin San died at eighty years of age. He left a little daughter. A moon after Li's death the father-in-law advised the widow to marry again, but she cut off one of her fingers and said, "If you can joint this finger again to this hand."

In no other great country, have literary men been so much connected with the government and rewarded by it as in China.

In the "flower of his life" Yün wrote much about the distinguished men of his province in his and previous ages, but we prefer to take a sample Yunnanese from among her famous sons whom it has been our pleasure to meet during this and other long and arduous journeys throughout this vast Empire. The fact that in China men are not permitted to occupy office in their own province compels one to seek for the present great

men of Yunnan in other provinces. It was our happy privilege to meet one such while visiting the capital of Anhwei, and we quote from the diary written immediately after the governor had finished his call:

To-day the Governor of this State, which has a population of twenty millions, called on me at the American Mission. He came in state, accompanied by a large display of military and a few distinguished civilians. His visit lasted for a full hour and a half. He was perfectly at his ease and full of interesting talk. He was unable to tell the precise population of Anking, as the census after the modern fashion would not be taken until next year. The Governor of Anhwei was born at Linan-fu, due south of Yunnanfu, and is now an Hanlin. His rise has been rapid; he was first made Magistrate, then a Fu in Chihli, then Provincial Judge in Kansu, Treasurer in Kansu, Governor in Manchuria, and as Governor of the Yangtze province of Anhwei is held in high esteem. He is said to be very brave, quick, and wise, and so he impresses me. He is pleasant, at times jolly, laughs heartily, more heartily than most Hanlins, and yet his face when in repose carries distinct traces of sadness. His life, I should guess, is in danger. His is a most difficult task now, when China is dropping the old and has not yet properly assumed the modern! Now, when there are dynastic enemies, when traitors exist, when the people are loosing from their ancient religious faiths and are not being steadied by the Great Faith of the West! He does well to be sad, this brave, heroic Hanlin of Yunnan. This Yunnanese has all the virtues so dear to the Chinese heart; he needs the Christsian virtues also. The nation, if I mistake not, needs many Hanlins like this man, Chu Chia Pao, this Governor who is sad! He says the new education has not yet proved of much benefit to the Empire. He might have said that temporarily it had caused many anxious moments for the future of the Central Kingdom.

I find myself with a growing sympathy for these men who are at the helm just now when the changes are frequent and disquieting and threatening, when the whole people are metamorphosing; they went into this process slowly, they will emerge with wings! But whither will the nation fly for that help which it sorely needs? The Governor, when in repose, is sad! That abides with me. He left me these two hours, but the recollection still lingers that he is sad! The cares of office are heavy upon him. Were he not at times sad, very sad, my admiration would be less. He quelled a mutiny, did it by bravery, with few troops; others should have accompanied him when he went out of the city to the disturbance, but they were afraid. He led a handful of men, and succeeded! He was brave, is grave now, is heroic; but brave men and heroic men are often sad, should under the circumstances be sad! He is fearless in the face of danger, but he is sad. Were I an educated Chinese I should be sad!⁶

We cannot now think of any one enterprise more likely to assist China to real strength than that of the Christian missions. The missionaries in Yunnan, Owen Stevenson and others, are performing heroic deeds these fast changing times. Often they also are sad, for what are forty workers among twelve million people? But the day dawns, if I mistake not, when China will be really and truly the Central Glory.

⁶The great Panthay rebellion nearly ruined this province. The Panthays were Mohammedan Chinese who, after a brutal massacre of 14,000 of their fellow-religionists at Yünnanfu in 1856, revolted against the yoke of China and made an attempt to establish a separate kingdom in the province of Yünnan, with their capital at Tali Fu. Ambassadors were sent to England in 1872, but failed to interest the British government in their behalf. On Jan. 15, 1873, the brave commander Tu Wen-hsin, having first swallowed poison, surrendered to Ts'en Yü-ying, who had demanded his life only, but eleven days later treacherously massacred 30,000 people. Ts'en Yü-ying has also been held responsible for the murder of Margary at Manwyne (Yünnan) in 1875.

THE YANGTZE CAPITALS

VII

SOOCHOW

PART I.—WHAT IS SOO?

Soo is the first of the eighteen provincial capitals to be reached from Shanghai—seat of an old kingdom, the Amsterdam-Venice of the East.

The king of Wu in the days of Pisistratus, Ezra, and Confucius was named Ho Lu,¹ who assassinated his predecessor and decided to make a new beginning. He bade his prime minister, Wu Tzü-hsü, design him a plan; he chose as a site an archipelago of islands among a few score of lakes some forty miles south of the Yangtze, twelve miles east of the Great Lake, and eighty miles from the sea. Geomancers were employed to consult the signs of the heavens and the winds of the earth, then to taste the waters. Then arose a rectangular wall some forty-seven li around, with nine gates, the royal number, bastions and corner forts. Within it were laid out parks, palaces, libraries, and comfortable homes; bridges linked the islands, canals intersected them, eight-foot streets reticulated over them. Three former cities were depopulated to provide a people at the artificial capital; and lo, Soochow!

Not only did Ho Lu have Wu to make Soo, but he also had Sun, the greatest military writer of all China's ages to provide patterns for his various military

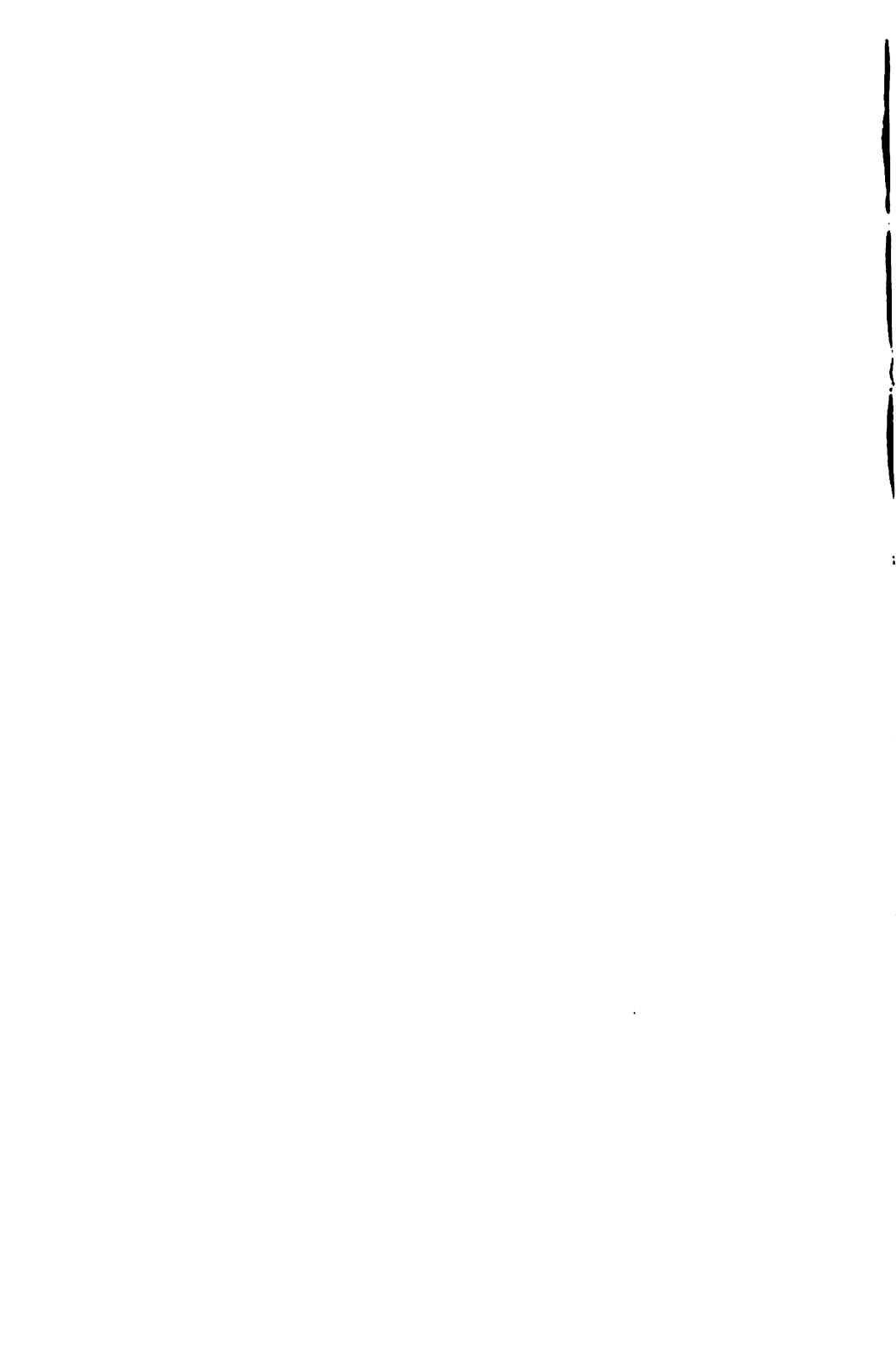
¹ The name is variously given as Ho Lu (by Ssü-ma Ch'ien, the historian) and Ho Lü, a different character being employed in the latter case.



Photo by Dr. G. F. Stooke.

ENTRANCE TO THE WU SHAN GORGE, YANGTZE.

Seven of the Capitals of China are accessible by the Yangtze or its tributaries.



蘇州

蘇州

Soochow means "The Soo District." "Soo" signifies to revive an old state.

manceuvres. His use of strategy and his lessons on "The Art of War" were studied by the generals of Ch'in the Great, who made an Empire out of the fighting fragments of China. The following quotation is from the Introduction to Sun Tzū, by Lionel Giles, in his valuable work on "The Art of War," translated from Ssü-ma Ch'ien:

"Sun Tzū Wu was a native of the Ch'i state. His 'Art of War' brought him to the notice of Ho Lu, king of Wu. Ho Lu said to him: 'I have carefully perused your 18 chapters. May I submit your theory of managing soldiers to a slight test?' Sun Tzū replied: 'You may.' Ho Lu asked: 'May the test be applied to women?' The answer was again in the affirmative, so arrangements were made to bring 180 ladies out of the palace. Sun Tzū divided them into two companies, and placed one of the King's favourite concubines at the head of each. He then bade them all take spears in their hands, and addressed them thus: 'I presume you know the difference between front and back, right hand and left hand?' The girls replied: 'yes.' Sun Tzū went on: 'When I say, "Eyes front," you must look straight ahead. When I say, "Left turn," you must face toward your left hand.' Again the girls assented. The words of command having been thus explained, he set up the halberds and battle-axes in order to begin the drill. Then, to the sound of drums, he gave the order, 'Right turn!' But the girls only burst out laughing. Sun Tzū said: 'If words of command are not clear and distinct, if orders are not thoroughly understood, the general is to blame. But if his orders are clear and the soldiers disobey, then it is the fault of their officers.' So saying, he ordered the leaders of the two companies to be beheaded. Now the king of Wu was watching them from the top of a raised pavilion; and when he



SOOCHOW, GUBERNATORIAL CAPITAL OF KIANGSU.



saw that his favourite concubines were about to be executed, he was greatly alarmed and hurriedly sent down the following message: 'We are now quite satisfied as to the ability of our general to handle troops. If we are bereft of these two concubines, our meat and drink will lose their savour. It is our wish that they shall not be beheaded.' Sun Tzū replied: 'Having once received his Majesty's commission to be general of his forces, there are certain commands of his Majesty which, acting in that capacity, I am unable to accept.' Accordingly, he had the two leaders beheaded, and straightway installed the pair next in order as leaders in their place. When this had been done, the drum was sounded for drill once more; and the girls went through all the evolutions, turning to the right or to the left, marching ahead or wheeling back, kneeling or standing, with perfect accuracy and precision, not venturing to utter a sound. Then Sun Tzū sent a messenger to the king, saying: 'Your soldiers, sire, are now properly drilled and disciplined, and ready for your Majesty's inspection. They can be put to any use that their sovereign may desire; bid them go through fire and water and they will obey. . . . And Sun Tzū shared the might of the king.'

Ho Lu died² and was buried; his son, Fu Ch'ai, proceeded to dissipate his treasures in the usual round of Oriental dissipation—a lake of wine, a ballet troupe. The prime minister expostulated, and was sent a jewelled sword as a polite hint to cut it short. He therefore committed suicide; but the people rescued his body from the canal and made a national mourning. Since that day the city has been noted for its suicides—over the walls, down the wells, off the pagodas, into the canals; poison, dagger, and smallpox.

² Ho Lu was killed in 496 B.C.

Changes have of course taken place. Some of the original gates have been closed, probably for "good luck" reasons, another has been opened; now there are six water gates, and six street gates, each of which has a barbican enclosing some half an acre. Outside the walls are of course extensive suburbs, with inns for late arrivals.

It is important to get hold of the fact that the land here is an accident; the water is the chief thing. There are islands, which are useful to separate the different canals and lagoons. The water-ways are as far superior to the paths as are those in Venice. And the Grand Canal in these parts dates from an ancient time, providing water-carriage from the city all over the Yangtze basin and across country to the Hwang-ho.

The next great change in the architecture of the city is due to the arrival of Buddhism. The Indian monks were accustomed to erect dagobas, monumental spires. The Chinese idea of towers to attract "good luck" chimed in well with the new suggestion, and soon there came about the characteristic pagodas. The earliest of all is supposed to have been erected here. For the most beautiful, take the description by Dr. Hampden du Bose, of the Southern Presbyterian Mission.

"The glory of the capital is the Great Pagoda, the highest in China, and so the highest on terra firma. Stand near it and behold one of the greatest wonders of the world! Count the stories, note the verandas, see the doors, as so many pigeon-holes, and men as pygmies on those giddy heights! Consider the foundations, and what a quarry of hewn stone supports that mighty pile of masonry, which, including its spiral crown, rises to nearly two hundred and fifty feet in height. Walk round the base, which, with the shed room on the ground floor, is one hundred feet in diameter or one hundred

IF THE DISTANCE FROM NOSE TO LIP BE ONE INCH, HE WILL LIVE
100 YEARS

yards around. Note the images in basso-relievo among the clouds, carved on stones, seated upon the roof, hiding in the niches, and sitting majestically upon the shrines, Buddhist gods inside and Brahman divinities without—two hundred in number; it is a high temple of heathenism. The name of the Sir Christopher Wren who planned this tower has not come down to us, but we can admire the skill of the master hand which drew the lines. The walls are octagonal, one wall within and one without, or a pagoda within a pagoda; each wall ten feet thick, the steps rising between them by easy gradations with a walk around before the next flight is reached, the floors being paved with brick two feet square. There are eight doors to each of the nine stories, and with the cross passages the halls are full of light. And what wonderful proportions! Sixty feet in diameter at the base, it tapers to forty-five feet on the upper floor; each story slightly lower as you ascend, each door smaller, each veranda narrower. Walk round these porches; see the city lying at your feet; the Dragon Street, running south to the Confucian Temple; the Great Lake to the west; the range of hills and the picturesque pagodas that crown the jutting eminences; the plain dotted every fourth mile with hamlets. See the pagoda to the south—it marks the city of Wukiang. Follow the Shanghai canal glistening in the sunlight to the east till your eye rests on a hill—that is Quensan. At the foot of that mountain, thirty miles to the northeast, is Changsoh, a city of 100,000 inhabitants. Look northwest up the Grand Canal, thirty miles—that is Mount Wei'tsien. There is Wusih, with a population of 150,000, and within a radius of thirty miles are one hundred market-towns of from one thousand to fifty thousand inhabitants, and probably 100,000 villages and hamlets—five million within range of vision!"

Since the pagoda was built others have followed, but only six remain to-day, and the upper stories of some of these have been removed. Thus it is said of the South Gate Pagoda, Zay Kwaung Tah,³ that the king built it a thirteen-story pagoda for a priest who came in 242; it was repaired twice, then torn down in 1119, and replaced by another of seven stories, which has been frequently repaired but is substantially the present building.

The walls have needed frequent attention. The most remarkable episode is that between 581 and 610 the people deserted the city because of robbers and rebels. About 917 there was extensive fortifications, the walls being thickened to twenty-five feet and made about as lofty, while, in addition to the usual moat outside, a second moat was constructed just inside—a procedure natural only in a city of canals. Soon after 1278 the Mongols ordered all city walls to be demolished so that there could be no further opposition to their supremacy; but when they were losing grip, about 1352, the walls here were rebuilt. When the Manchus conquered the land, they adopted an opposite policy, quartering a strong garrison in a fort alongside many cities, and so in 1662 there was a grand re-fortification. Since then the leading outward event has been the siege by the T'ai-p'ings, which led to the virtual destruction of the interior, and the speedy recovery after Gordon and his Ever Victorious Army regained it. Last of all has come the railway from Shanghai, turning north here and pointing towards Peking.

In a career of more than two millenniums Soochow has of course produced several noted men. T'ang Pah-hu, a famous artist under the Mings, lived on Peach-blossom Street; his pictures and manuscripts fetch

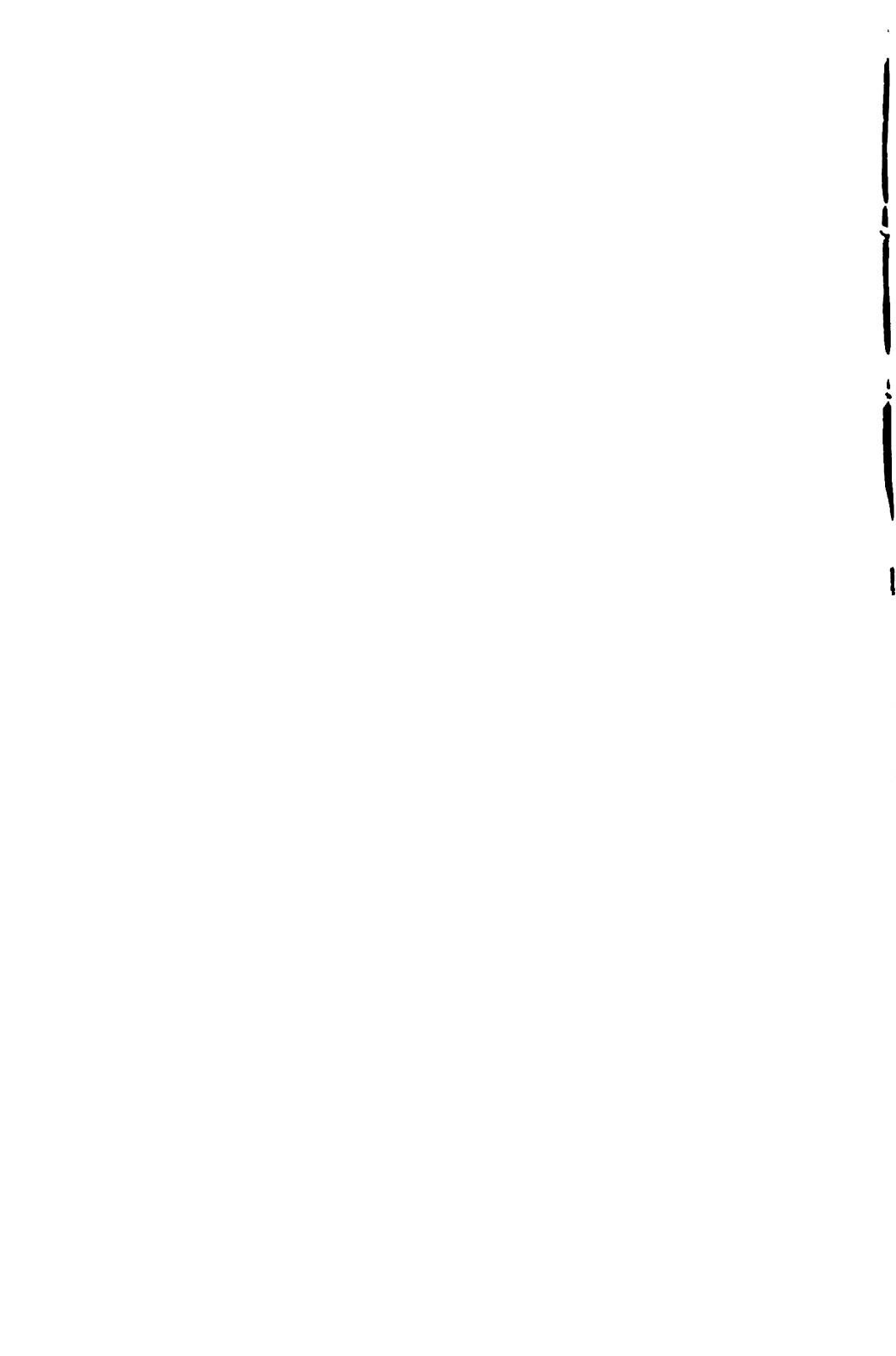
* This is of course the Soochow dialect.



THE OLD SOUTH GATE PAGODA, SOOCHOW, KIANGSU, CHINA.



FISH POND IN THE "LIFE SAVING GARDEN,"
SOOCHOW.



fabulous prices to-day. Ma Liang was born near Canton, but came here to study; devoting himself to drawing, he practised assiduously on one idol at Quin Shan, to the great admiration of all who watched. A friend named Tsang Na put his autograph on the pictures, and they sold so well that his fame is recorded in the local annals. Evidently there is hope for the pavement artist with one theme.

Ts'ao, from Wusih, thirty li away, devoted himself here to the study of medicine, especially children's diseases. He hung his shingle outside the Si Men, and became so clever that he could foretell exactly the hour when health would be restored. His fame culminated when he was called in to an aged official's home to "see sickness," to prescribe for a grandchild; he preferred to begin with the official. "I am too old; my disease is incurable." "Nay, if I cannot heal the grandfather first, how can I heal the grandson?" So he had his way, and in two days had restored both patients. Then was discovered the secret of his practice, to learn the family constitution from the more developed cases.

Another Ts'ao was born at Huchow. "He picked up a pen, and it seemed to write itself." With such natural gifts he readily rose to be a Hanlin and a very high official, both a great scholar and one of the finest artists known in the Empire. Ts'ao Fu-hsing, a native of Wu (the modern Kiangsu) of the third century, was reckoned the greatest painter of his day. Commissioned by the King, Sun Ch'üan, to paint a screen, he accidentally made a blot on it, and then turned the blot into a fly so skillfully that Sun Ch'üan tried to fillip it away. He painted a picture of a red dragon which he had seen playing on the surface of a river, and later on, during

a time of drought, this dragon was brought forth and cast into the river, the result being that rain fell immediately in great quantities.

Five hundred worthies are carved in stone in the gardens of the Ts'ang Lang pavilion. Alongside these historic heroes set a modern one, Liu Tê-Sên, or Luxuriant Virtue. A man from the anti-foreign province of Hunan had become magistrate here, and set his face against aliens acquiring land. Twice did the Southern Presbyterians attempt to buy ground for a hospital, and after expending time and money found themselves balked by him. Then Liu Tê-Sên was employed to negotiate and closed the transaction; but when the magistrate discovered for whom he had acted, he declined to stamp the deeds, and summoned Liu Tê-Sên, ostensibly to discover how much money he had pocketed. Anticipating trouble, Liu found a friend to take care of his family, and went to court, advised simply to tell the plain truth. He was obliged to kneel, and a lictor stood beside him with a bamboo. But he was able to prove that the very cheques paid over to the vendor, drawn on a native bank, had been signed by Dr. Davis. "You liar! Having a big piece of meat in your hand, surely you would take a bite of it!" But the facts were too plain, and the outwitted magistrate could secure nothing by threats and orders to beat him. After an hour the sturdy Christian was released; and after an appeal to the Foreign Office the magistrate was peremptorily ordered to do his duty and stamp the deeds.

PART II.—SOO: BY BOAT

Soochow has to be explored by sections: water, earth, and sky. Water has distinctly the right of way, and we used for the main canals the "Annie Barr," a small house-boat named after an heroic missionary, while an



FAN CHUNG YEN (FATHER).

One of the Five Hundred Great Men of Soochow History. (Taken from a Rubbing.)

open row-boat took us into the narrow water alleys where only paddle and punt could propel.

At the water gate toll is collected by a bag at the end of a long pole, such as cathedrals use. There is of course some delay here, and it gives opportunity to observe the cormorant fishing-boats. The birds are equipped by nature with a large pouch to deposit their catch in, and by art with a ring round the neck to prevent its slipping—accidentally—any further. They sit in double rows round the boat till the manager pushes them into the water with a bamboo; when one finds a fish, he pecks out the eye and pouches the creature; if it be too large, he invites other cormorants, and they together will lift out any fish not exceeding eleven pounds. If this be too much to swallow, remember it is a fish story.

The chief canals are laid out regularly, parallel with the great boundary moats, but of course there are blind alleys and back yards, all of water. They are designed for transportation, and in the country they serve for irrigation also, but incidentally they serve for all manner of uses. Refuse of all kinds is tipped into them, clothes are washed, food is cleansed, fish are bred in them, and drinking water is obtained thence. To the credit of the people be it said that this is always boiled in copper kettles and converted into tea. Naturally the canals provide meat as well as drink; fish, crabs, and shrimps may be had readily. Dr. Nathaniel Gist Gee states also that an ample supply of vegetable matter is procurable here; the cyano-phyceæ algals are represented by nostoc and oxillaria, the latter being perennial; chlorophyceæ abound, zygnema being early and hydrodictyon a late summer variety, ulothrix, cladophora and spirogyra available at

all times. In the shallows there is a rich growth of drapanaldia on the rocks, with a wealth of desmids. On the rice-fields the englena often gives a green appearance to the water. For all these beautiful forms the Chinese have no distinctive names, calling them merely water-grass.

It seems rather remarkable that alongside these canals there is a separate and official system of sewers. This seems so obviously superfluous that there is an officer charged to inspect them. His method is delightfully vicarious, and consists in putting a man down at one end, then going to the other end to await his arrival and hear his report. Seldom, indeed, can the submarine passage be effected as rapidly as the inspector can be carried in the open air, but after due delay a dirty labourer duly emerges from the man-hole and narrates his adventures below. Of course it is always the same man that was put in at the other end—it can only be the dirt and discomfort of the journey that produce such changes in form and figure; did not Brother Terrapin win the great race by the aid of a numerous family? Perhaps if the inspector gave the man who went down at one end some token to carry or be imprinted on his skin, he might wait a long time before that same man emerged at the other end with the token. But can we expect better things of underground sewers in Soo than of underground conduits in New York?

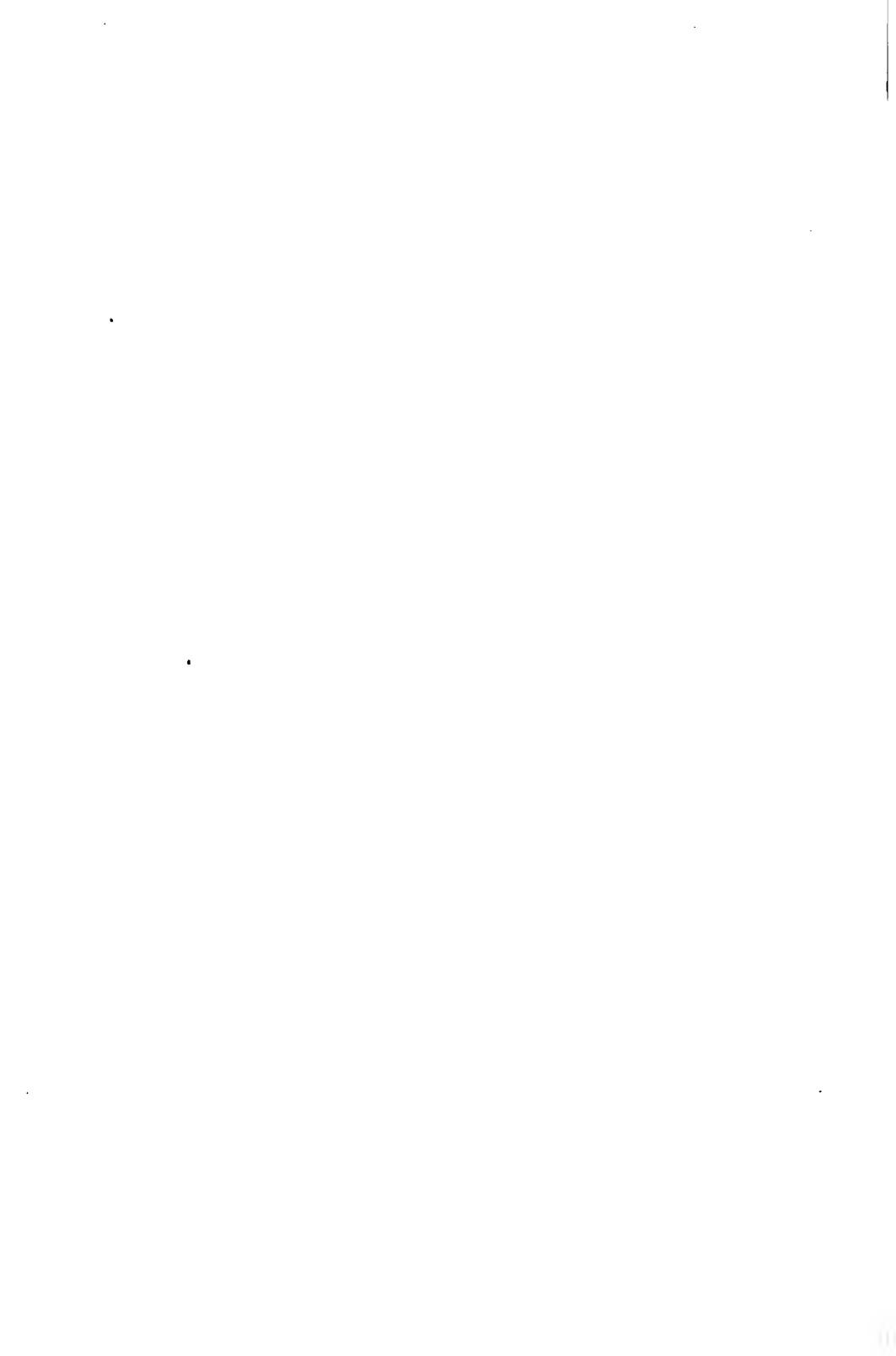
Below these deeps there are reputed to be lower still. Why or wherefore no one knows, but the legend goes that a series of sub-marine passages exists, no longer to be explored except by those who present an order with the Vermilion Pencil. Both these systems we left to their quiet seclusion, and continued our investigations on the surface of the water. All that we did in the way of delving was to examine the borings for an



T'SI MEN CANAL, LOOKING NORTH, SOO-
CHOW—BEAUTIFUL SOO.



PEACH BLOSSOM CANAL, LOOKING TOWARD
FRAGRANT FLOWER BRIDGE, SOOCHOW—
VENICE OF CHINA.



THE CRAZY MAN HOPES THE HEAVENS WILL FALL; THE POOR MAN
HOPES FOR A RIOT.

artesian well here. This has been put down by the Soochow University, maintained by the Methodist Episcopal Church South inside the eastern wall; the well is 388 feet deep and yields three gallons per foot per hour. Layers of brown and blue clay alternate for 292 feet, then come 11 feet of fine gray sand, and below that the 30 feet of coarse, clean gray sand, which is the stratum bringing the water.

On the bank of the inner moat, against the city wall, is to be seen a curious lantern-topped stone with seven faces, each bearing an inscription. It marks the spot where a man fell in and was drowned, and is put up to warn others to keep away, lest his spirit should drag them in too. It seems that the soul of a drowned man remains on guard till it can secure another to replace it; then it goes to its permanent abode.

Bridges of course abound, and have to be made lofty enough for the regular canal traffic to be unhindered. Some of the old ones are most picturesque in their steep rises, which yet do not hinder horses from going over. Now that new railway bridges are coming, they too have to conform to the rule of allowing proper headway for the barges below. But despite the novelties in bridge architecture, the Chinaman cannot credit that a mere Westerner can design without help from Soochow; and an account of Brooklyn Bridge evidently called forth great admiration for the powers of lying displayed.

One of the greatest bridges outside the city is renowned as the "Precious Belt," or "Fifty-three Arch," or "Bridge of the Golden Hook." This spans the river Dai-dai where it empties into the Grand Canal, and carries the tow-path of the latter; it is some three miles south of the southeast corner of the city. At the

north end is a Buddhist temple, where two monks sold us tea for three and a drum for a shilling. They also furnished a tale as to the origin of the bridge. "Li was a great robber who dwelt in the hills beside the Great Lake; as his beard and whiskers were very long, they fell into his food, so he had two golden hooks to hold them up to his ears at meal-times. He commanded a thousand followers, and to those who paid blackmail he issued an exemption ticket which secured from robbery"—quite the method used at Western bazaars. "Nor would he rob poor people, but even distributed among them the plunder from the rich, while officials stood in awe of him. Now he desired to gain merit in heaven, so he decided to build this bridge; and under its foundations he buried precious belts and pearls. At ninety years of age he died—Where did he go? Well, I never heard of his going to heaven, nor did I hear of his going to hell. But his stomach was big, full of righteousness. If his goods deeds outbalance his evil, then he will be in heaven."

A special temple and a pagoda built by Li of the Golden Hooks ensure good luck to the bridge; and this may be the reason why the Chinese surveyors wished to arrange the Foreign Concession here in 1896 after the Japanese war. But the Japanese commissioner dryly remarked it was capital for rice-growing and pheasant-hunting; so the concession was placed on the Grand Canal, opposite the south wall, with deep water frontage of a mile. A good trade has sprung up, and the customs commissioner reports eighty-seven million cigarettes imported here, with nearly two million gallons of oil, and a large export of silk goods, for which the place is famous. The Post Office handles 5,684,750 letters a year.

Bridges bridge the transition from watery Soo to earthy Soo. Pass we over.

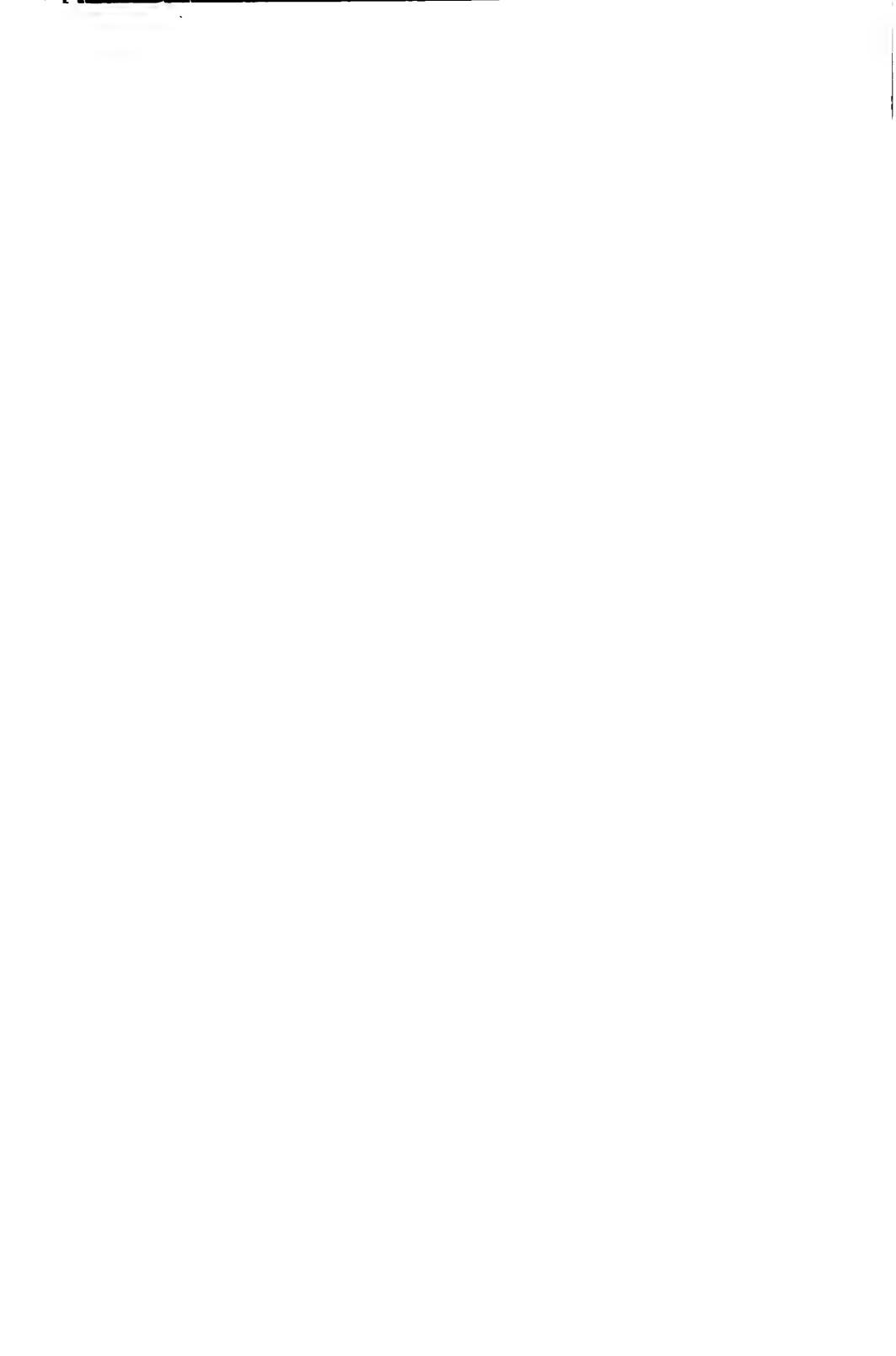


MAIN BUILDING, SOOCHOW UNIVERSITY.
Built by the Methodists of New Orleans.



Photo by Prof. N. G. Gee.

"THE CUSTOM'S BRIDGE," SOOCHOW.



The silken goods which form the staple export are the glory of the place, and the Imperial household gets its chief supplies hence. It is strange to see the primitive surroundings, a little hut with an earthen floor in which they are produced, with their exquisite designs and perfect workmanship. In these uncleanly surroundings a basin of water stands for the weaver to keep his hands unsoiled. He can make four or five feet daily, a yard wide, thus earning 300 or 375 cash and producing material worth nearly two shillings a foot. It is the best-paid occupation in the city.

The Fang Shêng Yüan,* or Life-saving Institution, is unique. It does not deal with human life, and it is rather a surprise to find some 1500 corpses stored here, and rentals varying from 600 cash to \$30, prices varying with locality, fashion, and accommodation. The most expensive room had a glass window and a clock; in another there were silken scrolls with remarks on the family history and character of the dead and living; in a third there were paper servants for the use of the departed and opium utensils to keep up his earthly habits. These apartments, however, were accessory. There is a turtle pond where people desirous of acquiring merit deposit turtles in safety; an old lady watched me fee a coolie to feed them, and congratulated me on thus amassing credit for myself. Another department is for pigs, where a patriarchal boar with a bristly back was wondering that fourteen years had not qualified him for conversion into pork and lard. Other departments benefit geese, ducks, hens, and frogs; the frogs are apparently housed apart to ensure their long life. Attached to this strange zoological garden is the inevitable tea-room, and here are scrolls with reversible sentences, like the reputed salutation to Eve of her

* "Garden for the Release of Living Creatures."

husband, "Madam, I'm Adam"; or like Napoleon's lament, "Able was I ere I saw Elba."

The old Examination Hall still stood at my visit, a useless relic of the past. All too rapid are the changes now, and one hopes that the filial spirit will not evaporate now that the free Western air is breathing o'er the land. A typical story of the past was given by Mr. Yang:

A Chinese gentleman and his son had a fight; during the scuffle the son accidentally knocked out some of his father's front teeth. The father, though deeply offended, because of his son's superior strength was unable to punish, and so went to law. This frightened the son so much that he consulted a man named Tsu, asking him to help him out. Tsu told him to come up the next morning to a high mountain. Although in the dead of winter, the son was dressed in light-weight summer clothes. While he was sitting in the temple on top of the hill, his friend Tsu came up and demanded two thousand dollars before helping him out of the serious scrape. He paid it; then Tsu took out a knife and cut off the offending son's ear. He objected to this, but Tsu told him nothing better could have been done for him; in court the son was to say his father had bitten off his ear, and that in the mêlée the front teeth of his father had come out. The son bettered Tsu's instructions; in the scrimmage he had not knocked out his father's teeth, which would have been unfilial, but when his father bit off his ear his head rebounded up against him and knocked out his front teeth. This sounded plausible to the court, so that they both were dismissed. The father and son became friends and lived together happily. Later the father asked his son how it happened he had thought up such a good defence, as he had not bitten the ear off at all. The son told him Tsu had helped him. The father,

enraged at Tsu, had him up in court, but Tsu claimed he had not helped the son. "Yes, you did," said the son. "Where do you say we met?" asked Tsu. "On the mountain, where you remember I had on summer clothes." "What, in winter?" intervened the magistrate. "Yes, in winter." But this detail was the death-blow of the case, and it was dismissed. A tale like this suggests how far we are from following the windings of the average Chinese thought, and of appreciating their standards.

Trying to understand something of the home life and the national amusements, it was with much pleasure that the opportunity was taken of helping celebrate a birthday. True, it was that of Dr. Wilkinson, but the programme was mainly native.

The Chinese students, nurses, and friends, after preparations going on for some days, made a deal of noise and good cheer. There were minstrels, an orchestra of seven men with a variety of instruments, the Victor phonograph, a present to the popular physician, a juggler who gave two exhibitions, a fine feast of say twenty courses, a mandarin and other Chinese, mostly educated, one the wife of a millionaire.

The evening opened with music by the orchestra, who were also minstrels. This was odd, but at times musical.

At one time during the splendid feast both the Victor phonograph and the native orchestra were engaged in playing at the same time. What a difference! and how superior the West over the East in this matter of music, so it seemed to me! East and West met.

The juggler played certain mystifying tricks, Oriental sleight of hand. He placed a bottle in one cylinder of card-board, a glass in another, and fired off

a pistol, when behold! they had exchanged places. He then spoke of the empty-headedness of the Soochow people. A Soochow man was out one night without a lantern, so he took a candle, lit it, took off his scalp, and put it in his empty head! He told a story of men arguing as to how the Great Pagoda at Soochow was built. One man said that it was begun at the top and built from the sky down to the earth; another man said from the bottom up. Another said it was built on its side and then stood up. A fourth declared it had never been built here at all, but came from another place whole! As a comment on this, he suddenly produced a pagoda of say fifteen stories, and in height about five feet.

What I particularly admired about the feast was that between shark's fins and sea cucumbers (slugs) medicine was served—the famous Chinese remedy, Boho, the immortal Boho. A fine idea,—one to be followed in the West, that of providing in the midst of a banquet a medical course, real medicine, say Boho.

Dr. Wilkinson works at the Blake Hospital, where there is a fine operating-room in memory of two nurses who died after a short practice of their profession here. It is an unfortunate coincidence that the Moslem cemetery lies hard by, with its evergreens, cedars, and olive trees embowering its little burial mosque; or shall we say that the contrast is significant? Islam has nothing to offer but resignation; Christianity has hope and life.

It is high time to pass from Soochow of the earth to Soochow of the sky. In the reality of the spirits there is firm belief. They lurk in the canals near the scenes of death to drag in substitutes; they cross the bridges carrying lights; nothing scares them but the presence of a sinner. Now against all this popular superstition Confucius set the weight of his influence, ignoring the whole subject. Try, then, the Confucian Temple, and



Soo's SOUTH (WATER) GATE.
The City has five such gates, beautiful and interesting.



THE GREAT PAGODA FROM NEAR THE EXECUTION GROUNDS.

see how far his teaching and his memory are revered. There is a grandiloquent ode by Vong Gnow which announces, with the usual truthfulness of epitaphs, that " His road he spread abroad universally; by his teachings he brings heaven and earth into conjunction. He elected and spoke forth the Book of Six Odes. To myriad generations he handed down what he received in his palace, the righteousness of the Emperor Voh Hse [the first Emperor after the creation]. Him did he repay for the righteousness given him, by spreading it abroad till many have worshipped him and a hundred Emperors have paid him reverence." But the temple seems devoted chiefly to the bats, thousands of whom harbour in the ceiling, so that their manure produces a most disgusting odor. So deserted is it that a famous robber chief thirty years ago hid over the tablets and remained in perfect safety.

Contrast the present decadent state of Confucianism with the past. The following eloquent words, written twenty centuries ago by the famous historian Ssü-ma Ch'ien, best describe the position then held by the great sage in the hearts of the Chinese people:

"Countless are the princes and prophets that the world has seen in its time; glorious in life, forgotten in death. But Confucius, though only a humble member of the cotton-clothed masses, remains among us after many generations. He is the model for such as would be wise. By all, from the Son of Heaven down to the meanest student, the supremacy of his principles is fully and freely admitted. He may indeed be pronounced the divinest of men."

From the temple to the pagodas: three of these received our attention, two Pen and one Ink. A

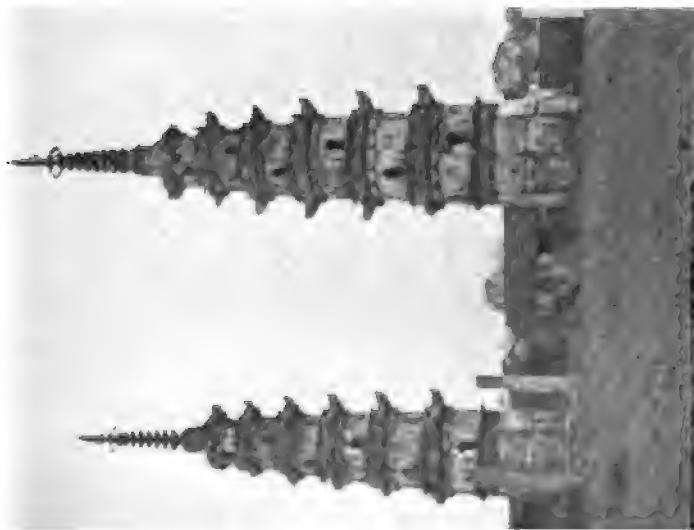
scholar built the Two Pen pagodas to attract the good luck required to ensure good scholarship to the town; but as most of the candidates kept on failing afterwards, he consulted the geomancers, and they showed how absurd it was to provide two pens but no ink. The omission rectified, the candidates passed. We passed these by, however, in favour of the famous nine-story pagoda, with its inscription over the doorway, "From within issues precious light." All around are idols, with blue nightcaps to prevent insects from biting them, and barred in to prevent pilgrims from carrying off chips; the numbers have thus been reduced from nine hundred, and very few are now left unprotected. A Buddhist monk, telling his beads, received the copper for admission.

Fortunately the temple which long stood in front of the pagoda was destroyed by the T'ai-p'ings and never restored; thus an open space is left for observing the fine lines of the majestic structure. A queer old priest, who made the ladies "feel crawly," held two candles to light us up the first flight of wooden stairs, which otherwise would have been groped in the darkness. Up we passed from story to story until the ninth, from which elevation the city and surroundings appeared below and beyond in delightful panorama.

Toward the south lay the great city with its green trees, its green earth mounds higher than the roofs of the houses, the City Temple on Kwon Dzien, in the grounds of which are hawkers crying their wares, Punch and Judy shows, caged birds singing, crowds of populace—the Vanity Fair of Soo; the Soochow University, between the Ink and Twin Pagodas; the Foreign Concession, with its smoke-stacks attached to the Silk Filatures Factory, foreign method; and a great lake.



THE INK PAGODA, 120 FEET HIGH, NEAR THE
EAST WALL, INSIDE INNER MOAT, SOOCHOW.



TWIN PEN PAGODAS, NEARLY 1000 YEARS OLD, NEAR
THE EXAMINATION HALL, SOOCHOW.



Toward the west is the wonderful Lion Mountain, the Mountain belonging to the family of Van, their burial mountain. Up to the time when Van was buried there the rocks lay about as all others do, but when the coffin of Van came the rocks all stood up in all sorts of unnatural positions, and they have been standing there ever since. A beautiful paved road was once upon a time constructed to this mountain, for the convenience of a visiting king who was on a pleasure journey and desired to view the wonders of nature from that advantageous point. Included in this view are the Northwest Gate, the busiest gate of busy Soo, through which the trade of a fertile and active region flows, and the Northern Presbyterian Hospital.

Toward the north, within the wall, is the execution ground; outside the wall, the railway station, the plant of the Southern Presbyterians, then farms and villages, each hamlet with its clump of sacred trees. When from this altitude the perspective takes in a long line of these small villages, the landscape has the aspect of a scattered forest; in reality, the hamlets, frequent and containing each a miniature forest thrown together for the eye's pleasure, please one with the sense of plenty of trees at last in China. The Leaning Pagoda stands on the Hu Cheu Shan toward the northwest. In the distance the mountains of Dzan Zhoh lie low on the horizon.

Toward the east, apart from the continuous stretch of houses out to the Leu Men, the gate Gordon came in, there is little of importance except the lake some thirty li east of Soo. The scenery was invariably beautiful, whether we looked toward the sun this afternoon or away from it, whether down toward the grounds of the

pagoda or toward the distant scenes, all beautiful, and we were reminded that Soo may mean fragrant, whether to the nose or to the eyes! Beautiful Soo!*

PART III.—A SOO NOVEL

For a good literary insight into English life the high-grade novel is to be commended. The actual story is not important, but the atmosphere, the manner of talk, the ideas of conduct, the way in which people behave, these are generally true to life. So a Chinese novel may throw a very natural light on conditions. The plot may teem with improbabilities, but the dialogue dealing with Chinese scenes is likely to be faithful enough. Quite lately there has been published a novel with a purpose, to expose the evils of opium-smoking. My friend R. A. Haden, Esq., M.A., procured it for me and made the following tasty translation. It is one of a series being issued as "Books for the Awakening of the Age." The series is avowedly produced in order to promulgate reform ideas, written in a good, easy style, which can be read all over the Empire. Here is an outline of the plot, which may amuse, but will serve to introduce the powerful opening chapter:

THE HEART-BREAKING WEED

The plot opens in an opium shop in Soo where half the smokers and idlers of the city resort to exchange news and get a pipe. The prodigal hero (?) of the story is introduced here by a relative, older than himself but steeped in opium and vice. This man is the evil genius of the young prodigal, leading him deeper and deeper into the ways of wickedness.

*A short form of the numerals, commonly used for accounts, are known to the Chinese as "Soochow characters," or "business characters." Unlike the ordinary numerals, they are written horizontally from left to right. They are said to be of Bactrian or Phoenician origin.



SOUTH HORSE ROAD BRIDGE, OVER THE T'SI MEN CANAL, SOOCHOW.



SOOCHOW EXAMINATION HALLS ADJOINING THE TWIN PEN PAGODAS.



In London there is a Soochow family with a daughter; this family are very much attached to an English family having a daughter who is much attached to the Soo people. The man has made his fortune, and when preparing to return to China, by mutual consent the families exchange daughters. This English girl is introduced to Chinese life at Soochow, and before she understands what is proposed is engaged to the above opium-smoking prodigal. She is persuaded to allow her feet to be bound. Being of a naturally dark complexion she easily passes as a full-blooded Chinese.

The young man to whom she is engaged reaches the lowest depths of a sot, and is taken with a very serious sickness. The most famous physician in the city pronounces the disease almost incurable. The only possible hope would be for him to be nourished by a young and beautiful woman. Therefore his marriage is hastened. But the supposed willing Chinese daughter gets an inkling of what is afoot, and, being really in love with a young man of standing and merit, she writes a letter to her Chinese friend in London, calling her home. This young lady has been given a thorough education, and having studied medicine is equal to the situation. She makes preparations to return home, but says nothing about her movements. In the meantime great preparations are in progress for the marriage.

The final arrangements are made and the feasting is on; the morrow is the day for the wedding. The English girl writes a letter to her real friend and lover, tells him the whole story of who she is, and states that she is going to take poison as soon as the letter is sent to him. He thereupon also takes opium. In the midst of the confusion, before the foreign doctor can arrive from the Soochow Hospital, Dr. Park being away from

the city, and while they are discussing the advisability of sending for Dr. Wilkinson, who should walk in but some foreign guests from Shanghai—none other than the young and beautiful lady doctor from London! Knowing what she does already, she immediately understands the situation, and takes measures to save the opium suicides. In this she is successful.

She takes the place her English friend has been occupying, and is married to the apparently dying opium sot. So skillful is she that in a month she has her husband up and well. The English girl is married to her lover.

Very much of the book, as in the case with all this class of literature, reveals such depths of degradation, ignorance, and prejudice that one turns away with loathing from the disgusting pictures. However, there can be no doubt that the book gives a real picture of what is the condition of Soochow life at present. Also it is known that there have been foreign women deceived into marriages with Chinese abroad, and that they have been brought back to China. There is therefore some basis for that phase of the story, however startling it may be at first. But the book is not to be read for its plot; it is the tone of the writer toward the evils of opium that is important. It reveals a new spirit in the land, a spirit that is vocal, and that accounts for the ease of the suppression of the internal traffic, or at least of the consumption of the drug.

The preface is such a delightful revelation of what a Soo man thinks a Soo man is, that it may be given almost entire, with merely a sentence or two omitted:

“It has been said that the province of Kiangsu is both prosperous and beautiful, and is reckoned the Crown of the Southeast. Every one speaks of the place as containing brilliant mountains and clear streams, and

it is a place where people collect in great numbers. What, then, are the most wonderful products of this wonderful district? There are three: Men who take the First Place at the Palace Examinations; Actors; and *Beautiful* women. These three classes are produced most in K'su. No other province equals K'su in this respect. There is even an ancient saying to that effect. When the writer first heard this statement he did not believe it, but on examination found that there was abundant evidence proving the statement. The honourable reader should know that from the beginning of the present dynasty to this time Soochow has produced many men who were first in the examinations. A full exposition of this is laid out in the book, 'The Flowery Sea of Sin' [apparently an advertisement of another book in the series].

"The most famous tunes known as "Kunchong" are produced at Soochow. Practically all the actors of the Empire are Soochow men. Further, the teachers of singing, together with the instructors of actors, are Soochow men. The whole class of expectant actors, together with the amateur actors and singers, are all from here. Is this not proof that this product comes from Soochow?

"Now as to the Beautiful Women. It is not necessary to go further than the small place Shanghai. Send there one to go through the whole number of wealthy families of that place, and the conditions as to these women can be easily learned. But you answer: 'I am neither a Nun nor one of the Six Old Wives.⁵ How then shall I gain entrance to these big families?

⁵Literally, "I am not one of the Three Aunts (*San Ku*) nor one of the Six Old Wives (*Liu P'o*)."
In the "Cho Keng Lu," a volume of notes and essays by T'ao Tsung-i of the Yuan dynasty, we find a paragraph on the Three Aunts and the Six Old Wives: "If one of these persons enters a house, it seldom happens that she does not introduce theft and adultery. Whenever possible, avoid them as carefully as you would a snake or scorpion. The *San Ku* are: (1) *Ni Ku*, the Buddhist Nun;

And if one did find entrance, these women are busy from morning to night doing nothing else but attending the theatre, or burning incense before the gods.' Yet if you enquire, the facts are easily learned.

"As to the First Men at the Palace Examinations. Take one generation and compare. Of the three hundred and sixty divisions of commerce and trade, where is the one that does not have its First Man? Even among the lower classes there are those who are reckoned First Man of the class. The literary style of Soochow is the best, and her essayists of fame are beyond number. For this reason the First Place is continually carried off by Soochow. But this is not to be reckoned strange.

"Why, however, should these two classes come from Soochow? There is a reason for it, which I will now give. *It is because the words in their mouths are lies.* There are none who will not flatter for their own ends. With tongues lolling in salty mouths their lips glibly bring forth right and wrong; making use of ready-made phrases they appear all the more convincing. Becoming pleased with their own efforts, they will chew maggots in order to cause others to feel that they greatly surpass ordinary men, even to the bounds of the wonderful. But in reality, with teeth strong and molars set, they only cause others to laugh at their antics.

"Look at the clothes on their backs. They speak only of what is good to look at, having fetching touches. If one should be dressed in a manner that does not shine, this is sure to cause them to look lightly on him. For this reason those of moderate means must likewise be clothed in fashion, wearing the latest pattern. Not only do great families think much of clothes and long gowns, but even their dogs make no mistakes as to

(2) *Tao Ku*, the Taoist Nun; (3) *Kua Ku*, the female soothsayer. The *Liu P'o* are: (1) *Ya p'o*, the female broker; (2) *Mei p'o*, the marriage go-between; (3) *Shik p'o*, the sorceress; (4) *Ch'ien p'o*, the praying-woman; (5) *Yao p'o*, the herb-seller, (6) *Wen p'o*, the midwife." The phrase *sor ku liu p'o* is the Chinese equivalent of "women of bad character."

whom to bark at. For when they see one in short and blue clothes, they expose their teeth in a snarl; jumping about they wag a fierce tail, and that without cessation, showing that they too have got the knack of slighting the poor and currying favour with the rich. Hence it is that men and women in the city primp, prink, and powder. Whatever the time demands, that must they do. If they are not able to afford these things, they spend a few cash and rent them. If they cannot rent, then they with an ever-ready mouth borrow.

"Their one heart's idea is that whatever happens they must attain their desires. Apparently yielding, they are not. Before the fierce every one will be a polished gentleman. Being reviled, he opens not the mouth. Being struck, he says, 'I strike not back.' If there is a method of passing a point, they use that method, whatever it may be. They have a saying, 'Don't move the heavens to obtain the possessions under heaven. Pass the day in peace.' All can show a certain amount of intelligence, but all are avaricious to get a thing a little lower than it should be, and at the same time attain an apparent pleasure.

"There has never been a Soochow man with deep plans, including possibilities and looking to consequences, that urged him on to accomplish some great or worthy deed. There have been no men of noted bravery, or great strength, or broad sympathy. Of course, then, the men being fops seeking to ape the great man, they only become fit material for show, and thus become actors such as Yu and Mang [famous spendthrifts of ancient Soo]. The women are compliant, and thus collect to themselves consideration. With all diligence they show an enticing mien and become worthy to be secondary wives."

The reader who has followed thus far will understand how it is that Soo produces such articles.

"There is, however, another matter, and in this the Soo people are very greatly at fault. What would you suppose? It is a kind of heaven-born inclination to laziness. For, not willing to stand alone, they think only of relying on some one else. If he was born under the roof of a rich family, then he looks to the superfluous shadow of his ancestors and enjoys the property left by father and mother. With superfluous clothes and enticing food he simply draws in his neck and attends to nothing at all. He enjoys the present peace with wealth and honour, without thinking of using the father's position to surpass the elevation of his ancestors. If he is born under a poor roof, he hurries toward the light of, and attaches himself to, the powerful—becoming simply a parasite. Going about he whines for pity; stretching out a long neck, with eyes staring, he looks in every direction for some one to give him a rise. If by chance he has no reliable kith or workable kinfolk whereby he may gain an easy support, providing clothes to go abroad and food to fill up with, why, then, his wife and children are exposed to cold and hunger. Hating heaven and bearing a grudge against earth, he goes staggering in useless poverty until he is brought to deeds of shame, and he stops at nothing. Stealing and pilfering, he searches heaven and earth if by any means he may turn over and obtain a few filthy cash and make himself appear with the face of the rich. The Soo man guards a cash as his life. Whether there be a demand for relief in a famine or to accomplish a public benefit, in the face of such conditions he folds his hands and looks on unconcernedly. To give away a cash is more painful than cutting off a piece of flesh. Moreover, this class of people in their regard for influence and profit have only cash in mouth and heart. If one should point to a certain family zealous in carrying out works of public benefit, they purse up the mouth in a disdainful smile and say, 'The door of charity is opened with difficulty.'

"Then, too, he who is anxious only about himself is unable to comprehend the importance of the multitudinous affairs touching the lives of the people. If the advocate says there has come a telegram calling for a convention for the discussion of public affairs, he turns up his nose in the imitation of a smile and makes answer, 'Oh, that belongs to the important affairs of the Imperial government, and it is not anything that we small people should meddle with.' Tell him a certain man is intelligent and learned, then his eyebrows are elevated in a smile all over his face, and he placently comments, 'Essays and teaching do not answer in times of hunger the demands for rice; ceremony and economy in public business do not cloth the person in cold weather; for he who is without wealth or resources will certainly go hungry and cold.' If there should come forward a worthy affair, they are afraid it is the officials trying to squeeze them and therefore they will do nothing. But when the officials do come down on them with their authority, then they are ready to rush in. Under the impulse of fear, they wrap their cash and silver in bundles, and with both hands pass it up to the great man above. For whenever the official orders a thing done, then they rush forward and to the extent of their ability they perform what has been commanded.

"But of all things that a Soochow man fears most, there is nothing that he fears quite as much as that he will not be allowed to smoke his opium. For he has a strong and immovable determination that he will have his opium. The wealthy say: 'Let the young sons eat opium, and thus avoid the bad houses and gambling dens.' Thus they have devised a most efficacious method of protecting the family property. In order to carry out this plan, they furnish money to some friend or acquaintance with which to go and entice their own

ungovernable sons to smoke opium, until the habit is fastened on them. Besides furnishing this money they thank the enticer with more money. They say he who is addicted to the use of opium loses all inclination to wild ways. Thus the reckless ways of a debauchee are avoided; but the habitué becomes indolent and useless. Day is turned into night and night into day, and interest in everything is lost. Of course, then, they will not go to the trouble to frequent gambling dens.

"Thus their families, men and women, old and young, are as purple-faced and thin-featured as cranes. They are all the time on the opium couch, sucking the cross flute,^{*} giving forth sounds not according to the laws of music. Not only do men-servants and slave girls steal their opium, but even the cats and rats in their houses have the appetite. So that whenever they are reminded that opium has been forbidden, is that not the same thing as saying that their life is in danger? Furthermore, their life is so important that they must go to any extravagance in order to pamper their appetite! Not satisfied with opium they must add to the concoction, while preparing it for smoking, some deer's horn. This addition is for tonic purposes. If one should plead with them to break the habit, they are afraid lest some disease should be induced and they lose their life, therefore they are determined at any cost to hold on to the habit. They have an expression of the heart which says, 'Break off opium, and if it is not the mistress of the house, there will be crying to heaven.' From this it may be seen that there is no more difficult question than breaking off opium.

"It is remembered that an Imperial edict was lately issued, forbidding the use of opium and fixing a time for

* This must be the instrument whose name in Chinese means "cross-wise blow"—referring, I suppose, to the twisting of the performer's neck. Compare Shakespeare, "the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife." The epithet "wry-necked" has been a great puzzle to commentators, who have failed to see that it is a transferred epithet, really referring to the person who plays the fife.

its complete cessation. At that time in Soochow alone there were more than 3700 dens, big and little. All these were ordered to close at once. This so frightened the smokers that their souls flew away and their spirits departed from their place. After a great consultation there were empty reports spread abroad, such as that if the many attendants at the opium dens lost their work there would be a riot and bloodshed. This was with the idea of frightening the officials into easy methods of suppressing the opium and so slackly carrying out the Imperial commands—and in the meantime they would find some easy means of subverting the same, whereby they would be enabled for a few more days to go on with their smoking. For a day more of smoking would be a day more of enjoyment. But the officials were not at all moved—for the thunder rolled and the wind still blew. The doors of the recalcitrant dens were closed and those falling under the mandate were punished, so that the dens were closed both in and out of the city, even in by-ways and alleys; the whole was swept clean. Then followed some more idle reports, saying that the selling of opium by licensed shops was not to be allowed, and the habitués were sorrowful unto death.

“About this time some, thinking to take time by the forelock, bought several chests of opium and had them prepared and buried in the ground. But the most laughable case took place in a family by the name of Pan. The craving in this family was very great. Not only did they prepare opium and bury it, but besides they had a pot prepared, and took a cotton wadded robe and steeped it in the opium for three days until several pounds of the opium had soaked into the cotton. It was then hung up to dry slowly. Afterwards the man began to wear the garment. Everybody was very anxious to know his meaning, but could not fathom this

deep secret, over which Pan was smiling and unwilling to give it away. But his son began to talk, and said it had thus been prepared lest when the final edict of prohibition should be put into effect, and during the disturbance arising therefrom, it should not be possible to get opium; would not the craving become unbearable and his father die? Therefore he had soaked his robe in opium so that when the time came that no more opium could be secured, he would take the garment and chew a piece of it for a while and the craving would be satisfied. Why, then, should he give away this most excellent plan? I hope you who hear this will not kill yourselves laughing.

"But after all is said, the Soochow man is born with a natural weakness. He is seldom ashamed. Not only is this not enough, but he must add to this the poison of opium, and he enters deeply into its very essence. How then shall he be blamed with the laughable things he does? For the government has issued strict injunctions against smoking opium. To comply with the instructions is to bring immediate calamity on one's self. What then will be the condition of the opium fiends and what will be the world to them? If you, reader, do not believe this, just take a cursory look at these fiends. At this very time when opium is being suppressed, their mouths are full of such expressions as this: 'Suppress opium? The government taxes will be less by the amount collected on several million of lamps, and that would not be a good riding-whip to handle.' In their hearts they really hope outside kingdom men will not agree to the prohibition and will insist on importing the smoke stuff that they may control this great sluice-gate of traffic. So that when they hear that in the open ports opium-smoking is going merrily on, there is not one of them that is not secretly glad, hoping as the senile old Blossoming Talent hopes for another examination, that he may try again for his second degree.

“ When he thus expresses himself, is it not deceptive beyond compare, and is it not evidence beyond question? But, dear reader, do not listen to their talk about opium and be deceived by them. For that stuff is the Heart-breaking Weed. When the poor eat it, they waste their time and lose their trade. If persons of means smoke, it is said they can thus protect their property and prevent their sons from the wild ways of youth, this being an efficacious preventive. They do not know that when opium is first eaten it is a powerful excitant to lewd ways. More than half the habitués, without sickness or pain, use the excitant of opium to become truly degraded. When they have indulged for some considerable time, they realise that there is no advantage in it. Any one with a small amount of perception may see in Soochow a class of opium-besotted prodigals who spend their time in nothing else but planning ways and means for leading astray silly women. Having become sots they can do nothing of worth. They think only of their food and how they may satisfy that fearful craving that must be satisfied. They can but devise some means for meeting this demand. There are two most used. He who has some natural good appearance endeavors to marry some rich woman; then eating her, and using her, and relying on her, he passes over a few more days of pleasure. The other is with facile tongue and enticing words and heart schemes deceitful; he only thinks of finding a rich friend, whom he deceives into gambling and leads into lewdness. With flattering sycophancy, stooping to any device in order that he may pass the days he sticks to his prey like a leach.

“ Thus it is evident that opium-smoking leads to gambling and lewdness and every evil—nothing is beyond its depths of degradation. Of old it was said, ‘ Idleness leads to thoughts of lewdness.’ Daily lolling about, smoking opium to the exclusion of everything else, how shall such idleness lead to anything else but

such thoughts? Therefore biting hard on my teeth-roots I can but say, this is an injurious poison, ruining the kingdom and breaking up families. This is not because I have any enemies among this class of people. I have another reason which I will give. About ten years ago, when opium was in a most flourishing condition, there were two silly women in Soo done to death by opium sots. The whole circumstance was pitiable, productive of sighs and tears, and should be sung abroad in lays and stanzas. Therefore I have put my hand to the work of making a book, called 'THE HEART BREAKING WEED.' Whoever reads this book may know that the affections and customs of the Soo people are truly bad. And although I shall be hated by the opium-smoking class, still I should not be blamed for crying out in protest against this evil."

To such a preface, who cannot but say "Amen!" and hope that soon the drug will be removed from the land?

VIII

NANKING

PART I.—THE SOUTHERN CAPITAL

NANKING is not the capital of a province, but it is the seat of a viceroy who superintends the three governors at Anking, Nanchang, and Soochow. As these are capitals of populous and important provinces, the viceroy here is one of the most influential personages in the Empire and his residence clearly demands notice. Moreover, while at present it ranks only as a city in the province of Kiangsu, yet it has been the capital of a kingdom and even of the Empire. There is another city in the same plight—Peking. This is a city in the province of Chihli, whose nominal capital is Paoting, yet Peking is the capital of the whole Empire. Compare with the United States. Each State has its own capital; a tour through Atlanta, Columbia, Raleigh, Richmond, Annapolis, Dover, Harrisburg, Trenton, Albany, Hartford, Newport, Boston, Concord, Montpelier, and Augusta which should profess to deal with the Atlantic capitals might be technically correct, yet people would marvel at the omission of Washington, New York, and Philadelphia on the plea that they were not “capitals.” So we mean to add to the provincial capitals of China the two capitals, Nanking and Peking.

And another paradox: These two are titles, not names. Strictly, the words mean “Southern Capital,” “Northern Capital.” Their names are Kiangning and Shun-t’ien¹ though the nomenclature of Peking is a

¹The real name of Peking is Shun-t’ien. “Kingsz” (京師) simply means “capital” or “metropolis.” It is the Kinsay, or Quinsay, of Marco Polo, by which of course he meant, not Peking, but the modern Hangchow, which was the capital under the Sung dynasty.

study in itself. Leaving this to be dealt with separately, we proceed to present a study of the past of Nanking, drawn from oral tradition, an inscription of 1690, and the official annals of the province. Of this last source we desire to speak again with much respect for the antiquaries who have co-operated to collect and winnow the lore of the past. And we warn all future students of them that these volumes which have been so strangely neglected, even until our own resurrection of them, will soon be inaccessible. In every province the new spirit is touching the officials, and fresh editions are being rapidly prepared, which are Bowdlerised past belief in the hope of eliminating the superstitions and absurdities of the past. But whoso would understand the atmosphere of the fast vanishing China must obtain, even at fancy prices, the old editions of these annals. The task will soon be as difficult as when the immortal Ch'in Shih Huang Ti had all the editions of his day burned, for while it may be hard to credit that "robbers burned these," the glib excuse at so many shops, the fact remains that they are rapidly vanishing from libraries and book-stores.

The story of Nanking begins with that great conqueror and reformer, the Great Ch'in. On his famous tour to inspect the dominions he had annexed, he pitched his camp on the north of the Great River. Rising early the next morning and pushing aside the portiere at his tent door, he saw above the mountain across the water a rosy cloud, and in the cloud the outline of an Emperor. He knew the omen: there was a dragon in that mountain, and a dragon's business is to produce Emperors, therefore this dragon must be interviewed, and some arrangement must be made with him. "Ho! Boats and rowers! Bearers to carry me up the hill!" And in due time the place was located where the dragon abode. Now to deal with a dragon, as with any rival



NANKING.



江
寧

寧
津

Kiangning means "The River's Peace." This is the official name of Nanking, which is translated "The Southern Capital."

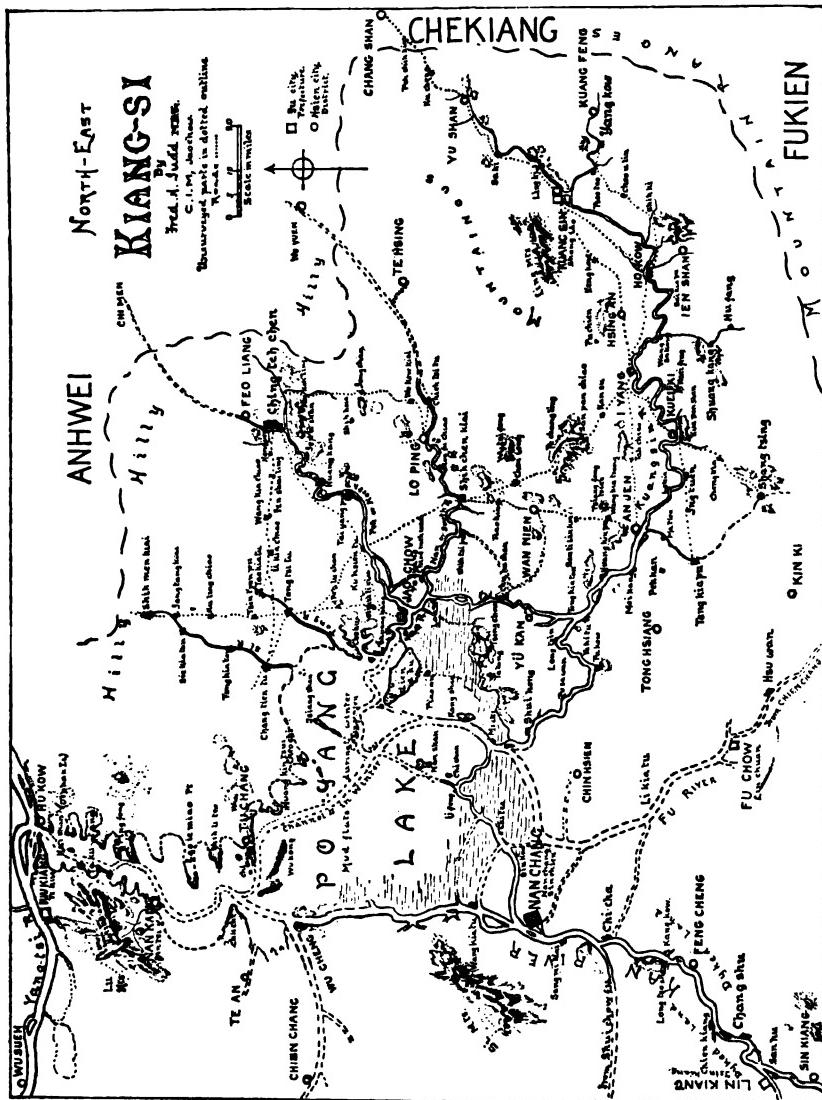
potentate, there are two plans: to take away his valuables and so render him impotent, at the cost of earning his anger, or to present him with valuables and purchase his good will. Ch'in chose the latter. He buried much treasure on the dragon's neck and left him to enjoy it, providing him—and it—with a guard of honour lest mere robbers should "convey"—as the wise call it—the hoard away. Thus about 212 B.C., there was built a camp, Kienk'ang, "Joy Established," which remained for centuries guarding the treasure and ensuring that no Emperor should be born hence to disturb the ruler *de facto*.

To this picturesque tradition may be added another, recorded on the spot by the Vermillion Pencil of the Emperor K'ang Hsi, whose authority for events some two or three thousand years before his time is unimpeachable: "This place . . . was by that ancient book, 'The Tribute of Yü,' included in the region of Yangchow. Under Ch'in Shih Huang Ti it was made the seat of a district and a prefecture, at which time it was called Mo-ling. Under the Han dynasty, Sun Ch'üan² called it Kien Yeh."

When the Second Empire broke up with the Hans, a kingdom called Wu was formed in the lower basin of the Yangtze, and its capital was at one time located at Soochow; at another period it must have been near here—some say it was on this very site. What was the dragon doing?

When the Tatars had conquered the original China, the basin of the Yellow River, while the Chinese held the Yangtze basin, the Eastern Tsin established their capital here, say from 317 A.D.

² Sun Ch'üan (181-252 A.D.) was king of the Wu referred to in the next paragraph. He at first acknowledged the suzerainty of Wei, but in 229 he threw off his allegiance and proclaimed himself first Emperor of the Wu dynasty, which lasted until 277.



When the Tatars were expelled and the Sui dynasty founded the Third Empire, they shifted their headquarters away to the danger point of the north. The veracious K'ang Hsi informs us that under their successors, the T'angs, "for the first time a wall was built, and the city was named Kinling." This may be true about this precise site, but it is hardly accurate to ignore that within a short distance the capital had lain.

When the kingdom of Wu revived, this district became again its headquarters from 907 onwards, but with the Mongol conquest of 1280 it subsided again into insignificance. At this point oral tradition comes again to the fore, far more interesting than mere fact!

A couple of ministers came here from Kambalu (Peking), and it began to be whispered that a man hence would be the future Emperor. Next came a man selling black plums, a strong man, a good leader of soldiers, an officer who grew in power. His soldiers told how the coming Emperor would be found here, purple on his back, green on his head, the Son of Heaven. Many claimants arose; each was taken to the Imperial tablet and placed where the Imperial tablet had stood, but when asked questions of state, some were dumb, others answered folly. Thus it was seen they were not Sons of Heaven. At length the rumor spread that on the Rosy-cloud Mountain, the Hill of Good Luck, was the true man. Crowds went to search and where Ch'in had buried the treasure they found a bare-backed man on a stone, screening himself from the sun with a lotus leaf, but assuredly proclaiming, "I am the Son of Heaven." Many jeered, till a wise man pointed to his back empurpled by the sun, his green leaf parasol, and quoted, "Purple back, green head!" They led him to the Imperial tablet, and his wisdom came out

with every reply to test questions. Thus was the vision of Ch'in fulfilled, thus did the dragon accomplish his destiny, for Hung Wu^{*} led the Sons of Han to victory and drove out the Mongol.

Under the new Ming dynasty this was appropriately made the capital of the whole Empire. A vast wall was laid out and everything was planned on a gigantic scale. Little, however, was really accomplished except a palace, and the choice of the treasure-spot hallowed anew by Pao's staff, and his temple, as the Tomb of the Mings; for within thirty-five years, one year for a mile, the exigencies of defence against the terrors of the north compelled the court to remove to Peking.

Nanking then remains as the Chinese sentimental capital. Here no foreigner has ever reigned; here the Sons of Han have rallied again and again and have driven out the invader. One such, the Manchu Emperor K'ang Hsi, tells what he found on his own visit. "This place [was] hitherto called Kinling [Golden Tomb]. . . . In the course of a tour of inspection we halted for a time at Kiangning [official name, Tranquilliser of the Great River, or Tranquil Spot near the River] with the intention of climbing the Bell Mountain to offer a libation at the tomb of Hung Wu. Passing through the ancient palaces, we saw them overgrown by brambles. These imposing buildings had fallen into ruins; only broken walls met the view."

Now in 1850 the Manchu dynasty seemed tottering to its fall. Its garrisons certainly overlooked every important Chinese town, but their strength had not been tested. A war arose with the Western barbarians, and behold, the Manchus fled like chaff before the wind.

* This is a year title. His name was Chu Yüan-chang, and in his early youth, owing to extreme poverty, he became a novice for the Buddhist priesthood. He is popularly known as the Beggar King. The story of his rise to power is stranger than fiction, and altogether there is no doubt that he is one of the greatest men that China has produced.

Then arose a Chinese leader who thought the hour of freedom had arrived. In the mountains of Kwangsi he gathered adherents, whom he attached to himself by a new rite invented with help from some Christian tracts written by another Chinese. Raising the patriotic standard and the cry, "China for the Chinese," he came down from the mountains into Hunan. City after city fell (although the capital repulsed them), the Manchus finding no support from the Chinese and being usually massacred to the last man. Hankow was a stage in the advance, and with the vessels captured here the whole of the Yangtze basin lay open. Anking fell, and the viceroy was slain. Within thirty-two months from the beginning of the revolt Nanking was captured and the patriot was enthroned at that Chinese capital as Son of Heaven, March 11, 1858. He abolished the Manchu badge, the hair plaited into a cue, and exhorted the people to resume the old fashion of wearing it naturally. But though he appointed kings and generals, some of whom understood their business, he succeeded neither in reorganising the great Empire that was already in his power, all the middle and south, nor in driving back the alien Manchu to his Manchuria. Little by little the Chinese lost confidence in him; the Manchus at the north pressed again, and a miscellaneous army led by Western barbarians was recruited against him in the south and centre. His revived Chinese Empire soon weltered down into chaos; some wretched cities were besieged and taken six times in three years, and at last (1864) the Manchus closed around the doomed capital of Nanking. One hundred and forty forts were erected around it, miles of earthen ramparts were thrown up, and all the horrors that Josephus records of Jerusalem, down to cannibalism, were

enacted within. After six weeks of isolation the walls were breached with mines, and most of the patriots were massacred.

One survivor we interviewed, now an old man of seventy-eight, Mr. Yin. He had been captured by the T'ai-p'ings, the "Peace-givers," as they called themselves, and his life had been spared on condition he joined them. Having no weapons, he had to serve as a coolie. He was not at the capture of Anking and the three days' sack that followed, having gone to his home three hundred and sixty li away, but was captured later. After working for a year as a labourer, he was sent on to Nanking and enlisted in the body-guard. There was, however, little fighting at this time, only mining, so he was sent back to the country, where he took part in twenty fights. One of the most notable sieges was the defence of Ch'angchow, where there were about 20,000 on each side. The T'ai-p'ings would quit the defences and come out to fight on the level plain. Twelve days did this last, the bullets like rain, the blood like rivers, the bodies like leaves. But there was no fear among the T'ai-p'ings; they worshipped God and were not afraid. The city was captured at last. He got a thrust in the back, but escaped with his life; as he thinks now, he was preserved by Providence to witness for the Gospel. Most of the defenders were put to the sword, and as they went to the execution ground, some braved it out to the last, cheerily rubbing their necks and saying, "My neck itches here; please take my head off."

Mr. Yin remembers a great religious service in the T'ai-p'ing army, when the officers led the soldiers in kneeling and repeating aloud twenty-four sentences beginning, "Praise God! Praise Jesus Christ! Praise the Holy Spirit!" When the worship was over the paper was ceremoniously burned. That service con-

veyed nothing to him, for there was no teaching, and foreigners were very dubious as to the whole movement, hesitating to use the opportunities it offered. But some ten years ago Mr. Yin heard a foreigner preaching outside the Treasury, with an unruly crowd saying, "Foreign devil, devil words!" Yet the foreigner gradually won their attention and his interest, his sympathy. He enquired, joined, and is now an earnest Christian.

The T'ai-p'ings began to fail when they neglected their religious services! The Chinese rising was premature and ill-considered! It reminds us strangely of the rising under Cromwell to throw off the yoke of the hated foreigners from the north, the Stuarts. There was the same mixture of patriotism and religion, the same success in the field, the same inability to organise so as to win the confidence of all, the same collapse within twelve years, the same riveting of the foreign yoke. Will the parallel go further? Within thirty years England rose again and the Stuarts fled. What of China? Let Nanking answer. A shepherd wandering over the desolate hills where the Tomb of the Ming lies forlorn, met a stranger in antique garb. "Is the day light?" The shepherd, bewildered, replied literally, "Only dawn yet, not light." The Ming⁴ hero turned and went back, awaiting till the Rosy Cloud shall shine and the dragon raise up the deliverer.

PART II.—THE NEW NANKING

Nanking is not what it was. Gone is its famous porcelain tower, carefully unbuilt by the T'ai-p'ings because of its geomantic influence. Gone are its manufactures, once so famous that "Nankeen" was a trademark as well known as Sheffield and Brummagern.

⁴Ming means "light," or "bright."

Where palaces gleamed, there the beautiful shalo tree throws out its bunches of seven leaves, or in early summer blooms with flowering spikes, or in autumn yields its chestnuts, "good for heart-ache." Where the Imperial tomb ought to command reverence, the ginseng grows for medicine. Houses have yielded to groves of quince and apricot and cherry. Within walls thirty miles in circuit, only some 140,000 people dwell. It is a city of departed glory. True, an arsenal is there, and a powder-mill, with naval and military colleges, but these are the sort of establishments that offer no hope for the future. An effort is now making to rejuvenate the city. The first Exposition, or White City, was held in tastefully sculptured buildings creditable to the originators of a great national exhibition.

Of the old Nanking we saw among others two relics, the bell and the scissors. The bell has a famous story of how the Emperor bade the founder cast him the largest bell in the world; how he failed again and again; how his daughter's death would reward his failure, and how at the crucial moment she threw herself into the molten metal as a sacrifice; how the bell was cast, and ever since has pealed melodious notes. Will this legend long be told? The new edition of the annals has a note that "We have taken the chapters on virtuous widows and filial daughters and have incorporated them in the chapter on brave women." Omens have disappeared from this edition, and perhaps there will soon be a revision as to suicide.

The "scissors" is a mass of cast iron somewhat like a damaged X, reputed to have fallen from heaven. Close at hand are upright stones for supporting a pole, and the idea forces itself on the mind that all these relics point to an ancient temple or pagoda here.

Every new dynasty gives the signal that the sacredness of public graves is ended. The idea that as wor-



TUAN FANG, THE PROGRESSIVE VICEROY, CAGED THE MING TOMB ELEPHANTS TO PREVENT FOREIGNERS CHIPPING OFF MEMENTOES. NANKING.



KIANGSI VASE.



ship there encouraged good luck, the new ruler desired to stop that, and to build up new good luck to accrue to his line. A more prosaic explanation is that a large quantity of land is thus rendered available for cultivation—and taxation! Perhaps we have here an added inducement in the minds of some reformers to change again. On the other hand, precautions are being taken by the conservatives; a student returning from Japan two years ago was talking so freely that an official was sent to draw him out. His utterances were revolutionary. To save wider trouble, he was promptly beheaded.

The graves have been rather disturbed of late. New forts have arisen on the hills around; we do not know whether one of them revises the guardianship over the Ch'in-Ming dragon. But the most striking alteration has been due to the immigration of the foreigner. The new establishments have drawn a few aliens to erect or to supervise, but there has been a slow infiltration of Americans, till now there are sixty-four men and women from across the Pacific, representing seven different missionary societies. This began in 1876, when the memory of the T'ai-p'ing movement was still vivid. To secure a foothold was not easy in the face of suspicion and abuse, and for four years the hold was most precarious. Within six years there was a dispensary, a day-school was going, and evangelisation was carried on in city and country. Two years later a girls' school was opened, but this was a venture of faith. Men hardly dared taste food in a foreign house; women feared that trap-doors might engulf them, and only after some days did one timid little girl venture in. For three days she would do nothing but eat, and the first lesson offered scared her away.

To-day five such schools house three hundred girls, all gleeful in kindergarten and the most approved American methods. Even the graves on the local Wu Tai Shan were displaced to build a theological seminary!

In one important respect the Americans have broken new ground. The Chinese believe firmly in ghosts, and think that a suicide haunts the house. What house in Nanking can be free, after the two sieges and the wholesale self-murder of the women? Every well in the city has at one time or another been full of women! Hence there is always a good supply of haunted houses in the hands of the agents, and frequently the missionaries and their converts secure bargains. In one case they had an ineligible house cheap; when the preachers had reared prosperous families, the former owner took it back with restored *fēng-shui* at a high price. A fortune-teller asked with some surprise if we had no ghosts or devils in America; hearing that we had none, he sagely inferred that our religion had driven all over here. It is a fine idea that Christianity is a prophylactic against ghosts. At present the approved method against them is to send for a sorcerer or call in Taoist priests or Buddhist monks to chant and drum. It may become more popular to hire a Christian as tenant!

The Christians are getting ready to cope with the demand. Four professors in the Theological Seminary have forty Chinese who in three years will all be out preaching. Meantime they study, especially the New Testament. And the law students find that they too must know church history if they would understand law! So from all motives the Christian teachers have their work abundant. May they rejuvenate Nanking!

IX

ANKING

PART I.—A WALK ROUND THE WALL

ANHWEI is a modern province with a name made up from syllables of the names of its two chief towns. There is a university in Texas known as Ad-Ran, from Adolphus and Randolph, two brothers who founded it; their system of nomenclature is quite Anhweistic. The first syllable here is difficult to pronounce and is sometimes spelt Ngan.

This capital Anking is on the Yangtze north bank, some 860 miles up from Shanghai and 150 from Nanking, for which city in ancient times Anking was said to exercise the claw-throat grip. In shape it is rather a flattened circle with a gate at the northwest, one at the southwest, two on the river front, and one on the west. Its outstanding feature is the rolling character of the area within the wall, furnishing perfect drainage and superb building sites. A native describes it as 9 li and 18 steps in circuit; to the north carrying the Big Dragon on its back; on the east bounded by a lake; on the west limited by a river; on the south looking over the Great River. Thus it is distinctly one of the smallest provincial capitals, and may contain as few as 70,000 people; nor has it any obvious means of support, but swarms with officials *in esse* and *in posse*.

The size of the city being moderate, Missionary Lee * and myself decided to circumvallate it and study its characteristics from the wall; at one point only was there

* Edmund J. Lee M.A., who with his associate Missionaries of the American Episcopal Mission are sympathetically and successfully working together with the C.I.M., to Christianize the Chinese of Anking.

much temptation to come down, to investigate the Great Pagoda, as to which separately. We decided to travel "deasil," in due accord with the sun, so as to have him at our backs all the time and have the good luck of contemplating our own august shadows.

Just outside the North Gate, Chê Hsien, "Meeting-place of the Wise and Virtuous," lies the execution ground, signalised to all and sundry by a Buddhist stone bearing inscriptions, "Call on Buddha," "Call on the Great Goddess of Mercy," "Those Beheaded or Strangled are thenceforth Free from Suffering." No execution was due that day, and the governor did not offer to arrange one, but the etiquette is thus reported: As soon as the governor receives the Imperial death-warrant, he forwards it to the local magistrates. A tablet bearing a tiger's head has the name of the criminal inscribed, issuing from the mouth, and this goes to the prison, where he is at once congratulated on his imminent release from suffering. Being allowed plenty of wine and pork, he is bared to the waist, tied on a chair without top or sides, and escorted out of the gate. At this point an officer falls in ahead of him with a gleaming knife; at the ground he kneels down with the exhibition knife in front, and suddenly the real executioner comes from behind with the practicable knife and sweeps off his head. The executioner rushes into the city, cleanses his weapon in the temple of the god of war, offers a cheap sacrifice to avert any evil omen, lets off fire-crackers,¹ and draws his eight hundred cash. Meantime the crowd on the wall shout and clap to scare the spirit away from re-entering the city. This double knife arrangement is illuminating. Advertisements of practical chimney-sweeps are thought stimulating. Evidently in many professions

¹ Fire-crackers began to be used in the T'ang dynasty.

FAMOUS MEDICINE STONE AT THE EAST GATE OF
ANKING.



BUDDHIST STONE ON THE EXECUTION GROUND, OUT-
SIDE THE NORTH GATE, ANKING.





安慶

Anking means "Peace and Happiness," or "Peaceful Congratulations." The name Anking (安慶) is composed of two parts. "An" (安) is also composed of two parts; one a "Roof" (宀), the other a "woman" (女) the whole combined means rest or peace. "King" (慶) is composed of three parts; a "deer" (鹿), a "heart" (心), and a "trailing walk" (及). Denotes the ancient practice of presenting deer skins on festive occasions. Modern meaning is "congratulations." Hence the name Anking may be said to mean "Peaceful Congratulations."

one man poses, but another does the work; does he always draw the pay?

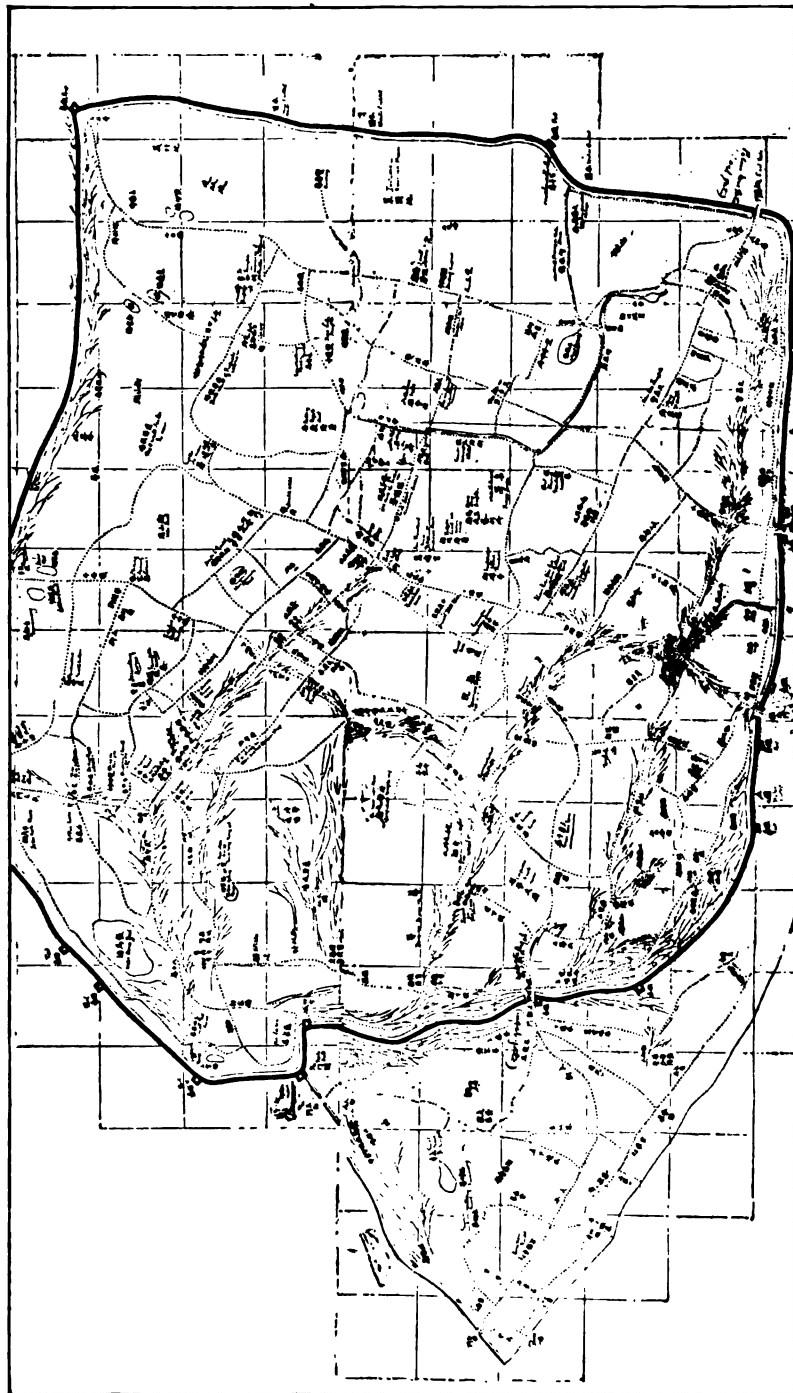
Just beyond Westwood's China Inland Mission was a magpie's nest, carefully preserved for good luck. The crow would be hooted off as a harbinger of bad luck: "The crow must not open its bill." Other tokens of luck a-wanting were strewn about, in the shape of coffins waiting for the geomancers to determine a favourable spot for interment, and sheltered meantime beneath mats or tiles.

Set into the battlements is a horizontal inscription composed of four large characters² which seem to say, "Ought-to-be-a-city is fortified by nature." A native scholar explained that in ancient times a great general came upon this spot and said, "This is a proper place for a city; there ought to be one here." So the legend goes that Anking was first called "I," or "Ought-to-be." "Is fortified by nature" signifies that none of the hills are artificial, as at Kaifeng, Peking, and other cities; it has just been placed here on this rolling land "according to the Will of Heaven." We do not hold ourselves responsible for this translation.

Along this section the wall has been recently repaired. Since the mutiny two years ago new guard-houses, and military schools have been dotted about. Hitherto China has been a literary nation; she wants only ten years to complete her conversion, and then will be a military one. Then, as the Anking proverb runs, "Look at the master's face before you beat the dog!" There was an exhibition here, and its buildings are now used for a government Middle School. Of primaries there are hundreds; of high schools there are ten, including special provision for girls, surveying, law, science, etc.

²The word "ideograph" is inexact as applied to Chinese Characters, except for a certain small class.

ANKING-ON-THE-YANGTZE, CAPITAL OF ANHWEI.



One such institution, a little further on, was the Police Learning Hall. At a recent commencement the governor and other superior officials were attending, when a man drew a revolver and missed the governor; a taotai, snatching the same weapon, was more successful with three shots. The governor was carried back to his Yamen, sent for the American surgeon Taylor, and bade him operate on the abdominal wound; "Take it out, take this one out." But the injuries were too severe, and he died. A Chinese doctor was also summoned, but he merely drew a fee of eight hundred taels. It seems that a plot was being elaborated which might have led to a serious rising, but the precipitancy of the first man prevented any further developments. One of the conspirators had the presence of mind to eat the list of those who were banded together, and though suspicion lighted on him there was no proof, and he remains in the police. But evidently there was wide-spread anticipation of trouble; a double rank of police students had been drawn up, between whom the governor passed, and the assassin followed him. On his hand the assassin had written "*Kinhu* (protect me)," which he significantly showed to the students, and they expected what followed. He did indeed succeed in killing the commandant, then went with some followers to the arsenal, saying that the governor had sent him for munitions; but the keeper fortunately would not act without a written order. He was arrested, and at the government Yamen his heart was torn out and presented on a dish to his victim's wife, after which he was beheaded. There can be little doubt that the governor richly deserved his fate. and lived in terror of it. He was the man at Taiyuan, in the Boxer days, who brought the Roman Catholic missionaries to the

Yamen under pretence of keeping them safe, and there murdered them all. Here at Anhwei he was most suspicious; all his food and tea were prepared in his presence, a sentry always stood at his door, his bearers always went at the run, his face showed constant watchfulness and fear. Yet such an ill judge of character was he, that he himself appointed to office this revolutionary, fresh from Japan, who proved his murderer. Whatever the character of the governor, it would never do to slight the incident, therefore the hall where he was assassinated is now being converted into a memorial to him, with his tablet prominently displayed.

Not far off is the shrine to the God of the Soil. He, being a rustic god, ranks lower than the City God. Within the walls it is his business only to attend to the vegetable gardens; but outside, the farms fall into his jurisdiction, besides the graves which are dotted about every few li. In a general way he is adored with incense and fire-crackers, but in spring and autumn he has extraordinary festivals, when gongs are super-added, prayers are chanted, and fish, chicken, and pork are presented at his shrine and consumed by the Taoist priests and the gardeners. Perhaps, however, quite as much good is done to the soil by the careful enriching it receives. Near the old Mint buildings men are busy scraping out the bottom of a pond; this is one of the favourite sources of fertiliser—when the moat dries, all the gardeners may be seen cleaning it out and adding works to their faith in the god.

A little further on the Peace Society had its flag out and its workmen repairing the graves of the poor. The generosity of this guild is devoted to various beneficent ends. It provides coffins and burials for executed criminals and for paupers; for the indigent it has stores of clothes, drugs, herbs, and even rice; these may be obtained under cost, or, in case of extreme need, free.

The guild is composed not only of officials but of merchants and the richer classes generally; its flag has an inscription telling its aims.

The East Gate is officially named Ts'ung Yang Men, incorporating the name of a town some ninety li along the road, much as Manchester has its London Road and Oxford Road stations. On either side of the outer gate is a soft marble slab some five feet high, credited by the natives with highly medicinal properties, especially for asthma and indigestion. They scrape off a dram of the white stone, infuse it in boiling water, and drink; so both slabs show signs of deep wear.

A tea-house outside the wall here, opposite the pagoda, saw the detection of an imposter a few years ago. A holy Buddhist nun was on a pilgrimage, protected by a banner-man or soldier; many nunneries had been visited, and the charities of the faithful had evidently poured in plentifully, for a settling of accounts was undertaken here, in which the valet felt himself wronged. He therefore laid an information before the magistrate, who speedily summoned the nun and cross-questioned her. Finally he ordered her to strip in the court. Even an ordinary woman in China would rather commit suicide, but the "nun" proved to be male. Strange to say, he was allowed to disappear. He well illustrated the proverb, "A bird's heart is hidden by its feathers."

Turning westward along the river front, the small South Gate, K'ang Chi, "Peaceful Crossing," is soon reached. Over the door of the tower is a tablet with four characters, "River Kingdom Wind Clear." These lend themselves to many interpretations. "The wind blows gently on the river in the Empire" might be a poetic way of saying that the customs throughout

the Empire are good, so that even nature obeys a good officer. The story goes that in a great flood the town was swamped; the governor bade the minor officers pray, but nothing happened; when he himself passed out of this gate and ordered the waters to be scourged with thirty strokes of an iron chain, they at once receded several feet. The Emperor heard, and ordered that the high character of the governor, thus recognised, should be immortalised in the inscription.

A little further along is the main South Gate, Chêng Kuan, which gives access to the main street, leading to all the government offices, past the temple to the memory of patriotic citizens. Outside the West Gate is a large suburb, itself guarded by a subsidiary wall with three gates.

From the wall it is easy to descend to the principal mosque, a large and lofty building where tall, straight, wooden columns support the roof. The tablet to the Emperor, so usual in public buildings, is not on view here—one of the signs that a Chinese Moslem, despite his attire and speech, is not quite a trustworthy subject. The community is flourishing, maintains a school of its own, and, numbering four thousand, is strong enough to have a second mosque outside the wall. Here, indeed there is a conspicuous tablet with an inscription to this effect:

“ Hung Wu, first Emperor of the Ming Dynasty, autograph: the Hundred Characters of Praise. The name of Mohammed has been recorded in the archives of heaven. A propagator of religion, a great preacher, born in the west, he received thirty copies of the heavenly classic to teach the people. Head teacher of myraids and millions of people, head of many sages and teachers, able to help the heavenly doctrine, able to protect the people, he prayed five times a day, and silently

prayed for peace. Ever he set before him the true . . . Careful was he to love the poor and save them in the hour of trouble. Knowing also the affairs of hell, and able to save the soul from sin, his compassion and love will change the world. His devotion is greater than any; depraved doctrines will be subdued by it. The name of this religion is Pure and True; Mohammed is the greatest of all holy men.

“Written by Tsung Yüan-ching with clean and reverent hands. The original tablet of praise was destroyed by soldiers during the reign of Hsien Fêng. This one is set up in the twelfth year of Kwang Hsü [1886].”

One of the staple manufactures here is “India” ink. A room is prepared with protuberances over walls and ceiling, oil lamps are set smoking, and the soot settles on these. When removed it is compressed into the familiar oblongs, or may be worked into elaborate shapes, figured, and packed with taste, to send to some scholar, as in our gustatory and less artistic lands a box of chocolate will be sent to a fair maiden.

Hu, an ex-geomancer, was introduced to us and undertook various commissions in the way of copying inscriptions. His biography is quite interesting, and he is one of the best human documents we have met. He was born at Tungcheng, one hundred and twenty li away at the foot of a range of hills, in a tiled brick house, his father being a government courier and his mother from a farmhouse. As a baby he was called Leopard, his father's baby-name having been Tiger; later on, when it seemed he was to be the only child, and as there were but few relations, he was called Primogeniture. His father, grandfather, and grandmother

were buried at first west of the city; then the coffins were moved to the south, as his own five sons all died and the people assured him the graves had bad luck. A geomancer confirmed the verdict, and was invited to live with them while good luck was being secured. This took nine moons, and Hu became interested in his methods, inspecting the mountains with him by day and studying books at night. Presently he began to acquire a little reputation as a geomancer himself. A neighbour came and invited him to report on the grave of his son, as since the burial a brother and a cow had died within twenty moons. A visit and a diagram revealed that a mountain stream running on each side of the coffin made it decidedly unlucky. He picked out a better spot ten li away, and the coffin was exhumed and reburied there; within a year another son was born, and Hu's reputation was established.

He had already lost all faith in idols and in doctors, for when his fifth child was ill he had prayed to every god he could think of, had spent all his savings on five doctors, and had sought to call the god's attention to his house by cracking looking-glasses to reflect it and make it as tall and conspicuous as his neighbours'. He had been vainly approached by Mr. Têng with invitations to come to a mission hall and hear about the one true God. Now he threw over all worship, invested in a geomantic library of fourteen books and a large compass, and was ready as a consulting geomancer. The compass, by the way, is an ancient Chinese discovery; the card is divided, not into sixteen points as with our sailors, but into twenty-four, and the south pole is the one marked.³ Though he was consulted about ancestral halls and about pig-sties, yet his specialty was in

³The compass is said to have been invented by Chou Kung 1110 B.C. under the form of a "south-pointing chariot," in order to guide on their return journey certain tribute-bearing envoys who had come to China from Tongking. This, however, is pure legend; and although the Chinese

fixing graves, and the leading principle he followed was to secure a spot sheltered from the wind, so that it would be kept dry. In a damp place the coffin would rot, while ants and worms and snakes would get in; then the spirit would feel unpleasantly crowded, and would intimate as much to his friends by setting fire to their house or causing some other disaster.

Mr. Têng did not relax his efforts, and persuaded Hu to buy a mat and pray to God at home. Two moons later the two men met by accident outside the preaching hall of the China Inland Mission, and Hu was induced to enter. He took to regular attending, and in the sixth moon of the Sheep Year he was converted. The crisis was reached by the illness of his daughter, which began on the one day when the evangelist had omitted a visit. When he heard, he came round at once, and found that the mother was attributing the illness to his coming; evidently it was more plausible to put it down to his forgetting to come. He carried off Hu to the hall; they fasted and prayed, and next day the child was better, and soon was quite well.

Hu took down his geomantic sign, cooked his breakfast with his ancestral tablets, opened a shop to sell earthenware, and hung out a notice, "Jesus is my Lord; I am His little assistant." For his mission he is really able to give some help as architect and surveyor, for in his former studies, mixed up with wild theories, there were some empiric observations of real value; so the Chinese Christians who will not call in a geomancer have a friend who will advise them freely as to a sanitary site for building.

may have been acquainted with the properties of the magnet as early as the Christian era, there appears to be no authentic record of the use of the compass as a nautical instrument by them previous to the twelfth century of our era.

It is curious that another mission, that of the American Protestant Episcopalians, has in the centre of the city a pagoda viewed with much favour by the people as being on the Dragon's Heart and improving the good luck of the city. It certainly is in a most desirable spot, gives a fine view of the whole town, and is an admirable place for afternoon tea. As it stands on Two Bachelor Alley—bachelors being a species very rare in China—it is appropriately given over to the women, who have four blocks of buildings in the same enclosure. There also is to arise a handsome church, adjoining the temple of the City God.

The headquarters of this mission are close to the wall on the north, where we end our tour, alongside a fine new government school. Here they own, or have secured options on, about fifteen acres, but one desirable plot is owned by a Naboth who refuses to part with the lucky spot on which he was born. Fronting the main street is a dispensary, and behind it are fine twin hospitals for men and women, where a Chinese lady doctor has charge of the female department; some 20,000 patients come here every year, as it is the only such establishment for a district some two hundred miles square, with five millions of people. At the rear, close to the wall, and open to the inspection of soldiers in the new guard-house, is a four-story brick building, a fine high school for boys, who come from the primary schools in the city and country and are prepared for a related college at Wuchang and a university at Shanghai. So excellent is this school that some government officials prefer it to the public schools, and its accommodation for one hundred and twenty seems likely to be taken up at once. In another corner on the main street is the only girls' school of the city, able to hold sixty boarders and accomplishing results among the Christians and others of the higher classes; its

alumnæ find ready posts as teachers and nurses. In the centre is a handsome new cruciform church to seat six hundred, intended specially as a school chapel. Various residences are dotted about the campus, and it is found that the native professors expect to be treated and housed on an equal footing with their foreign colleagues. Just outside is the home of Mr. Tsêng, a most obliging and scholarly deacon, who occupies a semi-modern two-story building.

Is our walk a parable—to begin with human nature, brutish and criminal, at the execution ground, and end with the most humanising institutions in the city?

PART II.—THE PRECIOUS TOWER OF ANKING

Outside the Eastern Gate is the Pride of Anking, the Great Pagoda, which since the destruction of the porcelain one at Nanking is uncontestedly the finest in the Yangtze valley—at least so river skippers told me. Seven stories high it rises, and each level is defined by a row of small bells hanging outside, tinkled by every passing breeze. In its grounds stands a temple called Welcome the River. This king of pagodas is kept in excellent repair. Its official title is Chên Fêng, Wind-moved; if it really sways with the wind, it might be turned into an admirable seismological observatory, where every earth-tremor would be magnified at the summit. As it is, or is reputed to be, so elastic, no heavy bell is swung aloft. In the temple, however, one is suspended, with a rod pendulous alongside; the monk on duty strikes this, and the boom re-echoes among the timbers of the roof, awaking the gods and soothing the worshipper; as the sound dies away, another stroke carries on the strain, and so there is perpetual prayer. To this a short ode alludes:

" Confusion and hubbub on the banks of the Great River,
 Carts and horses abound. Temple doors stand erect,
 Bowing to mountains and rivers. Flowers and grass cover the steps.
 Silent is the incense-stand. As the rod strikes the bell,
 Silent too the water."

Here is a native description of an ascent; notice the highly zoological comparison of the spiral staircase:

" To admire the good scenery I pleasantly and quickly ascend.
 Let me ask the monks of the temple about the past and the present.
 The green mountains on either bank open a book of pictures;
 The half of the river tinted green ruffles my poetical spirit.
 To penetrate the skies, I mean to ride the golden dragon.
 Enjoying the moon, I caught the hare.⁴
 Ascend another story; the universe seems small.
 A myriad measures further and the Roc's journey is surpassed.
 The way is like the sheep's intestines, the path is like the snail.
 The thousand turns demand help at your hands.
 Story by story, strangers try and write lines;
 Step by step, what tourist but would chant a stave?
 The lofty tower pierces space, it points like a pen.
 The flying boats weave the waters like shuttles;
 Leaning on the balcony, I try to note the swallow's flight;
 How far is it to the palace of the moon? "

As this effusion tells of the inscriptions which decorate the pagoda, the *graffiti* of many visitors, after ascending the tower myself I sent Mr. Hu and two assistants to copy them. They came back with one hundred and five, a few of which were cabalistic and evidently embodied something of secret society lore, such as a Freemason will leave for the initiated to recognise. Most of them were intelligible, and, to the credit

⁴Much legend and superstition has gathered round this animal, which has for many centuries been associated with the moon, the first mention, being in the poems of Ch'u P'ing, fourth century B.C. In later times the hare in the moon was believed to be occupied in pounding drugs for the elixir of life, and is frequently so depicted. (See illustration page 389.)

of the Chinese mind or of the proximity of the temple or of the purifying influence of the view, not one was indecent. Some had come hoping the good luck would heal them, some to obtain sanction for their wishes. Of course the greater number are in verse, for every scholar aspires to be a poet. A sample may be taken from each story, beginning with the lowest, or "head story":

I

"On all sides inscriptions good and bad; all of them the work of fools.

I too, a fool, scratch my scrawl, for I too am clay of the same lump.

(Signed) "A Man from the Tung'ting Lake."

II

"For a myriad li stretch rivers and hills;
The fount of poesy brims and fills;
Can aught this earthly dream dispel?
Yes, I hear the beat of the bonze's bell!"

Which sends us to Giles' "Chinese Poetry in English Verse," where we read, "Twixt Heaven and Earth":

"Upon this tall pagoda's peak
My hands can nigh the stars enclose;
I dare not raise my voice to speak,
For fear of startling God's repose."

(Yang I, 974-1080 A.D.)

The story runs that as a child the poet was unable to speak, until one day, being carried up to the top of a pagoda, he burst out with the lines in the text.

So far as signatures tell, this from the second story is probably the only one by an educated woman:

III

" In the court of this old shrine
 Grow tall trees of years untold;
 Here too anchorites recline,
 Free from care, in peace grow old."

IV

" Like a pillar in the midst of the stream,
 It has stood for a thousand years;
 If you smile that I've nothing better to say,
 Wait till we come on another day."

V

" From windows high I gaze, and look towards this spire,
 Through all these shameful days, my heart glows like a fire;
 The foreign devils hate my kin, and in their train they lead 'em,
 When will my people rise and sing the battle-cry of freedom?"

VI

" Many a hero has mounted this stair
 And left here an ode we may read;
 Hills are eternal, they still look so fair,
 For men of the past our hearts bleed." *

" A VIEW FROM AN OLD TOWER

" The story of a thousand years
 In one brief morning lies unrolled;
 Though other voices greet the ears,
 'Tis still the moonlit tower of old.

" The heroes of those thousand years?
 Alas, like running water gone!
 But still the fever-blast one hears,
 And still the plum-rain patters on.

" "Twas here ambition marched sublime;
 An empty fame scarce marks the spot. . . .
 Away!—for I will never climb
 To see flowers bloom and man forgot."

* With this compare the following, from Giles'.

VII

“ Tiny bells are tinkling as they hang on every side.
Cast from the glowing heaven,
Earth displays the shadow of pagoda, Anking’s pride,
To make you smile.—John Bevan.”

These are extempore effusions to be compared only to the pencil scrawls on the Parthenon, or at best to the panes scratched with diamond rings in Shakespeare’s home. But the temple at the foot has a couple of scrolls with epigrams which are of high merit; they certainly are extremely obscure, which is an attribute of much classic poetry:

“ WELCOME THE RIVER TEMPLE

“ Before my face are seen the green hills,
And we think of the three thousand worlds;
The cloudy pathway is studded with peaks,
And the level earth has its troubled waves.
I have come in the Boat of Mercy
And climbed to perfect vision.”

[*Note*.—Mercy’s Ferry-boat is a figure in Buddhism as familiar as Charon’s boat on the river Styx. And the “perfect vision” is not that of the outward eye, but the illumination of the awakened spirit. Otherwise, the writer has just crossed the Great River, Yangtze, and likens the ferry-boat to the Ferry-boat of Mercy. Then he has climbed the Great Pagoda, and thinks that as the ascent took him away from the noise and strife of the world, so this “perfect vision” is the result of holy living, and hence of holy thinking.]

“ The river’s heart is crystal clear;
The full moon seems to listen
To the eight hundred notes of Sanscript prayers,
While the frost-covered bell reflects the sky,
Revealing the thread of destiny
And answering the longings of those
Come back from the sea of bitterness.”

[Note.—We speak of the eight notes of the gamut.⁶ “Frost-covered” suggests that it was written at the season when the great bell was covered with sparkling frost. What it reflects is more than the visible firmament. “The thread of destiny” suggests the familiar image of Fate, and the concluding words describe the returning penitent.]

Highly poetical—containing plenty of Buddhist doctrine—fair sample of the higher-class poetic writings for scrolls, much prized by the Celestials!

The scene which presents itself to the visitor from the top balcony of this pagoda when the city of Anking is celebrating the Feast of Lanterns commands the admiration of the beholder.

PART III.—LOCAL ANNALS

The “Victoria History” of England has its prototype in the official annals of each province. A literal translation of the Introduction to those of Anhwei is characteristic:

“ My sovereign waves his golden sceptre over a wide realm, and nothing escapes his view. He has bidden the provincial authorities without exception to hand up maps of their cities and districts; not that he desires to boast of the extent of his domains, but because he desires to take the hills and rivers in one view, to understand the usages of the people and the productions of their lands; in a word, for that purpose for which the Holy Kings of old used to make a progress through their states.

“ The district of Anking was the seat of a lordship in the ancient state of Wan⁷ [Anking is officially spoken of as the capital of Wan], and Huai⁸ was the chief city. On the north it touched

⁶There were originally five notes in the gamut: (1) *Keng*; (2) *Shang*; (3) *Chio*; (4) *Chi*; (5) *Fü*. These were afterwards supplemented by two others, making seven in all.

⁷Wan is rather a district in the old feudal state of Ch'u.

⁸Huai-ning is the modern name of the district city which merges in the prefectoral city of Anking.

the boundaries of Shansi, on the south of the kingdom of Wu. Is it not to be regarded as a barrier between those hostile nations? Its capital, Huai, has rivers and lakes on three sides, like sleeves and belt, while a hundred children of the Great Dragon looked up to it with complacent hope [*i.e.*, a hundred little lakes reflect the shadows of the passing day].

"Among them many distinguished men have sought retirement and have passed their days in peace. The soil is rich, the habits of the people economical, while education is refined and morals cultivated—meaning literally, filial sons, kind brothers, and chaste women tread on one another's heels and look on each other's shoulders.

"The left bank of the river has always been considered easy to govern, and especially has this been true of Huai-ning. In the ante-Confucius period this region was called Shu, and was divided into six Hsien, which are mentioned in the [very ancient] book of Tso-Ch'iu Ming.⁹ In the time of the Warring States, the days of Mencius, this region was included in the kingdom of Ch'u. Under the dynasty of Ch'in it was in the department of Kiukiang (Nine Rivers). Ch'in Shih Huang in his twenty-eighth year crossed the river Hwai. . . . The history of the Han dynasty states that the region south of the river Hwai formed a principality named Lü kiang. . . . The mountain Chien Shan was then called Wan, and the city south of it was called Wanhien. . . . In the period of the Three Kingdoms it belonged to the kingdom of Wu, and Sun Ch'üan, the king, included it in

⁹This book, which is really a commentary on Confucius' "Spring and Autumn," or "History of the Lu State," probably took shape toward the end of the fifth century B.C. It is commonly known as the "Tso Chuan," or "Tso's Commentary."

Wuchang. . . . Lin Mēng made an attack on the city of Wan, and built a fortress at the gate which is now called Ts'ung Yang, the present East Gate, distant about two li; tradition still calls it Lin Mēng's Fort. . . . In the Chin dynasty, it was included in the district of Sinyang; under the Liang dynasty part was made the principality of Poyang. Under the Ch'en dynasty it was again made a separate district, the department of Anking being divided into four. A garrison was sent to occupy the place; the commander of the north collected the population of the country around and enclosed them in fortifications to the south of Wan. Under the Sui dynasty [founders of the Third Empire] it was called Hsichow, under the T'ang dynasty it was called T'ungan; the name was then changed to Shengtang; Huai-ning was separately established as the city of Wan. . . . The city was built on the north bank of the river Wan. . . . To the present time moat and walls remain, the ruins still to be traced. . . . The city called Wanyang was 30 li to the north of the present site, and is now called *Shenkou*. Near it is a trace of a wall said to be that of the city Prince's Bath, where an heir to the throne was born. When the Third Empire broke up, at the beginning of the Sung dynasty, it was called T'ungan, and the copper coins were minted there bearing that name; afterwards it was called the Anking Garrison. Under the Yüan dynasty [of Mongols] it became the Anking Circuit; at the beginning of the Ming dynasty it was changed to Ningkiang, but later reverted to the old name of Anking, and at the beginning of the Manchu or present dynasty the old names were retained."

That is to say, this district has been bandied to and fro between rival princes, its boundaries have often been changed, and the city is comparatively modern.

But if the political history is obscure and unimportant, two things are tolerably stable, the agriculture and products.

In the way of edibles, two things are proverbial, Ts'ung Yang bean curd and Tung Chêng oil twists; these local productions are held in repute from days of old. Of live stock, cows, sheep, dogs, and pigs are raised by every family. Pigs are the special pets of women and children, and are fattened to tide over the expense at the end of the year, "for oil and wood." If the Irish call them "The gentlemen that pay the rent," the Ankingese are equally clear that no family can prosper without a pig.

In this connection it may be recalled that the Chinese character for "home" (家) is a suggestive compound consisting of a "pig" (豕), under a "roof" (宀). This is one of the small class of characters I alluded to previously, which can properly be termed "ideographs."

Of grains there are a hundred kinds. Yangchow is especially famed for its rice, one sort glutinous, the other not. Early rice comes from Kiangsi, white rice from Hupeh. A yellow rice is ready for the table in two moons, and is therefore called "sixty day"; another kind is described as "devil's rice." Suining provides a dwarf late rice; other kinds are called willow rice, from the shape, and hemp rice, from the colour. One species with a plump round grain is known as "Buddha's belly."

Of celebrated men there are many anecdotes, but most of them seem to relate to the recent times, the Chinese dynasty between the Mongols and the Manchus.

In the last reign of the Mings at Anking, there was a poor young man by the name of Wang who had married into a very rich family. There were two other sons-in-law, both rich, and he alone was poor. A grand-

son being born, the father-in-law on the third day suspended a bow in the hall, and according to usage invited many guests to a festive gathering. Many of them brought presents. Wang's present was insignificant, and his clothing was in rags. His father-in-law was ashamed of him, and declined to place him alongside of his other sons-in-law, ordering that the food for his entertainment should be given him in a rear apartment. When the feast and revelry were going on, Wang had no part in them. His mother-in-law, however, took pity on him, and ordered that a feast should be spread for him on an upper balcony. A bowl of millet soup was sent up to him, but the chop-sticks had been forgotten. The mother-in-law, who was there on the balcony with him, plucked the hair-pins from her own head and handed them to him to use instead of chop-sticks. Going away to meet the other guests, she left him alone. Enraged at such treatment, he ate only half the bowl of porridge, then left the house. The next day his wife's brother looked him up and asked him to return the golden hair-pins. Wang, being suspected of having stolen them, offered to go in company to the temple of the City God to purge himself with an oath. On entering the gate he stumbled and fell, bruising his head so that the blood flowed freely; and all the by-standers said, "Why take an oath, since the god has already inflicted condign punishment on a dishonest man?" Wang had no resort but to leave the place, taking up his abode in the Imperial capital. Here he obtained the rank of Chuang Yüan,¹⁰ winning the highest laurels of the Empire, and obtaining high office along with this great distinction. He returned to

¹⁰"Chuang Yuan" corresponds somewhat to the Cambridge Senior Wrangler (now extinct), as being the first man of his year in the whole Empire. Very little account, on the other hand, is made of the military examinations—or was, until a year or two ago.

Anking and called for his wife's relations; said he, "I have come this time for no other purpose than to settle my accounts with the City God. He, the City God, has accused an honest man of being a thief; how can he any longer wear the title of 'Wise and Just'? I intend to collect a crowd and punish him for it." That very night he and his wife's parents had a dream in which they were told to open the shrine behind the idol. On opening it they found there the long missing hair-pins. Thus not only did the clever god escape the threatened calamity, but the long pending strife between the two branches of the family was happily settled, and the stain on the name of "Laurel-bearing Champion" was forever removed.

Two of the twenty-eight books of Annals are taken up with the names of women who sacrificed their lives to preserve their chastity or restore their good repute. A new edition of the Annals is in progress, even as the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is re-edited every few years, and it is remarkable that many of these tales are disappearing. It is not clear whether chastity is less esteemed or suicide is more discouraged, or whether other womanly virtues are felt to demand equal recognition. It is a melancholy fact that from the days of Sisera to the days of the French and Russians in Peking after the Boxer rising nothing has been expected after the storming of a city but the slaughter of all men, the plunder of all property, and the ill-treatment of all women.¹¹ Here are three instances, taken from the agony in which the Ming dynasty succumbed to the Manchus:

¹¹ According to Li Ch'ian, a T'ang dynasty commentator on Sun Tzü, "The march of the Han Emperor Kao Tzu into Ch'in territory was marked by no violation of woman or looting of valuables."

Ch'êñ Shih¹² was the wife of a petty official in the reign of Ch'ung Chêng, the last of the Mings, both of whom were captured by roving bandits. The robbers raised their swords to slay him, but she flung herself in front; four of her fingers were cut off, and she was left for dead. The garrison of Wan revolted, fired the city, and plundered the storehouses. Liu Shih, separated from her husband Yen Su, threw herself into a boat, but seeing her relatives trying to escape she dared not take the risk, so plunged into the river and drowned herself. When the city of Anking was captured, the family of Su Shih hid in the Imperial granary. Robbers discovered them, and killed a maid. Mrs. Su smeared the blood over her own face to make herself ugly and elude the lust of the robbers; then she seated herself by a well, ready to throw herself in. Seeing her father and mother-in-law in the hands of the robbers, she took jewels from her ears as ransom, and on this being refused she heaped invectives on them, whereupon they cut her to pieces.

On the south there is a mountain called Hoshang, "Buddhist monk," as bare of vegetation as a monk's head is of hair. The name is no longer especially appropriate, for most hills are equally bare now; but then, since the old proverb, "If you are not a Buddhist monk, you don't catch cold,"¹³ the Manchus have compelled all men to shave their heads. However, this particular hill derives its name from a monk named Yang who in a long drought prayed for rain, which came at once. On a later occasion he prepared a great

¹² "Shih" here only means "Mrs."

¹³ The Chinese have several facetious sayings in reference to the monk's bald head, for example:

"A priest is only a thief with a bald head."

"Like bald-headed men becoming priests"—they are ready-made articles.

"Like putting an olive on a priest's head"—a difficult feat to accomplish.

THE OLD MINT OF ANKING, NOW A GUN WORKS AND ELECTRIC PLANT.





heap of wood, and bade them burn him if the rain did not come. It did not, but three streams of fire and smoke burst from his body and consumed all. Hence the mountain was named after him.

Among the distinguished scholars is to be noted Fungking, who studied at the Hill of Ten Thousand Pines; he graduated as first at the prefectoral, the provincial, and the Imperial examinations. A court eunuch obtained an order that he should choose a wife from the eunuch's family, but he declined, and married a daughter of the royal duke Wên Chung, who evidently appreciated both his ability and his moral courage. He became a Hanlin, and as censor was most faithful in pointing out the errors of the administration.

It will be noted that the Annals contain nothing marking any real progress; these tales of the seventeenth century would be in perfect keeping with the days of Ch'in, two thousand years earlier. There is another section of the Annals, dealing not with facts but with ideas; poetry is largely independent of time and place. Some of the Anking poems have been selected with care, and the only peculiarity to be borne in mind is that a fine poem often opened the way to high office.

Begin with verses by Wen T'ien Chiang, a minister of Sung:

" Amid wind and rain I pass a second time by Ichien;
When I come, my hair whitens again.
Strategic points are these on the Long River,
But where are the *men* of the Central Kingdom?
Descendants are here of the wicked and barbarous [Tatars];
Mighty fish stiffen their angry scales;
Stopping here, I do not care to go ashore;
I refrain from seeing the remnant of the people."

Under the Mongols, or Yüan dynasty, Ch'en Shihssü wrote the following ode:

"Anchoring at night in the region of west Hwei,
 Hoar-frost gathers on the traveller's robe;
 On the bank the door of the wine-shop is shut.
 Beyond the river the rebels consume like bush fire;
 Their cloud passed loyalists rise like the moon.
 The wind abates, the waves die down;
 The former paths beneath the city wall
 Lead once more to the southern home." *

Many of these verses abound in allusions which are hard to recognise, yet which constitute their beauty. To render them into English prose is to evaporate their delicate hues; but to attempt verse is to misplace the emphasis and to lose the terseness of the original. An octave by Li Hsien-fang may, however, be imitated:

"Clear is the shining after the shower,
 Ripple the waves like the scales of a trout,
 Banks, as they wind, every village embower,
 Clouds and sea blend as the current runs out.
 Fish and rice bought from a marketing boat
 We can have cooked on this city afloat.
 Such are their ways: if to live you would know,
 Empty the view, they no counsel bestow."

* So long occupied by the rival Sung dynasty.

X

NANCHANG

PART I.—LAKE AND LADIES

KIANGSI is a watery province. From the Yangtze there is no trouble in reaching Lake Poyang, which in shape resembles an angry cat. Into the Poyang empty streams from the east and south and west, and the hills where they rise form the boundaries of this province. From the south most combine into the Kankiang, which below Nanchang opens out into an intricate delta before it empties into Poyang. Therefore there is much water-carriage, by sampan and junk, by launch and steamer. Spice is added to many a journey by the possibility that the channel will suddenly shallow. So at some seasons, especially at the New Year, placards are posted on the vessels' prows:

“ In the Five Lakes and in the Four Seas,
Let this boat travel wherever it please!
Round the Nine Corners, round the Three Bends,
Let the oar swing without any rends.”

A Chinese steamer had the privilege of conveying our caravan, and we had the privilege of paying for the whole saloon to ourselves. It afforded a dry chamber, no small boon in a province where, to keep the channels full, the rain comes down day after day, and all day. Mutual interest was aroused: the strange foreigner with his wonderful machines; the father and son letting off crackers over a grave, the painted young lady peering in at the window, the boys and girls playing on the deck, the tightly wedged opium-smokers. The Chinese

navigators ought to make a reputation for daring; the vessel was probably classed Z1,000,000, or whatever is furthest from A1, before it was sold as old junk, but it was run cheerfully till the coal gave out and a boat had to go for more or till it ran into the bank. The value of a foreign life was gracefully acknowledged by nine life-preserving cork-jackets placed in the saloon. Was it not on the Mississippi that when the race developed to the point of piling a nigger on the safety-valve, all passengers who had paid their fares were tenderly assisted to good places near the boats?

The lake was full, as is only fair after days of downpour, and the steamer was warranted to steam all night. But at times the water runs short and develops a large series of mud flats.¹ The popular trust in its idiosyncrasies is such that the proverb runs, "Cross the Poyang? Take one hundred and eighty pounds of rice,"—to guard against starvation by the way. Besides providing water-ways, it breeds good whitefish, of which we tasted excellent samples. The very people learn to become amphibious, and work unconcernedly with water to right of them, water to left of them, water beneath them, and water pouring down upon them. It keeps them beautifully clean, but we are not surprised to hear of much pulmonary disease.

The Brethren have found an appropriate field for their labours here, one of their Christian Missions in Many Lands. We had the good fortune to attend one of their special diets of worship, which began with an evangelistic service conducted by a tall, lean native, helped by an organ, armour-plated with sheet-iron against damp and ants. When the time came for baptism, Mr. Price took charge; perhaps in the local circumstances there may be some reason for this, but the apostle Paul said his business was to preach the Gospel,

¹ The southern part is said to contain deep portions.

南

昌

Nanchang means "Splendour of the South."

not to baptise, a work which he usually delegated to others, exactly as Peter and his Lord had done. Why should the Chinese be led to think baptism is so special that the head man alone can perform it? The service was certainly attractive, and a heathen lad came pushing his way to the front that he might watch the hot water being poured into the baptistery.

There was something rather more surprising to native ideas. The women were baptised first, a Chinese deacon announcing their names one by one, amid respectful silence; last of them came the fair daughter of the foreigner. Here were matters to think over—the foreigner polite enough to put Chinese first, but also putting women first! What about our Western etiquette here? What is our reason, and is it good enough to override the Chinese? We read that Adam came before Eve, and there is no example even in the Bible of women being given the first place, while there are many examples there to the contrary. If we look at principles, we find such as: First the natural, then the spiritual; keep the good to the last is not all the reason of putting mere men to the front, and reserving ladies for the post of honour afterwards as in the navy! It is somewhat to be doubted whether it is wise to reverse Chinese notions without a strong and definite reason that is often clearly explained and will stand examination. Plenty of singing took place while a few changes were made, and then four men were baptised, and that too in the same water that had been used already for the women! More amazement for the Chinese!

Yet there is one instance on a large scale in this province of how ancient prejudices can be defied with success. For women to travel alone is rare; for unmarried women to live alone is almost indecent. But there was a large district where no male missionary could get a foothold at all, and some brave women determined

to try. To-day there is a whole chain of stations occupied only by women, who have conquered the antipathy and are doing good work. And so Kiangsi presents the curious spectacle of a province where the single ladies far outnumber the men.

This was the first baptismal service we had seen in China; there was no departure here from the original. There is a great talk now of union among Christian bodies, especially in the mission field, and a general acknowledgment that no arbitrary differences should be allowed to obscure the great agreement. To-day there is a most general union among all scholars as to what baptism was when our Lord adopted it and ordered it. Now what a pity it is that when Christian scholars are so thoroughly agreed as to what baptism was, when many of them belong to churches which permit it, when there is no local reason against it, that they talk about union and exhibit disunion! "Union" too often means that everybody else is to change his mind and unite with the speaker. Why not try this rite, so simple and so expressive, as an instance where needless and puzzling variety can disappear?

PART II.—PORCELAIN, POPE, AND OTHER PRODUCTS

Kingtehchen is the seat of a porcelain manufacture far more celebrated than Dresden or Sèvres. In the rebellions the town was wrecked and the workmen were dispersed, but when peace was restored, back they drifted and revived the industry, though not on the scale that once obtained, when the daily consumption was "one thousand pigs and seven thousand tons of rice."

The famous factory was founded by the Emperor Chén Tsung in the period Ching-tê (1004—1007 A.D.), from which its name was taken. It became the great-

est ceramic centre in the world, and nearly all the fine Chinese porcelain known in Europe has come from its kilns. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, in the reign of K'ang Hsi, it contained the stupendous number of three thousand kilns and harboured a million souls. The Jesuit missionary, D'Entrecolles, describes its appearance at night as that of a burning city. Compare Longfellow's "Keramos:"

" And bird-like poise on balanced wing
Above the town of King-te-tching,
A burning town, or seeming so—
Three thousand furnaces that glow
Incessantly, and fill the air
With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre,
And painted by the lurid glare
Of jets and flashes of red fire."

At Kingtehchen clay abounds, and brushwood from the neighboring hills supplies excellent charcoal for firing the kilns. So delicate is the work that different woods are used for different wares. The "egg-shell" so favoured in Western lands finds little favour among Chinese. Design and colouring determine the value among these artists. The year's work begins about the third moon of the year, when commercial travellers from all over the land gather here with the new patterns. If this idea of new designs—as though pottery were blouses—seem revolutionary to our ideas, we are reassured to know that the potters are too conservative to allow any one in their town. Desereted it may have been for three or four moons, but now they come back from their winter sojourn on the hills, and compel the travellers to stay in inns or guild-houses across the river. When the new patterns are selected, work is begun.

Moulding is done in one part of the town, and by daylight, but the biscuit is taken to another part for further processes. They say that there is greater quiet on the streets after dark, and that this favours the artistic temperament and conduces to a restful piece of work. They dislike any porcelain that shows "fire" in it, and think the painter must be calm and undisturbed. So each studio is small, lest the artist should be annoyed by companions; and the studios abound in the town. The kilns are attended by a rougher class, often hundreds employed at one furnace, and they herd together in lodging-houses with the mere potters. Often a fireman will load up a board five feet long and a few inches wide with three or four dozen bowls to be carried to the kiln; if on his trot along the crowded alley he meets another, great is likely to be the catastrophe and wild the fight that will ensue. The artists, of course, hold themselves aloof from these carriers and all the lower class, living by ones or twos with their apprentices. But in their solitude they easily succumbed to the insidious temptation of opium, so that there were more than a thousand dens open when the recent crusade began, and the misery in the city was often intense.

One special section was given over to porcelain for the Imperial Court. A kind of Imperial insignia was the dragon with five claws, and this was forbidden to the ordinary worker or owner. But a foreign demand arose, and though the authorised makers would not supply it, piracies were soon on the market from other sources.

With a population of this kind, women are scarce; they are not trained for artistic ends, and serve only to keep the lodging-houses. The general effect is that

of a mining camp, migratory and rough, with the one saving element of the artists. Because of the influx of people from so many districts many strangers try to get in, but the precincts are jealously guarded, and the reputation for clannishness and roughness has kept most outsiders outside.

Missionary Judd tried hard to obtain entrance, and did get so far as an inn across the river, whence he preached in the market or visited the commercial men at the inns, trying all the time to rent a place, despite the warning that naught would avail without political influence. His first step was to hire a loft over a charcoal warehouse; but one man set himself to oppose the invasion, though there is some reason to think that a commission on the rent might have assuaged his scruples. Did Mr. Judd hear of a place "For Sale," or "To Let," by the time he got there no placard was to be seen, and he was told that it was disposed of. At last a bargain was struck, the deeds were prepared, the feast was spread; but at the last moment a flaw was discovered and the agent refused to complete, while the missionary fled with the money in face of an imminent risk. Yet in the end the opponent was outwitted; Mr. Judd heard of a place, but had to walk seven hundred li to get the ready cash which alone would be accepted, and a foothold was obtained in this exclusive and difficult centre.

The headquarters of another religion are at Lung-hu shan, no great distance off. The Taoists profess in a way to ground their religion on the teachings of Lao Tzü, who would probably be much surprised to see what has come over them. But in practice the Taoists serve priests, governed by bishops who are invested by a Pope. And he lives on the mountain here. From the State stand-point he is the head of the religion, and is held responsible for the doings of his people.



CHANG TIEN SI, THE TAOIST POPE.
Taken at his Yamen, Shang Ch'ing Kong about 200
li east of Nanchang.



Napoleon found it so useful to have a Catholic Pope whom he could bully, and thus influence Catholics, that he declared he would have had to invent one had he not existed;² from this stand-point a Taoist Pope is a most useful functionary, and is duly recognised. From the Church stand-point he is quite an imposing person, and gives this account of himself. He is the vicar on earth of the Pearly Emperor in heaven, and has control of all spirits. By charms he can drive away demons, by the magic sword he can expel them, by the power of his spells he can imprison them; and as guarantee of good faith he has large jars full of them, bottled up under his magic seal, but able to be liberated to work mischief on those who thwart him. If such are his powers, his genealogy is no less astonishing. Chang became such an ardent follower of the supreme Shangti that he was at length raised to the gods as the Pearly Emperor. From his family ever since has the Taoist Pope been named. When the present incumbent has fulfilled his span and can no longer gather in the taelis of his votaries, a procession to a sacred well casts in a piece of iron, and when it floats the name of the new Pope is inscribed thereon.

The Taoist "Pope" is known in Chinese as *T'ien Shih*, "Master of Heaven," or "Divine Teacher." In the body of the Taoist Pope is supposed to reside the soul of a celebrated Taoist, Chang Tao-ling, who lived an extraordinary long life on this earth (84-156 A.D.), after which he discovered the elixir of life and became forthwith an immortal. At his death the precious soul above-mentioned will take up its abode in the body of some youthful member of the family, whose name is revealed as above described.

² Somebody said: *Si le bon Dieu n'exista pas, il faudrait l'inventer.*"

Now just as Saxony is noteworthy for her Dresden porcelain and her Martin Luther, so Kiangsi has her really exceptional porcelain and Pope; but the province of course abounds in more ordinary products. A few of the rarer are worth mentioning, not mere rice and wheat, but mustard and moss, for both internal and external application; quince and pomegranate; rose-leaves to flavour sugar for export; grass for wicks and for cloth; all sorts of medicinal roots; furred animals in abundance, tigers occasionally being obliging enough to bring their pelts to market at Nanchang; pelicans and periwinkles, and all sorts of fish and fowl. But minerals do not seem to form any staple product yet. Nor is this exactly necessary, seeing the Taoists claim to be able to turn base metals into gold by some secret, uncanny, and magic process, a mischievous pursuit. We are reminded of Diocletian's famous edict: "He caused a diligent inquiry to be made for all the ancient books which treated of the admirable art of making gold and silver, and without pity committed them to the flames." *

PART III.—GATES TO THE SOUTH

The city itself is placed just east of the one important river. A geomancer was consulted a thousand years ago as to its location and form; he advised that in a watery province it should be well moored to one pagoda in the north and one in the south, also that for Good Luck all its gates should open to the south. Consequently the only gate at all on the north is hidden in a corner and masked by a barbican opening westward, the two gates on the east and the two on the west are recessed and barbicaned to open southward, while the real South Gate presents no difficulty; so all the Fair Influences from the south find ready access to the city.

* Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," p. 277.

The place is well watered within, three lakes being a conspicuous feature in the centre. The walls are watched by sentries, and every one passing through the gates is well scrutinised. A large parade-ground on the east marks the centre of the military element. Perhaps Good Luck is equally well assured and an even better garrison provided by the Methodist schools on the north and east, the Brethren on the west, and the China Inland Mission on the south. None too strong a force, twenty-five Europeans all told, for a population providing ten to twelve thousand apiece for them.

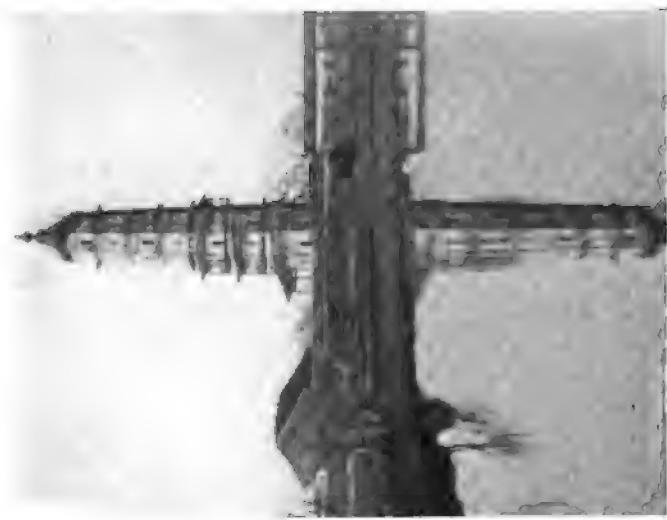
We had a walk round to study the antiquities generally. Beginning in Western fashion at the north, we sought in vain for the north mooring-pagoda. The river undermined it some time ago, and it fell; no one troubled to repair it. Evidently geomancy is to some extent losing its hold. At the Northwest Gate begins a handsome street paved with granite, which runs right down the centre, and after one jerk to the left, to throw out any spirits, curves along near the wall to the South Gate. Very likely the jerk occurs where the two counties join in which the city is situated. The great Western Gate is close to the river, and all officers coming to take up their duties make their official entrance here. The county offices are hard by, while the governor, the treasurer, the judge, and the chief constable have their offices clustering further in, on the Granite Street; the prefect of the district is to the north.

The South Pagoda proved more accessible than the North. A T'ang Emperor campaigning in Korea found there a hard, black, lustrous substance which he brought into his camp; noticing that no snow fell to incommod him, he carried it along and found that the same good fortune continued, so when the campaign

was over he brought it back into China. When he fell ill, a Buddhist priest cured him, and in gratitude he bestowed on him the precious talisman. The priest brought it to his home here, and it was built on to the top of this pagoda. Unfortunately a governor early last century did not understand its virtues, and threw it away. Since then storms have not been warded off from the city, and during our stay it rained most of the time. A late governor repaired the structure, fixing its height at seven stories, and finished it off with a wooden torch nine feet high, plated with brass and gilded with fifty ounces of gold. Far back in the centuries all the property around the South Pagoda and the China Inland Mission belonged to a man who felt he could not serve a corrupt dynasty, and so spent his time fishing in the East Lake and playing the guitar to such good purpose that the dragon of the lake came and danced to him.

A Bachelor of Arts, old style, favoured us with a fuller description of the origin of pagodas in general and of this one in particular. In the Liang dynasty, soon after 500 A.D., the Emperor T'ai Ch'ing⁴ fell ill, and vowed to do something very virtuous if he recovered. To fulfill the vow, he called in his favourite monk for advice, and sent him on a mission to India to get a set of the Buddhist scriptures or a specially fine idol. After three years' absence he returned, with the specifications of the new style temple with eight sides, of which four were blank, while four had open windows with oil lamps to light wandering spirits and demons. Hereupon the Emperor ordered all ruined pagodas in the thirteen provinces of his dominions to be repaired on this model, and endowed people to tend the lamps. The money is still drawn, though the lighting ceased at the Emperor's

⁴ "Wu Ti" is his dynastic title. He had seven *nien-hao* or year titles, of which "T'ai Ch'ing" (547-549) is the last.



THE GREAT NANCHANG PAGODA NEAR THE
C.I.M. A LUCKY SPOT.



THE HORNE BIBLE SEMINARY TAKING LESSONS IN BOTANY,
NANCHANG.



death. These two pagodas were built on the top of a large dragon worming his way northward, and are so arranged that his pulse could be conveniently felt.

Hard by the pagoda is a poor-house, supported by taxes, subscriptions, and an endowment. The latter also provides a girl-foundling hospital and a free ferry. Besides 400 people actually in the almshouse, there are 200 receiving out-relief to the amount of a room and 900 cash monthly. Some are well enough off to have investments, but it is a good thing to have friends at court, here as elsewhere.

There are sadder associations, far more recent, with this pagoda. A few years ago a Roman Catholic missionary made some serious legal claims, and pressed them with the pertinacity that has made his co-religionists hated, and till lately feared, by all the Chinese. It will be remembered that on March 15, 1899, they extorted from the Emperor a rescript ranking every priest equal to a prefect, every bishop equal to a governor. And so, at a stroke, instead of eighteen governors there were sixty-four, and the new lord-bishops were not backward in taking all their new rights. Eleven hundred prefect-priests were a new and portentous phenomenon. This particular man worried the genuine prefect past all endurance, till he went solemnly to the priest's house and committed suicide at his door. As he intended, he thus saved his reputation and roused popular feeling. The priest and five clients of his were hounded out, and were cut to pieces in a pond at the foot of the pagoda. It was the beginning of the great outbreak, but the Chinese had the good sense to discriminate between the missionaries pure and simple and the political missionaries, perpetually interfering with the course of justice. Their prefect has been

removed now, for the rescript of 1899 has been cancelled, and no Roman Catholic has any right to wear the official insignia, nor does he receive any official recognition.

Not far away from the Roman Catholic establishment within the walls is the Altar of Heaven, one of the forty-eight temples of the city, and close by is the old Grammar School. But the great scholastic quarter is in the northeast. Here the greatest building is the Hall of Confucius, where on the first day of every moon the scholars kneel before his tablet. A Chinese graduate in law at Columbia stipulated that he should be exempt from this; but the ceremony creates an awkward situation for Christian students. The buildings, occupying of course the site of the old examination halls, are spacious enough for a thousand; but the supply is by no means equal, and the learned Hanlin scholar at the head, one of ten in the province, feels that while the monetary provision was ample and great credit was due to America for devoting much of her "indemnity" to such purposes, yet with lack of honesty with public moneys, and with inefficient primary and secondary schools, the higher education here is in a poor way.

The governor was good enough to send his secretary and an interpreter to show us round the exhibit of Kiangsi products to go to the fair at Nanking. Besides raw material, there were local bath-towels, grass-cloth of many tints, farm implements, apparatus for gathering apples, worked from the ground, mottoes of white lacquer on dark bamboo, furniture of bamboo and wood of high quality, surveyors' instruments, drawings, paintings, and other school output, and, above all, porcelain in great variety. Exhibitions are a new idea to the Chinese, but they are adopting them with gusto, and it was remarkable to find that the building was lit with electricity generated at the lake near.

OLD EXAMINATION CELLS AT NANCHANG.





PART IV.—CYCLOPÆDIC NONSENSE

In the university is an enormous relic of the past, a cyclopædia of 4,320 volumes published at the Imperial expense. A dip into the Natural History section gives glimpses of flying cows and horned men; the president explained that some species dealt with were now extinct. The set was not on sale, though a copy seems to have been given to America.⁵ We were, however, able to buy a set of the annals of the prefecture in forty volumes, a set of the annals of one county in thirty-eight volumes, and one of the other county in forty more.

These give quantities of information. But as the Taoist Pope is such a feature of the district, it will be fitting to select some of the more ominous anecdotes:

Ch'én Shih, a Taoist, came to lodge with one Mei, and begged the loan of twenty bowls and sets of chop-sticks for a feast. He took Mei with him to the mouth of a cave where the banquet was prepared, and when they entered the revellers were all clad in the costumes of the Chou era. One dish was boiled infant, which Mei refused with horror, likewise stewed puppy; so Ch'én Shih heaved a sigh and returned his implements. At home he found they were transmuted to gold.

⁵ "This encyclopædia is the 'Ch'in Ting Ku Chin T'u Shu Chi Ch'eng,' or 'Complete Collection of Literature and Illustrations, Ancient and Modern, Compiled by Imperial Command.' It comprises 10,000 *Ch'üan* (books or sections), besides 90 volumes which are occupied by the general Table of Contents. The contents in general are classed under 33 main categories, the matter arranged in which is again subdivided into 6,109 subheads. Of the original edition a hundred sets were printed, of which one is now in the British Museum. (I have made a complete alphabetical index to it, which is now in the press.) Some years ago a much smaller edition was printed in Shanghai, but I believe even that is now very difficult to obtain."—Lionel Giles.

A prince of Chin eloped with a young girl up the West Mountain. On the peak he played so sweetly that the Phoenix came and stood by him; when an attendant wished to examine it, it disappeared. The Piper's Peak commemorates the event.

In the second year of Chang Ti a white bird appeared at Nanchang. In the third year of the same, at Hai Hwen district, a precious pearl was found as large as a hen's egg, six inches and eight-tenths in circumference. Undoubtedly laid by the aforesaid white bird.

In the reign of Yung Chia a great serpent appeared, more than one hundred feet in length. It obstructed the highway and devoured the passengers. Wu Mêng and his followers killed the serpent, whereupon Wu Mêng remarked, 'This is the tutelar genius of the rebels, and now they are certain to be quelled.'

At the rise of the Han dynasty the killing of a white snake was accepted as the omen of a new Emperor.

In the sixteenth year the prefect sent up a white deer as tribute to the throne. The valley in Kiangsi where the philosopher Chu Hsi passed his laborious life is named after this White Deer.

In the seventh year of An Ti a man was turned into a tiger. In the fifth year of Wen Ti there appeared a huge centepede more than two feet in length. It fell in the presence of a woman by the name of Chêng, who called her maid-servant to pick it up and throw it away. No sooner had she gone out of the door when an old woman appeared, in filthy tattered garments, her sockets without eyes.

It must not be forgotten that the transformations of Taoism begin with the transforming of baser metals into gold and lead to the transforming of men into immortals. Buddhism has also taken on this idea, partly from the revolving Urn of Destiny, which was a Hindu idea, and partly from contact with Taoism.

In the period called Chén Kwan [627-650], of the T'ang dynasty, Ma Hsiao Kung entered the southern mountains and turned into a tiger. After the lapse of twenty-three years he was turned back into a man. The history sagely adds, 'This was the end of him.' It ought to be noticed that the name of the man was Ma, which means a horse, and it ought not to be so strange for a horse to turn into a tiger.

In the reign of Chao Tsung a wooden box was dug up containing twelve images of men, all of gold. Nothing incredible in this, as such images were used for the ornaments of the temples.

In the seventh year of T'ang Kao Tsu a star fell near a Taoist monastery, with a report like thunder and a blaze of light with colours like the rainbow. The stone was in breadth an hundred feet. The prefect ordered the chanting of litanies to avert the calamities presaged by this ill omen. After seven days the stone melted away to a pebble one inch and eight-tenths in diameter.

In the family of Hsü Chün one of the posts of the house put forth leaves, and in the court there grew spears of 'precious grass,' used for divination. A few years later he became a laureate scholar of the Empire.

It may be worth while to show the feeble influence of Confucianism to combat superstition, in that not one of these scholars ever attained a high degree without his relations being able to point to good omens, like the foregoing. What science is there in the brains of such a high (?) scholar?

Nanchang has occasionally a white rainbow, if the annals are to be believed.

In the near-by district three dragons appeared accompanied by a white wind which destroyed houses. Then came a remarkable fall of honeydew.

In the thirteenth moon a dragon appeared at Feng Cheng. His body was more than four hundred feet long, his head and horns, like a bull's; after seven days he flew away; and disappeared in the clouds.

Evidently the product of a wild fancy during the period of clouds and rain.

In the seventeenth year of Cheng, 'last of Mings,' a tiger crossed the river and came to the Te Sheng Gate. . . . In the same year a tiger entered the city and sat down in the street, and a chicken turned into a cook.

Nanchang is a place where surprises await the visitor.

In the T'ang dynasty a fishmonger shut out of the city on the banks heard thousands of litanies to the Buddha; he discovered they were being chanted by his fish, so he restored them to the river. Next night he saw a bright light on a sand-bank; digging, he found a pot of gold, of which he distributed a great part to the poor. His family has been honoured ever since.

A RICH MAN, LIVING ON A MOUNTAIN TOP, WILL HAVE RELATIVES
FROM A DISTANCE

To the anthropologist these stories may be of value. The Golden Bough might be enriched by an examination of such legends; it is most illuminating to find them in the standard histories, given not as instances of folklore but as facts. What mischief these have wrought! Many a person who will not "trip over a mountain may trip over a clod."

XI

WUCHANG

PART I.—THREE CITIES—THREE HILLS

LET the inhabitant of New Orleans start after Mardi Gras for an east-bound trip along his line of latitude. He will reach Jerusalem in time for the excitement of Easter. If he can make friends across the next stretch, he will reach Lahore and see the wonderful Sikh rites; but it will take him all his diplomacy and courage to push on to Wuchang. Yet if he arrives by Christmas, he will find snow on the ground. From this point he gets again in touch with civilisation, for this is a sort of St. Louis, with ocean steamers starting hence down the Yangtze. So it is the official capital of the province, with the usual military and educational establishments and 200,000 people sheltering within its seven-mile walls.

Wuchang is only the beginning. Officialism and commerce often thrive better with a little partition between. Across the river was a second city, Hanyang, nestling at the foot of the Tortoise Hill. Once its walls were full of warehouses and factories, and expanding business looked further afield. A little to the north the river Han empties into the Yangtze; a new style of fortifying was adopted, starting a wall three miles up the left bank of this tributary, running inland and cutting off a great crescent of land ending vaguely some two miles down the Yangtze, but with no return to the river, and with no river-wall. The effect is like a hedgehog, prickly enough on one side, but quite defenceless on the other. The hedgehog in question is called Hankow. Since this grew up, iron-works, arsenal, and

精神一奮何事不成
AN AROUSED SPIRIT CAN DO ANYTHING

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Wuchang; "Military Splendour."

houses have nearly filled up the space between the Han and the city Hanyang. The three cities together are often called Wu-Han, and they contain perhaps a million people.

Then to the north of native Hankow are other settlements, quite unwalled. British, Russians, French, Germans, Japanese, have all secured concessions with river frontages, and behind their business or residential quarters have a golf-club and a race-course. Yet further west and north is the great trunk railway through Honan to Peking, with three railway stations.

Wuchang proper is the provincial capital. It is cut in two by the great Serpent Hill, running due east and west and dividing it into two fairly equal halves. To the south there were nine lakes, but five have been filled in and reclaimed. About a third of the way from the west a tunnel has long existed, for a main street connecting the palace and the tomb. A new road was blasted across the ridge for wheeled traffic; but when the viceroy took up his residence, he suffered from an obstinate carbuncle on his neck. The Chinese doctors declared that it was because this carriage-road had cut down into the serpent's neck and was hurting his backbone. The viceroy hastily enlisted all available men and had the new cut filled in at a cost of six hundred taels; then the serpent let his neck heal. This particular viceroy was most advanced, as may appear presently; he ought to have remembered that a serpentine road was most fitting.

At the west end of Serpent Hill, a part called Flower Hill, stands a handsome three-story pagoda which reminded us of the chortens on the Tibet border. Just north of the modern spine of the city runs an east-and-west street lined with seven thousand shops, the Broadway of Wuchang. For more than half its length it is bounded on the north by Cosmetic Hill, whose flank

it turns at the east, to throw out any intrusive spirits. Flower-garden Hill is still more to the north; this and the space thence to the wall is a favourite quarter for mission establishments, American Episcopalians, Londoners, Wesleyans, and Swedes.

PART II.—THE CITY OF MILITARY SPLENDOUR

Wuchang was once capital of a kingdom; for it will be remembered that what we call China has only six times been all ruled as an Empire. What went on before Ch'in Shih Huang Ti is unimportant; but before 300 B.C. there was here the kingdom of Ch'u, and from about 25 A.D. to 589 the kingdom of Wu was in this central basin. So permanent did it seem that when all the sons of Han came together again, Wuchang remained capital of a large province known as Hu-kwang, "Broad Lakes." The southern half has been cut off, with one great lake, and has been erected into the province of Hunan, with a governor at Changsha. But though the remainder was renamed Hupei and provided with a mere governor, local pride was wounded, and it was found advisable to abolish him and install a viceroy.

These viceroys at Nanking and Wuchang have great powers and heavy responsibilities, superintending the huge population on this most fertile of river-basins. Their difficulties in the age of transition command our earnest sympathy. The changes of twenty years seem outdone by the changes of ten more, and men on the spot are unable to forecast what the next five may bring forth. For the old style we have one characteristic instance in the carbuncle-ravine. Here is another instance of fast passing manners.

On Fuki Street lived a man named Wang, who had a grudge against a neighbour and could obtain no redress. So he finally adopted the method employed by a magistrate against a Roman Catholic priest at Nanchang: he went and committed suicide at his enemy's door, trusting to arouse popular indignation and perhaps legal action. The enemy heard the preparations, watched, and waited till Wang had kicked his last, then cut down the corpse, and carried it along to the door of a tertium quid, a man against whom he likewise had a grudge. Here he re-hanged Wang in the orthodox style. In the morning the tertium awoke early, and on looking out was desperately frightened. But noticing that it had rained heavily in the night and that the streets were as usual deep in mire, he took the shoes off Wang's feet and replaced them by a clean pair. The corpse was soon seen and reported, and the father-and-mother officer came to investigate. The tertium waxed indignant at the attempt to fasten suspicion on him, and disclaimed all knowledge of Wang. He declared that some one must have carried the corpse there, and pointed out that the shoes were clean, so that the deceased could not have walked. The plea was accepted, and a verdict of "Found dead" was recorded, leaving the tertium's character, like his shoes, unspotted.

That illustrates purely internal customs; an incident of 1882 may throw light on the policing of the city. Toward the end of the third moon a rumour spread that there was to be a rebellion, which would start in Hankow with general murder and arson. Such credence did this obtain that the city rapidly emptied, nine out of ten disappearing to the country; the foreign concessions found that all native police were off duty, and that servants had most appropriately taken French leave. The officials, of course, did their best to allay the scare, and boldly declared that there was absolutely no reason

for it. But on the twenty-eighth day an informer went to the governor and for cash down betrayed what was going on. A robber chief had actually been intriguing with the garrison, and had brought a hundred bandits to the city. They were housed in one of the public granaries, which ought to have been full of rice, but owing to the needs of some underling was empty of that commodity. He had arranged with a corps of firemen, who at a given signal were to set the city ablaze, while in several camps the soldiers would rise, and could carry out his schemes of robbery. Some loyal troops sent to the granary found there a band of ruffians who could give no satisfactory account of their presence, so they were beheaded on the spot, and in the morning baskets full of heads were distributed to be hung across all the principal streets, to restore confidence. The measure succeeded.

Now history is given to repeat itself in China, and in the Boxer year of 1900 there was a very similar experience. A band of red-republican anarchists arrived at Hankow in the summer, and hired a large foreign house adjoining the British Concession. They proceeded to issue wealth certificates to all the ruffians they could enlist; a pledge of absolute obedience was exacted, and the promise was made of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. They were required to furnish themselves with a knife, a box of matches, and a whistle —of which the organisers brought huge quantities. The idea was that on the night of the nineteenth of August, at a given signal, the whistles should be blown everywhere; as the people came out to enquire, enough judicious murders should be committed to stampede the rest, and a few houses of the poorer sort should be fired, to encourage a general exodus. Then the conspirators would fall heirs to the wealth of three towns, and could

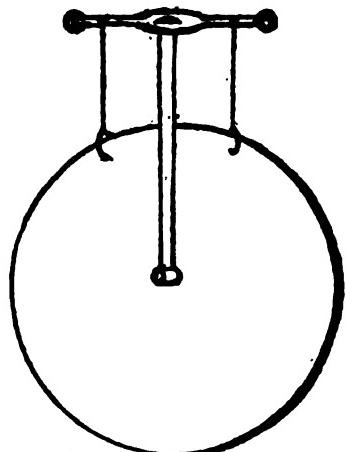
inaugurate a commonwealth of perfect equality and universal prosperity. But the authorities learned a few hours before the set time, and arrested twenty leaders at the headquarters, all duly beheaded early in the morning. Their impedimenta proved to consist of philosophical books—query: by European anarchists?—treatises on international law, bales of proclamations in Chinese and English, a dozen old Snider rifles, and twenty gross of police whistles not yet distributed. Yet despite the curious assortment of apparatus, those who understand the Chinese habits thought that the plan might well have succeeded and there might have been frightful anarchy. As it was, the danger sobered the people; some wild spirits had been talking about a general cutting of foreign throats, but the citizens waked up to the fact that any outbreak at all would menace general stability and safety, so that thenceforward the foreigners were safe here.

It is not likely that many more pranks of this nature will be tried. The Chinese military system is being recast, and the old methods are passed away. At Wu-chang there are now large barracks in which a division of 20,000 soldiers are being trained. It is impossible to give a close account of the proceedings, but evidently the utmost care is being bestowed on them. Bodily health is attended to, daily baths being given; mental development is fostered, and special schools are opened; technical training is given by constant drill; and lest all work and no play should make John Chinaman a dull boy, he has a fair amount of recreation. The arsenal across the river provides him with the most advanced of military engines, and if only reasonable honesty can invade the public service, so that ammunition of good quality will be found in store when needed, the new Chinese army will make short work of native bandits or of foreign invaders.

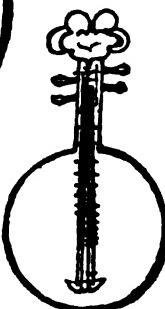
人心不足蛇吞象

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A DISCONTENTED MIND IS LIKE A SERPENT WISHING TO SWALLOW
AN ELEPHANT



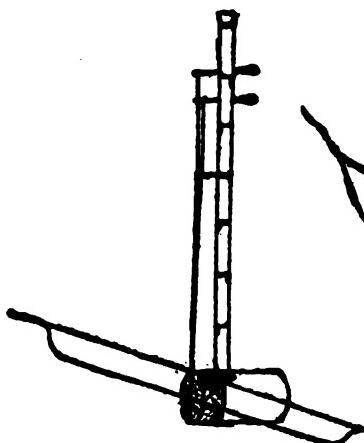
DING-DONG



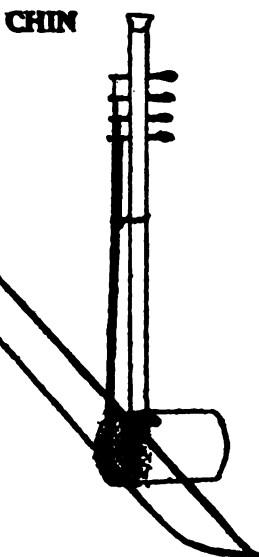
YUE CHIN



SAN SHEN



HU-CHIN



TSZE SHEN

Musical instruments used by the blind fortune tellers of Wuchang.

While this new army is an evident sign of a new age, the place yet abounds in instances of the popular credulity and superstition. We had the curiosity to count up ten different kinds of fortune-tellers who flourish in the city. One species is blind and manoeuvres with a four-stringed tambourine, while another blind set prefers a brass disc four inches across; the method of using these and all other implements we did not ascertain. A third instrument has two strings; a three-stringed variety has a long handle, a four-stringed is a fiddling variety. A sixth apparatus consists of a short board and a stick, a seventh of two pieces of iron spun on the hand. Sometimes a bird is employed to pull out numbers, sometimes a table is invited to operate in the dark. Superior practitioners receive consultants at their own houses. Now much of this can be matched in many Western towns, by reading the palm, studying the handwriting, consulting a penny-in-the-slot machine, or attending a spiritualist séance. But while such practitioners are regarded rather askance, if indeed they are not legally classed as rogues and vagabonds, and while people who go to them are regarded as somewhat soft, public opinion in Wuchang tells the other way. Perhaps two men in every five get their fortunes told, and four out of five women. The peripatetic wizards seldom ask more than one hundred cash, but if a scholar goes to one of the more pretentious establishments, the Harley Street specialist will expect a fee of ten or twelve taels.

For thirty years past some of the more enlightened Chinese have been endeavouring to ameliorate these conditions and to alter the tone of their people. Among the earliest and most influential of these was Chang Chih Tung, whose career culminated here and has left many tokens of his prescience. He came into the front rank when war threatened with France over some

frontier question with Annam. The Chinese had had such painful experiences with Western wars that the Peking authorities were inclined to give in. But first they listened to memorials from high officials, and Chang Chih Tung, then stationed at Taiyuan, argued in an elegantly written paper that they should risk war; better this, said he, than tamely submitting to every aggression and losing face again; while he pointed out that there were limits to foreign invaders' being able to penetrate the land. To put it in our way, even Napoleon could not get far into Russia, and was glad to get away again at any cost, leaving the remnants of his Grand Army to flounder out. An over-sea invader might conceivably capture New Orleans, Charleston, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston; but what could he do next? He could not get away from his base of supplies, the sea, without being swallowed up in an angry population which would simply engulf his fighting force, and he might end by being glad to re-embark without being attacked. Arguments of this kind did Chang Chih Tung adduce, and his advice put heart into the wavering Foreign Board. The French made exactly such a poor show as he had anticipated, and his reputation was established.

He was sent down to Canton, the great port where the foreigner was most troublesome, as viceroy. Here he showed himself able to discriminate between the foreign inventions, which were good, and the foreign aggression or control, which he was determined to resist with all his power. He planned a great college, and engaged many foreign professors to teach in it. Here he adopted a shrewd move which has often commended itself to those who employ aliens; he decided to mix his foreign employees, lest they should combine and

work on lines beyond his control. The old Honourable East India Company had some plan with native troops, and still it is the custom to have Sikh, Moslem, and Hindu companies in the same regiment. But this college hardly got beyond paper, for once again he was promoted and had to move.

Li Hung Chang thought the time was ripe for the introduction of railways, and planned a great trunk line from Canton to Peking. The scheme was submitted for criticism to the governors and viceroys, and Chang Chih Tung approved highly. But he said that China ought to finance and engineer it herself, rather than let foreigners get a new foothold in this way. Thus he fairly raised one of the great questions that still remain unsettled. China had no national debt of any size, and he believed it would be easy to raise the capital within her borders, or at worst to raise a national loan; but let the foreign leaders have nothing to do with the administration of the capital. There are some countries too poor in wealth and talent to develop their own resources, and they let in a syndicate of foreigners who build the railways, manage them, perhaps staff them with more foreigners in all the best-paid situations, and certainly pocket the profits. Other countries, like Australia, have indeed to borrow foreign capital; but they pay steady low interest, and build their railways as they themselves choose, and run them as they choose, and man them with their own people, and keep all the profits. This was what Chang Chih Tung desired; and again his view prevailed. He was therefore transferred to Wuchang to carry out his plans, this capital being beyond the reach of any possible foreign aggression, whether from Siberia or from Shanghai or from Canton or from Annam, while it was on a navigable river and at the very centre of the great trunk line decided on.

But there were two or three difficulties. The great viceroy was incorruptible, and while he had the management of vast sums his hands were always clean. Unfortunately his subordinates were of a different school, and he could not infuse a better spirit; therefore it was hard to inspire confidence and get the requisite capital. Arrangements had already been made for a cotton-mill, and a staff of assorted foreigners had been engaged; this was as easy to erect at Wuchang as at Canton, and here it arose. But he could not make up his mind to what extent he would trust his chiefs of department, and so quarrels became frequent, and the experiment failed. Other "foreign toys" were introduced, and were marred in the working by the same vacillation, till he was in danger of losing all popular esteem. Then he crowned his career by a great currency scheme of the kind that has fascinated so many half-enlightened statesmen.

The first step was with the metallic coinage. The time-honoured small change consisted of copper cash, with a square hole in the middle so that they could be made up in strings. The value was not uniform, but from 800 to 1000 exchanged against one tael, say 6/8. Now Chang Chih Tung hit on the brilliant idea of minting a new style of cash, whereby the metal that previously made two would be coined into ten. Even though the cost of coining would be considerable, it seemed as though there would be a glorious profit, which would all go to the patriotic purpose of finding Chinese capital for Chinese industries. And he established a huge mint, able to supply not only his own viceroyalty but all China. It did not take long for other viceroys and governors to realise what possibilities lay here, and presently other mints arose, so that his operations were limited again to his own government.

Then came the second act of the drama. Why not have a cheaper medium still? Paper seemed used by foreigners, not only as cheques, but as bank-notes, greenbacks, and other government documents. And he so far overcame his distrust of foreigners that he entrusted the printing to Japanese, out of his domains. In due time arrived bales of bank-notes, and the paper, printing, freight, and insurance had only cost one dollar for documents professing to be worth one thousand dollars! Eureka! Out went an edict that this was legal tender, and all government accounts were paid in government paper.

The result can easily be divined. The new cash drove out the good old cash, the paper drove out the silver; and now throughout this viceroyalty the currency is almost entirely taken. All the bullion not sent to Peking as the regular tribute has gone to pay for the "foreign toys," and it is asked when there will be provincial bankruptcy. Fortunately there are silver-mines, and a vigorous working of these might remedy the mischief if only the bad currency could be called in. As for the internal effect, all goods rapidly rose in price, but wages did not rise at the same rate, and the pinch of poverty became felt as never before.

And the railway? The poor viceroy meant well, but he never got a mile of it into working order. The Belgians secured a concession to build and operate it from here to Peking; they were not to be feared as possible aggressors, and there was no rubber to tempt. But in the north Russians and Japanese, in the centre Italians, in the northeast English and Germans, from here to Canton English and Americans, from Canton and Burmah English, from Annam French—all these show that the forebodings of the viceroy were too true, and that foreigners will seek a peaceful penetration.

The province has, however, solid resources. Already

the iron-works that Chang Chih Tung began have covered the land by Hanyang. The mines at Ta-yeh are operated on methods that fear no comparison, and there is but a short water-carriage to Hanyang, where thousands of tons of pig-iron and steel are now produced daily, of such good quality that some has been shipped direct to California. A little breathing-space, and the well-meant but disastrous experiments of the viceroy will have led on to real prosperity.¹

PART III.—THE NEW EDUCATION

It is useless to get foreign toys until foreign intelligence is assimilated. A typewriter and a sewing-machine in every house might possibly be some good, but more probably would soon rust and spoil. China has halted a little to equip herself with Western education enough to handle Western tools.

Westerners have long been giving Wuchang some taste of this. This location, recognised as a most important focus, has been occupied in strength. Putting together the three Wu-Han cities, there are eleven different societies at work here, from England, America, Norway, and Sweden, with 118 workers of both sexes. The Wesleyans, under C. Wilfried Allen, the author, have a large plant and much success. But much the strongest is the Protestant Episcopal Church, with 28 people in Wuchang, and 18 more at Hankow; its work dates from 1868. Enormous stress has always been laid on education; within three

¹ While on the subject of Chang Chih Tung, it may be recalled that he was the author of a work entitled "Ch'uan Hsieh Pien," which made a profound sensation at the time of its appearance. It was translated by a Frenchman under the title "Exhortation à l'étude," but it means rather "Exhortation to Reform." Another translation, or rather paraphrase, was made by the American scholar Dr. S. I. Woodbridge. This was called "China's Only Hope."

years a school was opened in premises that cost £30, a common one-story house, and Christian boys were trained for mission purposes, at the mission cost entirely in the early days. In 1891 forward steps were taken; drill was instituted, English was taught, and non-Christians were admitted. Seven years ago the education was advanced to college rank; arts, theology, and medicine were dealt with, and an Amercian charter was presently obtained. The whole educational system controlled and inspired thus at Wuchang comprises 46 primary and secondary schools for boys, with more than 1,600 pupils. Nor are girls neglected, for 500 are taught in 20 schools. School fees are readily paid, rising from £8,000 to £8,500 in a single year. More than a third of the American staff and more than half the Chinese staff are educators pure and simple, while nearly every American does some teaching. There are technical schools, catechetical, normal, and training for nurses and Bible-women. The whole of the Boone University is mostly on American lines, for study, recreation, Phi Beta Kappa societies, etc.; prayers, pills, and drills are great features, brass bands and Shakespeare's plays assist the native mind to assimilate Western methods, while American architecture is the rule.

Another great novelty is a splendid building for a library, of which Dr. Martin wrote, "If you can introduce into China the circulating library, you will be introducing a new force which, like radium, will shine in the dark and not be exhausted." It is designed primarily for students of all Wuchang schools. Before the building was started, 4,000 English books were accumulated, and a selection of 1,500 Chinese books was made; the best English, German, and French works are also to be translated into Chinese and placed upon its shelves.

Boone publishes a quarterly review in English, and its pages give an insight into the result of this Americo-Christian education. Graduating theses at one commencement were on "The Primary Cause of China's Decline," "China's Greatest Need," "Self-respect, National and Individual," "The Awakening of China," and "Education as the Basis of All True Reform." One graduate contrived to work in Mencius, Pythagoras, Milton, Paul, Locke, Disraeli, Shakespeare, and Sir Joshua Fitch within seven minutes, along with the opinion that if a man wishes to have self-respect he must not depend upon others, but rather have others depend upon him. Mr. W. T. Nieh had drunk deeply at the viceregal spring when he summed up:

"The urgent demand for the redemption of the railways from foreign capital is essential, because of the people's realisation of the danger of foreign capital; because railways involve the life and death of a nation, and when railways fall into the hands of foreigners the rights of sovereignty follow. . . . All these dangers have been realised by the people, and therefore they wish to force the government to redeem the railways."

Mr. L. T. Tsin started out:

"Cries of reform are heard all over the Empire! Cries of revolution meet one's ears from all quarters of the country! Unless great care be taken and proper remedies be applied, serious consequences will inevitably follow."

Now Mr. Tsin was very right there. The new education as given in the government schools and colleges

is an important factor. Here alone there are a hundred, including normal, agricultural, and geological. And once again it should be remembered that the plan now adopted is due to a "remarkable, elaborate and really excellent scheme of education which Chang Chih Tung prepared and submitted to the throne a few years ago," even if it goes to lengths he did not entirely approve. But to see what it occasionally results in, read a version of some extracts from the message of Tsen Sing-tai to his fellow-students before he killed himself:

"I have changed my mind and advocate democracy, for I have found out that the Manchus and the Hans cannot exist side by side. If we ever wish to save China from perishing, we are bound to make a decided stand to rule China, instead of the Manchus, and afterwards we shall take care of them. We shall also admit the Manchus to all privileges and rights belonging to respectable citizens. As the world has advanced so far in civilisation, there will surely be no wholesale slaughter of the Manchus. If we change our system of government, educate our people, readjust our financial administration, train artisans and tradesmen, in ten years we shall have men to attend to everything properly, and our sovereign rights will be restored. Usually I have not any serious idea on religious matters; but if it be said that we cannot do without a religion, I would rather prefer to uphold Confucianism as the only one fit for China. Buddhism is likewise in a position favourable for the Chinese people. As to Christianity, our people are free to believe in it if they are so disposed; to adopt it as our national religion is a very unnecessary step."

With thoughts like these seething in many minds, it has been impressed on some Western leaders that the time is ripe for the establishment of a great Christian university in Wu-Han. The danger is lest this be done on a meagre scale. There is no lack of government support for government institutions, and for Christian schools and colleges and universities to be outclassed would be a disaster. If the thing is to be done, it must be done in the best way and inaugurated lavishly.

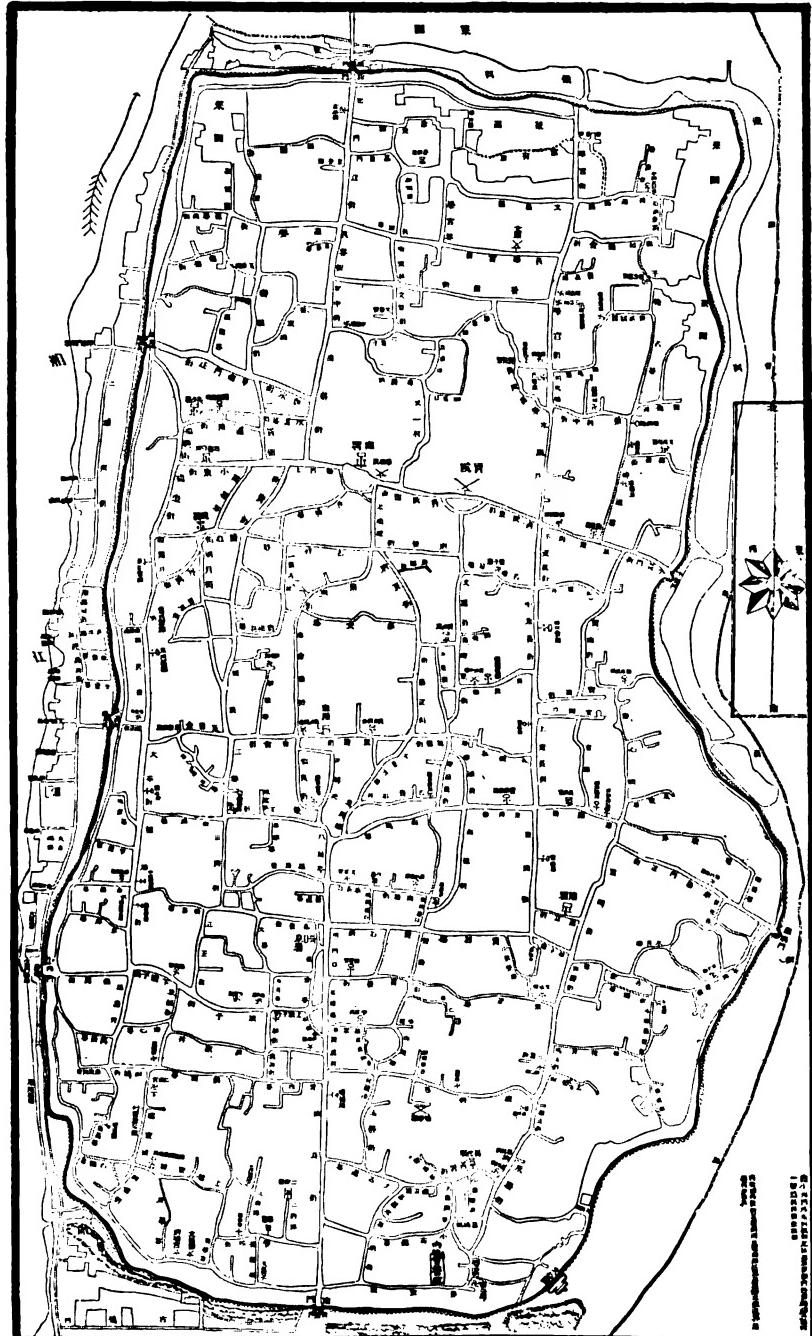
XII

CHANGSHA

PART I.—A HIGHLAND PROVINCE

HUNAN is a magnified New Hampshire. Cut off from its other half, Hupei, it has the upper courses of three rivers, which in flood-water swell up into a lake some seventy miles long, Tung T'ing, that serves as a kind of reservoir for the Yangtze, receiving its overflow at high water by many channels and feeding it again later. The eastern river, Siang, can be navigated for some distance, and so the capital, Changsha, is naturally placed on it, about a hundred miles from the Yangtze. The southern and western part of the province is cut up by hills, and the people are separated into small mountain groups, with all the peculiarities that are well known in the Pyrenees and the Alleghanies, which do not foster welcome to strangers nor high-bred courtesy, but develop self-reliance and independence. Valley after valley has its own dialect, differing in both idiom and pronunciation, and in the streets of Changsha may be heard a Chinese babel.

There is a good export trade, chiefly by boat down the Siang, whose sailors form a very characteristic section of the people. From the Pingsiang colliery good coke is sent to America. Lead and antimony are prepared. Rice and beans are sold in large quantities, but a most remarkable new trade is now done in fresh eggs! These are sent down to Hankow, shelled, packed into sealed jars, and shipped to London to make cake, without the confectioners' needing to treat them further; half a million were sent out last year. If this goes on, they will soon be sending lettuce and fresh strawberries



CHANGSHA, CAPITAL OF HUNAN.



歪嘴吹喇叭斜叫

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A CROOKED-MOUTHED MAN BLOWING A TRUMPET (MAKES DISCORD)

長

沙

Changsha means "Long Sand."

with the morning dew frozen on them. The chief manufactures disposed of are umbrellas and fire-crackers, paper, furniture, and gold articles. All these commodities employ several steamers nine months in the year, while the coal takes up the services of junks. In return the Hunanese purchase machinery, cotton yarn, woven cottons—especially black turbans and white handkerchiefs, which they put to quite European uses—petroleum, and cigarettes. One very dubious item is eight tons of bank-note paper, which suggests that the currency theories of his Excellency Chang Chih Tung are still current.

Plenty of legends are rife in the province. On an island in the reservoir-lake, Chun Shen, is a grave of two sisters, daughters of Yao. In the year 2285 B.C. they were married to Shun, who after a reign of fifty years headed an expedition against the three Miao, then occupying this region. He fell ill, and when the sisters heard they hastened to nurse him; at this point they were met with news of his death, whereupon they slew themselves. He was buried at Chiu I Shan, where stands a temple to his honour, in which worship is paid triennially. A group of stories cluster round his family. Yao had wished the Chief of the Four Mountains, an able lieutenant, to succeed him, but the chief declined and nominated Shun, who was taken on trial as colleague, then given the right of succession. From the same early Chinese chronicles comes a survey executed about the same time, which extended as far south as the sacred mountain Hêng Shan, at the southern end of a twenty-mile range, on Kou Lou Fêng.¹

¹This is the Kou-lou peak of Mount Hêng, on which the famous tablet of Yü (a record of his labours in draining off the waters of the Chinese deluge) is supposed to have been erected. The actual tablet is said to have been discovered in 1913 A.D., but there is very little doubt that the apparently ancient inscription thereon (in the so-called "tadpole characters") was a gross forgery. See Legge's "Chinese Classics," iii, pt. 1, p. 66 seq.



A FAMOUS CANNON ON THE WALL OF CHANGSHA
CALLED "THE RED-HAIRED GREAT GENERAL."

It killed the leader of the Taipings; the same shot broke off the lower lip. Superstitious persons worship it.



A BEGGAR WHO ROLLS THROUGH THE STREETS OF CHANGSHA.



The province has of course a long history, most of it quite as well authenticated as the stories of Yao, Shun, and Yü. There are still living many who remember the T'ai-p'ing rising, which most seriously affected the province. It was in its origin a revolt against the Manchus, complicated with a leaning to a vague Christianity. The rebels swept over the country, and their success justifies the Chinese policy of maintaining walled cities. They were daring enough to besiege Changsha, and being unexpected they might have entered had they known where to try. But seeing a splendid tower they made for it, thinking it was a principal gate; instead of which they expended much energy on a perfectly solid wall, the strongest part of the defences. While they wasted their time, the whole of the ramparts were put in thorough repair. Next they drove a mine, charged it with gunpowder packed in coffins, and exploded it. But it was not long enough, and they simply opened a crater in front of the wall. So after eighty days they broke up and marched on to Hanyang, where they were more successful, and exterminated the garrison.

This movement had a definite, intelligible aim that could be sympathised with by many. But there are occasional exhibitions of high spirits that remind one of contemporary Texas and cowboys out on the spree. One morning thirty years ago, while market was proceeding quietly in a large city of 250,000 people, a shrill whistle was heard, and suddenly several men who had been chaffering or idling tied a yard of red cloth round their heads, produced short knives, and started on a general slash round. In a short time the market was empty; the magistrate sought change of air, the major went to the country, the soldiers took their vacation, and within a few hours the whole city was stampeded, leav-

ing just about a hundred bandits to loot it at leisure. Every night they were augmented by more bad characters, and it was a fortnight before General Ma led back some troops to evict them. They escaped well laden with plunder, but were tracked down one by one and executed. The leader had spread a report that he was invulnerable, neither knife nor bullet being able to penetrate his skin; so, rather than waste time in trying, they boiled him in oil.

To pair off with this typical story of the Hunanese men, we ought to take from the Changsha Annals the Introduction to the section on "Famous Women."

"For women to preserve chastity, to commit suicide after the death of their husbands, and to remain unmarried, are not natural inclinations, but are feelings inspired from heaven, or by Imperial exhortation. The impulse to such actions is the same in women, whether in high estate or in poverty. The famous Li Si Chi said that when one woman achieves glory, the whole world exhorts her to continue in the glorious action.

"A prefect named Yün Yü under the Chin dynasty had two beautiful daughters; he was slain in battle, and his conqueror took possession of them. They said that their father was a prefect, and it was better to die than to become wives of a robber. The brigands slew them.

"Under the Ming dynasty, when the rebel Chang Hsien Chung was pillaging Changsha, a girl saw the wall occupied by rebels while the officers and garrison of the city had fled. Taking a spear in one hand and a sword in the other, she ran up on the wall and began to fight. The rebels

expostulated, and asked why, when the soldiers had fled, she, a maiden, should so exert herself. She replied that she must shame the cowardly men; cursed them, charged, and was slain.

"In the same sack, there was a man named Ch'êng Chung Yüan, whose wife constantly urged him to good deeds. When the rebels came to her home she was in the inmost rooms, but hearing that her husband was captured, she ran out and offered to die instead; they took her also and led them out of the city. Despite her entreaties they were separated, whereupon she cursed them and died at their hands. In 1536 a memorial portal was erected by her descendants.

"At the same time a man named Wang was slain. His second wife, a girl of twenty, being captured, leaped into the river. When her son, five li distant, heard of this, he too ran and jumped in. A few days later their bodies were found together, with hands clasped.

"In the family of Chang were two daughters who vowed celibacy, as they had no brother to support their parents, and became seamstresses. When better times came, they used their money to build a bridge which still remains; one lived to be sixty-nine, the other to be seventy."

PART II.—THE VIRGIN CITY

Until recent times the proud city of Changsha was inviolate by foreigners. Founded beneath lucky constellations, guarded by a holy hill, it was pure from the defilement of the alien.

In the days of Confucius it was recognised that one special star was linked with this district. It is in the midst of the Chén constellation, controlling life and death; if it becomes smaller and brighter, long life is assured and descendants are multiplied. The constellation as a whole, the twenty-eighth, has to do with governmental relations. If the Linchpin stars approach it harmony prevails; if they recede from it, there will be distrust between princes and statesmen; if they brighten, there will be peace; if they grow dim, war impends and the hearts of officials sink. So this city is not only called Changsha, but has borrowed the name of the star Singsha—much as Boston is the hub of the universe.

To come down to plain earth and quit this astrological Zadkiel Morrison information, all copiously set forth with abundant diagrams, we find an antiquarian dissertation on the various names the surrounding country has borne and the exact status it has held throughout two millenniums. We may follow good English precedent and begin about 1066 A.D., when for the first time two magistracies were erected here, Shan Hwa being carved off from the older Changsha. This division has obtained ever since, and the city of Changsha (popularly so called) straddles the boundary, so that within one set of walls are to be found the officers of two distinct magistracies—a phenomenon not very unusual in these mammoth places. It lends itself admirably to evading demand for prompt action if the mayor of Bootle can refer you to the lord mayor of Liverpool, the boundary line being quite imperceptible to the ordinary wayfarer.

The city itself was far older, for about 202 B.C. the prince Wu Nei had built a wall of earthen brick and glazed tiles, which was reckoned to be 26,390 Chinese feet in length. The division effected by Yüan Fu



Photo by Mr. Keller.

DR. GEIL, GOV. TS'EN (IN THE CENTRE), AND DISTINGUISHED OFFICIALS WHO ACCOMPANIED THE GOVERNOR WHEN HE CALLED ON THE AUTHOR AT CHANGSHA.



assigned everything south of the Great West Gate and the Lin Yang Gate on the east to the Shan Hwa magistracy. Under the Mings, the Chinese who drove out the Mongols, Ch'in Kuang undertook a general repair, when the wall was strengthened and heightened with stone. This re-fortification was none too soon, and was none too effective. In 1637 rebels captured the city, and when they were driven out a moat was added, with bastions at the four chief gates. These were not sufficient to prevent another devastation in 1643, and the repairs of 1647 were so paltry that Hung Chêng Chên caused the whole wall to be demolished and built anew both wider and higher.

This was the time when the Manchus were conquering China, and when K'ang Hsi felt his seat secure in 1664, he divided the great province of the Broad Lakes and made Changsha the capital of the southern half. This of course greatly increased its importance; residences were built for the governor, the judge, the treasurer, and the superintendents of grain and salt, and then the whole of the fortifications were completely recast. Three or four times again have they been repaired, enlarged, or rebuilt, owing both to captures and to undermining by water. As they stand now, they are about ten li on the river face and the eastern face, five on the northern and southern faces. Of the two north gates, only the western one is open; on the river front to the west are three open and one closed; at the south is one; on the east are two.

The city seems to be one of the best in China. It presents few of the usual features of narrow alleys with noisome smells and poor lights, and the houses are well-built and well-kept, while the people are vigorous and alert. From coolie to philosopher, every class seems

self-respecting and dignified; if only the foreign curses of opium and whiskey can be kept out, this population will be a strength to the Empire.

Across the river on the west is Yo Lu Shan, the Holy Hill, which we visited with a small party including an intelligent antiquary well posted in its lore. As we saw the college, the pavilions, shrines, destructors, bridges, farms, temples, it was easy to understand that the hill had its Eight Wonders. But to notice the many religious establishments set us thinking of Philip the Fair and his bold taxing of the clergy when he ran short of funds. Here in this Changsha region are thousands of monks and nuns, Buddhist and Taoist; even if they do not, as in Tibet, live luxuriously on rents, yet they add nothing to the country, whether in material well-being or in mental vigour or in religious zeal. A little disendowment is already going on, in that old temples are converted into new schools; a little utilising of clerical labour might be a good thing for the finances of the Empire.

Mr. Yang generously favoured us with several dissertations here, which are too good to condense; he was for three years a student in the famous college, and can be accepted as a good authority on physical geography, architecture, biography, and the Eight Wonders. Here is the gist of his information.

PART III.—THE HOLY HILL

1. *Mountain and Water*.—The name of the hill is Peak-foot. It bifurcates into Large Heavenly Horse Hill to the south, Little Heavenly Horse Hill to the north; and in the landscape behind them is placed the college, as such an exceptionally favourable situation enables the students to get on with Heavenly Horse speed. The geomancers have been extremely busy with this mountain, which they say is under the Literary Star.



**YANG HSI SHAO, BRILLIANT SCHOLAR AND SECOND
CONVERT OF THE C. I. M. IN CHANGSHA.**

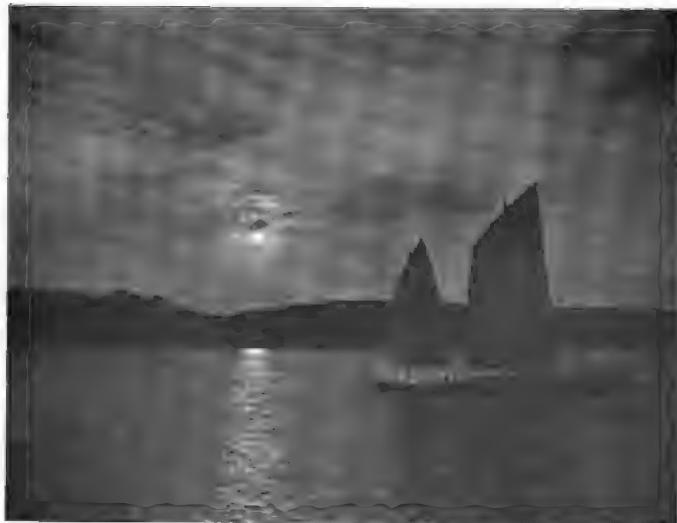


Photo by Dr. Keller.

ON THE RIVER AT CHANGSHA.

Other notable classes are military mountains—and to bury your father there augurs well for your strength and prowess—and wealth mountains, where a grave ensures riches. The special classes of mountains mark out not only grave sites, but locations for colleges, temples, and residences both private and official. Yo Lu Shan is good for colleges only. In a private house the spouting and piping to carry water from the roof should be convoluted, lest the rush of water down an easy path should attract a man's wealth to follow it rapidly; but for a college the water acts on a man's ignorance. Therefore the drain from the college is run perfectly straight down to the river, and is dignified with the title, "Wash the Heart"; the quicker the water sluices down, the quicker will the ignorance be washed from the heart and the coveted degree be obtained. Now we know why Western colleges have done so well, by their good, straight plumbing!

There was another college south of the city on the east bank, headed by Chang, when Chu, the great Confucian commentator, presided at Yo Lu Shan. The two professors had much to say to each other, so they established a ferry, which is known after them. It is free to students and teachers, but ordinary people pay.

2. *Buildings*.—The Holy Hill has two important classes of buildings, colleges and temples. At the summit is a Taoist temple, half-way up is a Buddhist, and at the foot are others for Confucian worthies; so the hill is in honour of Tao Hsiang, an official who devoted himself to preach eternal principles. As his brother officials believed in the temporal principles of power and wealth, they trumped up charges against him and secured his degradation. On his way into banishment he passed this town, and a professor induced the soldiers

to halt for a few hours; in that time he made such an impression that the people erected this temple to his memory.

Another small temple commemorates Ch'ü Yüan, a high officer in the kingdom of Ch'u before 300 B.C. He constantly pleaded for high principles, but found that he incurred enmity. Among the people he won great fame by a poem called "Li Sao,"² still held in high repute and known to bring tears to the eyes by its exquisite language and lofty ideas. He was so unpopular with his brother officials that despite the favour of the king he drowned himself in hope of arousing action.³ In memory of this the Fifth Moon Feast was instituted, which has gradually spread all over China as one of her three annual festivals. Dragon boats race on the lake and up the river, while the people devour dumplings of millet or rice. They used to throw the grain into the river as a sacrifice to Ch'u, but he appeared in a dream and told them that this was feeding a dragon in the river; so they altered the custom and wrapped the rice in certain leaves he indicated, but ate most themselves.

The greatest group of buildings here is for the college. It has a reputation more than provincial and ranks as the first of the four great universities, the Harvard or Oxford of all China. The school across the river is only for Hunan students; this was open to all

²An allegorical poem describing the writer's search after a prince who will listen to good counsels in government.

³On the bank of the Mi-lo River he met a fisherman, who accosted him, saying: "Are you not His Excellency the Minister? What has brought you to this pass?" "The world," replied Ch'i Yüan, "is foul, and I alone am clean. There they are all drunk while I alone am sober. So I am dismissed." "Ah," said the fisherman, "the true Sage does not quarrel with his environment, but adapts himself to it. If, as you say, the world is foul, why not leap into the tide and make it clean? If all men are drunk, why not drink with them and teach them to avoid excess?" After some further colloquy the fisherman rowed away; and Ch'i Yüan, clasping a large stone in his arms, plunged into the river and was seen no more.—*Giles' Biog. Dict.*



Photo by Dr. Keller.

THE SON OF LI, WHO AT SIX YEARS OF AGE, COULD REPEAT THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT WITHOUT A MISTAKE.



ON THE TUNG TING LAKE.



comers who had already won their B.A. It began about 1130 A.D. in small premises, but was enlarged till nothing more was possible on the old site; and Governor Wu lately erected a new building. On the campus is a temple to Confucius, with statues of him and his four famous disciples. In the Pavilion of Literature is an image of the god who dwells in the Great Bear constellation. Another pavilion is inscribed with the celebrated motto, "To rise high, start from what is low," and so is known as Humility Pavilion. These buildings were not available as studies and dormitories, so the students boarded out in local homes, a very few being anciently housed in the Taoist temple. In the main block were the quarters of the professors and staff, with a fine library above, where were books presented by the Emperor. So high was the reputation of the university that the governor in person opened it every New Year. But all this is now changed; the old studies are needed no more, and the old methods have passed away.

A score of little temples on the hill commemorate celebrated Newtons, Websters, Wyclifs, and Anselms. In the Taoist temple they show two scrolls which by their beautiful calligraphy and their neatness of epigram made the reputation of the writer. A score of symbols, a living for life!

3. *Alumni*.—A century ago Hsiao determined he would be Senior Wrangler of the Empire, a distinction awarded every three years. Literary style and penmanship were the qualifications. He came to this college and decided that nothing should distract him. Daily he poured one cup of water on his ink slab, ground it into ink, and practised till all was used, till he was nicknamed One-cup Hsiao. Letters he burned

unread, so that he knew nothing of his mother's illness and of her death till a messenger arrived to bring him to the funeral. He quickly returned to resume his studies, and won his M.A., the highest provincial degree. Now in another province another man had the same ambition, and knew he had no chance against Hsiao, so he sent a friend to ascertain which year Hsiao was entering. The messenger found that Hsiao had already started to sit at Peking, so he waited, and three years later he did win the coveted honour. Hsiao did not only secure his D.Litt., but headed the list and fulfilled his life's ambition. On his way home some friends met him at Shanghai and entertained him at a banquet; he got drunk, set his clothes on fire, and died before ever he reaped his reward.

Ho Ch'ang Ling came up to college at the age of fourteen, having already secured his B.A. at the prefectural examination. His mother sent a large piece of bacon wrapped up in his bedding, to eke out his scanty fare. But when the examination time came and a servant came from home to carry his bedding over to the hall, the bacon was found mouldy; evidently the lad had studied so hard and so late that he never opened his bed, and lay simply on the bare boards. His diligence was rewarded not only by winning his M.A., but by being first on the list. The same good fortune attended him at the Hanlin examination for D.Litt., and when all the successful candidates presented an address to the Emperor on his birthday, his name at the head, meaning "Congratulation Long Life," caught the ruler's fancy, and he received special favours. The fourth descendant of this man is now table boy to a foreigner here, and bitterly feels the degradation due to his poverty.

Lo Tien came up so poor that he had to sell some clothes to pay a registration fee of 1/6. He decided to

alter this, and when he became professor he made it low enough for the poorest. His writing is still shown as a model, and he was skillful enough to use any old stub of a pen; his wisdom was such that the Emperor consulted him. Being appointed chancellor of education for Szechwan, he went about the streets to seek young students to chat with them. The city prefect begged him not to lower official dignity, but he replied that he wished to be a father rather than a ruler, and that in an unlettered province he must inspire a love of learning. When he was made head of this university, he had a favourite pupil, P'êng O, and when this candidate for M.A. brought a copy of his essay, he made sure that the first place would fall to him; yet when the list was posted, P'êng O was not in it at all. Now the six best essays were always published, and when they came out Lo Tien sent for them to see which the examiner thought the best. The best essay was P'êng O's, but was credited to Fu Chin Hsien, so he began to investigate. Fu had bribed a servant of the examiner to get him through; the servant had watched as the papers were examined, and saw that this particular essay was in the running, so he managed to detach the label which would ultimately identify the writer, and to substitute another. When the award was made, the labels were opened, and inside the best was found the name of Fu Chin Hsien, with his birthplace, age, and genealogy for three generations. A messenger hurried to tell the man, and found him at tea; when he heard the news, he dropped the cup in terror, knowing that suspicion would be aroused by his being placed first. He set to work, and being rich he bribed the governor and the examiner and even P'êng O, but Lo Tien would not let the matter drop, though P'êng O begged him to relent. He declared that

to hush up a scandal of this kind would open the door to endless corruption. "If we do not press the case now, it will give a handle to all future generations to corrupt the examinations." Moreover, as the M.A. degree was a passport to office, it would lead to wicked men swaying power. So he pushed the case on, and the results were truly remarkable. The governor was degraded, also the examiner, and all other officials at all implicated. Fu Chin Hsien was condemned to be beheaded, but he improved on his former plan and bought a beggar to personate him and be beheaded, while he escaped with the remnant of his wealth to a distant part of the Empire. The servant who changed the labels was torn to pieces for several hours, and several accomplices, were beheaded. And last of all. P'êng O was banished, in accordance with the law that when a case has brought about far-reaching consequences the man whose action started it must be punished, however innocent or worthy he may be. As for Lo Tien, he felt that he had caused the death of so many people that their spirits would haunt the examination hall, and therefore he would not let any of his descendants enter for any competition, lest they should die there and their corpses be thrown over the wall. But under the new system many of them are winning reputation for talent and diligence.

4. *The Eight Wonders.* The White Crane Spring comes first. The Sixth Dynasty Pine Tree lasted over sixteen hundred years, but was destroyed by a heavy snow-storm a generation ago. Resounding Mountain has a fine echo. The Flying Bell is in the side of a tree; it was not flying when we saw it. So also the Fying Stone; but they both flew once. An ancient copy of the Yü tablet on Nan Yo Shan. The Fierce Snake Hole. The tablet of Li, written a thousand

years ago, is so beautiful in its calligraphy that frequent rubbing for copies was destroying it; it has therefore been duplicated, and the original is locked away, while copyists are referred to the replica. It gives an account of the temples on the mountain.

While the mountain is often frequented as a park, there are two seasons when it is crowded, both being national holidays. From the time of Confucius it has been believed that on the third of the third moon men should walk on the mountains and wash at a flowing spring; so the people doff their winter furs and come to rejoice in the green grass and the budding leaves. On the ninth of the ninth moon they follow the precedent of Yüan, who was warned in a dream to flee to the mountains then; on his return he found all his chickens and dogs dead.

A very few tombs are on the hill, but mostly ancient. This century a young student in Japan sought to awaken the patriotism of his fellows by drowning himself. They put his body in a coffin and sent it here. The students from all the city formed a great procession and came to the Holy Hill, where they selected a geomantic site and interred it, well knowing what scandal it would give. The more conservative people were horrified, and counter-riots arose, till the governor had the coffin removed. The ringleader disappeared, and has not been heard of since.

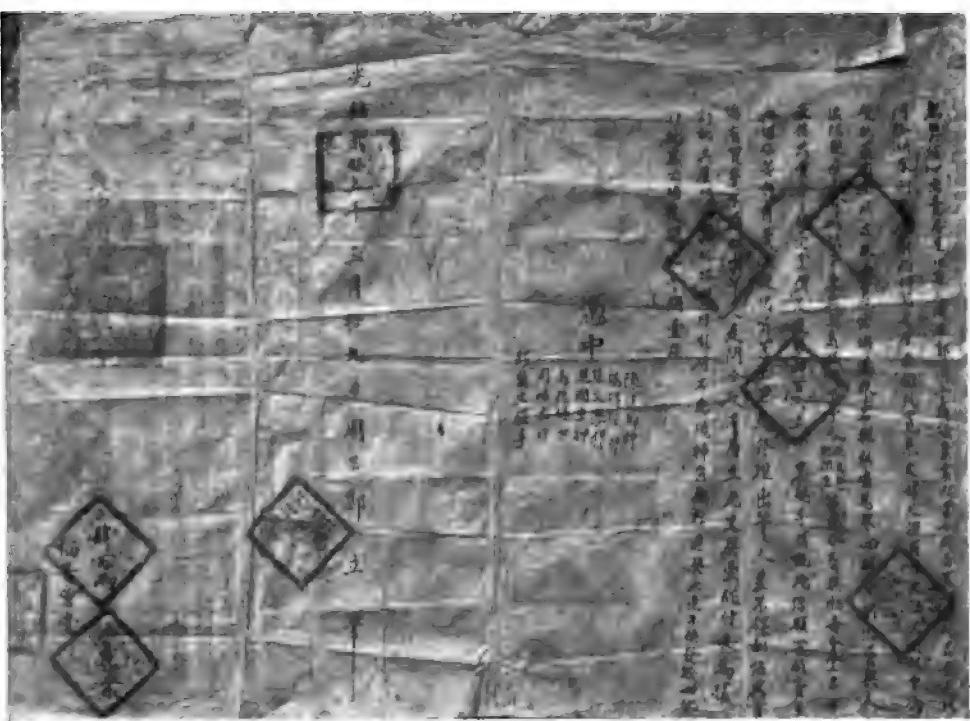
PART IV.—ENTERING THE FORBIDDEN CITY

The students were also ringleaders in keeping all foreigners out; indeed, their martyr hero urged them to hatred of aliens, and it was an obvious corollary to drive them from the city. Fourteen years ago a steam-launch came to Changsha with a foreign traveller; the

students beat the wooden fish and assembled; they upset the soup-cauldrons so that if any would not join the demonstration neither should they eat; they sent across the free ferry and raised the mere undergraduates and other scholars, then went to the governor and demanded the expulsion of the foreigner. Failing to get satisfaction, they went to the river front and a regular riot ensued, doubtless with city roughs now taking the leading part.

It may seem strange that so recently as 1896 no foreigner had come here except a lunatic. But soon afterwards three Wesleyans turned aside to try their fortune, and found that an escort of soldiers was told off to see that they were treated properly. Before long two of them returned here to live, and after some troubles and delays they actually secured a freehold, on the ninth day of the third moon of the twenty-fifth year of Kwang Hsü. This was presently improved upon by Dr. Frank Keller, "American," obtaining a property right within the walls of the inviolate city.

There are now more than fifty white people resident here. The Methodists have had some lively times. One of their converts was a Buddhist monk, and having a private oratory with a few idols, he burned them. They had a second convert, also a Buddhist monk, in charge of a public temple with idols; and he with three sympathisers burned them. All were soon arrested, and though the monk died when out on bail, the others were sentenced to various terms of prison. When the terms ran out their clansmen would not give bonds for their good behaviour, and the magistrate would not accept bonds from Christians, till the missionaries took the case to the governor. Meantime their stay in prison had been marked by regular Sunday worship, by the reformation and conversion of some robbers, and by the curing



A CHINESE DEED.

This deed was made out for the first real estate in Changsha sold to a foreigner. The London Missionary Society was the purchaser.



ULCER PATIENT AT DR. KELLER'S HOSPITAL, CHANGSHA.

of the magistrate's wife through the medical skill of one of them. So now there is a good group of Christians out of this curious event.

Dr. Keller has another fine congregation with which we spent a Sunday; it included a water-carrier, scholars, students, merchants, a mason, a banker, a tailor, a painter, a butcher, a fruit-stall hawker—twice as many men as women.

One of them, indeed, is proctor for Yale. The Yale Mission intends to supply the very best education available. The foreign colleges, unless they keep not merely abreast of but far ahead of the new government institutions, have a dangerous time ahead.

The new spirit in official circles, with its cautious adaptation to the old, is well shown by the Changsha Library. The site has for two thousand years kept in mind the filial piety of Prince Ting, who used to ascend a tower within the Southeast Gate, to gaze daily toward his ancestral home. Temple after temple has arisen here in his honour, till late last century the last was used by the scholars for literary symposia. This century it was converted by the progressive governor into a handsome library with reading-rooms; the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is there, and the corresponding Chinese article, so enormous that it took months to label its volumes!

That the old temper is not dead was seen a few days after we left the city. Trouble had been brewing from a rise in the price of rice, purposely advanced by the rich to discredit the governor, and affecting all the city, and from the local masons and carpenters objecting to outside workmen coming to erect foreign houses and government buildings in foreign style. The match was put to the train when a woman drowned two chil-

dren rather than let them starve. A crowd assembled, but was not placated by the government granaries being opened and rice being sold cheap; all the officials were mobbed, and at last the new soldiery had to be called out. They fired to kill, and incidentally killed two police, so that the police force made common cause with the crowd. Of course order was restored, and the good governor was transferred; but Changsha keeps up its reputation as the most anti-foreign city in China.

XIII

CHENGTU

PART I.—CHU-KO LIANG: STATESMAN-WARRIOR

THE ancient glory of Chengtu bursts forth from three effulgent names, the pride of the province: a statesman, a poet, an engineer. The statesman was Chu-ko Liang,¹ who lived when the independent kingdom of Shuh was here (modern Szechwan). At that time there was a second kingdom, centring at Loyang (near the modern Honanfu), and a third at Nanking. Of this period, 200–300 A.D., a very popular novel has been written, and its heroes are as well known as Waverly or Rob Roy. Indeed, not only the novel but the drama has also rendered this “age of chivalry” familiar, and on many a stage a quaint old cap, a black robe with a mystic golden symbol on the back, and a fan of feathers with the compass of good luck in its centre, betoken the presentation of the hero. The lad was not a native of the kingdom, coming from far-off Shantung, but being orphaned young he grew up in Hupeh, self-reliant and ambitious. Liu Pei, aspiring to the throne of a kingdom in the general break-up of the Han Empire, felt his need of some counsellor, and came to see the young farmer, who already had a reputation more than local for wisdom. To the front he seldom went, but he planned out campaign after campaign which mere soldiers carried to perfection. There is, however, one amusing scene often put upon the

¹ Chu-ko Liang, 181–234 A.D. In 1724 his tablet was placed in the Confucian Temple. 軸 穎 “Chu-ko” is what is known as a double surname, and cannot be divided into two.

stage, of a successful stratagem which he superintended in person. A rival counsellor, then in command of an army against Ts'ao, obtained from him the opinion that for sea-fights the bow and arrow were the best weapons. He lamented that he was ill supplied, and begged the "Very Bright One"² to provide him with ten thousand arrows in ten days. K'ung-ming noted the trick to discredit him, but laid his plans, and prepared twenty boats piled high with straw and well manned with rowers. On a misty morning the flotilla put off into the stream, and when it drew near the camp of the enemy, beat the war drums loudly. The enemy rushed to arms, and, seeing in the dim light nothing but huge, towering ships, discharged flight after flight of arrows into the straw. When this had lasted long enough, Chu-ko withdrew his boats, and on the further shore counted up his spoil. He shouted out as he sailed off, "Thank you for the arrows!" The supply amounted to a hundred thousand, and the mortified rival tried no further tricks on one who thus signally displayed his resource. In the end his strategy availed, and Liu Pei was acknowledged a king. The general next turned his attention to foreign foes, and led an army across the hills to the south into Burma, till the people there were intimidated and gave the new kingdom peace on that side. Next he went to the capital of Wu to try and arrange an alliance with that new dynasty, that the two kings might subdue the recalcitrant Ts'ao. Another favourite scene is the great argument sustained by the "Very Bright One" against all the ministers of the court of Wu, ending in convincing them and securing the alliance. But Chu-ko had underrated the difficulties; supplies had to be taken from Shu to feed the

²Chu-ko Liang is popularly spoken of by his literary "style," K'ung-ming, literally, "Very Bright One."

CHENGTU, CAPITAL OF SZECHWAN.



春雨貴如油

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A SPRING RAIN IS WORTH AS MUCH AS OIL

成

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Chengtu might be translated "A Perfect Capital."

army, and the means of transport were insufficient. Moreover, there emerged a strategist well his match, and he sustained disastrous defeats. On one retreat he was overtaken in a city whence the people had fled, and he had but a mere handful of soldiers. He bade them fling open the gates and sweep the road in front, while he went up on the gateway and played the guitar. As he expected, the enemy knew not what to make of this, feared an ambush, and retreated. But his work on the whole was a failure, for on a siege he was taken ill and died. His patron had died earlier, leaving a son even less capable than himself, and the nascent dynasty soon collapsed at the onset of the king of Wei.

PART II.—LI T'AI PO: GREATEST OF CELESTIAL POETS

Military fame has seldom ranked highest in the eyes of the scholars. But there is other opinion than that of the literary classes. To prove that even from their limited stand-point Chengtu can hold its own and deserves commendation, we offer Li T'ai Po.³ He belongs to the Empire of the T'angs, when all China was again under one ruler, and, unlike Chu-ko, he was of the province of Szechwan by birth. As a boy he must have been a prig, for when he was ten he had devoured much standard literature, and had begun to compose verses. His only relaxation as he grew up was drinking, and he fell in with other scholars of like tastes, who formed themselves into a literary club, "Six Idlers of the Bamboo Brook," with regular symposia. By this time he had also learned how to make his arm defend his head, and in various discreditable adventures proved his prowess with the sword. On a tour in search of good wine he was heard singing in an inn by a captain, who advised him to devote himself to

* 李白 Li Po is his real name, T'ai Po being his "style."

a professional literary career. He went to the capital, Sian as we call it to-day, and came in touch with one of the new Academy, the Hanlin. With the academician he spent all one night at an inn, drinking and capping verses; so well did he acquit himself that in the morning he found a home with his acquaintance. Announcing his intention of entering for the next examinations, he saw signs of the rotten state of administration; it would be useless to compete unless he could square the examiners. As he had no money, this seemed bad, and the academician tried a little influence. But there was no hint at solid cash, and the examiners rejected the paper without even troubling to read it, and with bitter speeches, for which Li vowed revenge. His opportunity came in a singular fashion.

Some ambassadors came from the east, bringing a letter in a script that none could decipher. The Emperor, Ming Huang, was angry at the incompetence of his scholars, and threatened disgrace if the letter were not read within six days. When the story was brought home by Li's friend, the young man declared that he was equal to the task, so next day the academician told the Emperor of the offer. Li was sent for, but declared that he could not take precedence of the ministers, when he had not even any degree. The bluff succeeded, and a special envoy conferred upon him the degree coveted, presenting him also with a dress to appear in at court. On his arrival he was handed the letter, and after further humiliation of the examiners he translated it. It proved to be a remonstrance from a Tatar king, complaining of the incursion of soldiers and demanding an apology. In the awkward pause, Li seized the opportunity and suggested an interview with the ambassadors next day—which of course

involved his further attendance as interpreter. Now the Emperor, luckily for Li, was as fond of liquor as himself, and the deciphering of the despatch was celebrated that night by a great revel in the palace, to which of course our hero was invited. Next day he was quite unfit for business, and the Emperor had to send for hot soup to put him in condition, administering it himself off the throne. Encouraged by this, Li demanded that one of the examiners, who was the famous and powerful eunuch, Kao Li-shih, should pull off his shoes and lace on new buskins—thus making that examiner eat his own words. Then he demanded that the other grind the ink wherewith he should draw up the letter in reply—paying him out, too, as he had vowed. This victory attained, he did the business properly, and from that moment became the prime favourite at the dissolute court.

Fortunately the drunkard had real merits, like an Ayrshire ploughman also known to fame, and so he not only won ease at the time, but acquired a reputation that has endured. This was as well, for his pranks gave no small scandal, even when the Emperor himself lent countenance. From his private life there is no need to recount any more of the tales, which are chiefly valuable in showing how a great dynasty forfeited the respect of the people. Of course the examiners were deadly enemies of the man who had put them to open shame, and at last they contrived a quarrel between him and the Emperor's reigning favourite. This was Yang Kuei-fei, "surpassingly lovely, and specially noted as being the only fat lady among China's historical beauties," and the heroine of Po Chü-i's great poem, "*The Everlasting Wrong*."⁴ He had to leave in disgrace, and betook himself again to a wandering

⁴ See Prof. Giles' "Chinese Literature," p. 167 *seq.*

life in search of adventure. In a drunken bout on a river excursion he tried to embrace the moon's reflection in the water, and was not rescued.

His poems are mostly as bacchanalian as those of the Persian, and no commentator has arisen to announce that they cover some mystic meaning of sound philosophy. But a few breathe a better air.

THE TROUBLES OF A TRAVELLER

(A Poem by Li T'ai Po, Translated by Dr. W. A. P. Martin, and Dedicated to Dr. William Edgar Geil.)

[*Note*.—"In the bright constellation of poets who shone in the firmament of the T'ang dynasty no star was brighter than that of Li T'ai Po, nor has any one since arisen in China to eclipse or even to rival his glory. Confessedly the brightest genius in a nation given to the making of mechanical verse for thousands of years, his lyrics are admired chiefly for their spontaneous freshness. His poem on 'A Traveller's Mishaps' was probably written in reference to his own personal experiences, either when accompanying the Emperor on a visit to Nanking or on various occasions when he visited the Northern Capital to compete for literary honors. He is classed among the poets of Szechwan.

"The following stanzas are occupied with three mishaps, the first of which was an attack by robbers; the second, detention by floating ice; the third, a bitter disappointment in his attempt to climb to the top of T'ai Shan. A fourth, less serious, was when angling in a brook made famous by Chiang T'ai Kung, the minister of Wen Wang, founder of the Chou dynasty."]

At meat I sat in lordly hall,
A weary, hungry guest,
When forced to drop my cup and dish
And miss my needed rest.

With sword and shield through anxious hours
I paced the rampart high,
And strained my eyes on every side
A lurking foe to spy.

To reach the river's bank I push;
The boat beyond is seen,
Yet must I camp and wait a week
With floating ice between.

Olympus' peak I strive to scale,
 To scan the world's wide face,
 But blinding snow blots out the view,
 And back my steps I trace.

Like princely fisherman of yore
 Beside a babbling brook,
 I sit upon a mossy bank
 And drop my baited hook.

Then suddenly a favouring breeze
 Calls me to spread my sail
 To try again the treacherous seas
 And tempt a furious gale.

How oft in danger and despair
 Do hapless travellers roam!
 By land or sea alike unsafe!
 Why don't I stay at home?

PEARL GROTTO, WESTERN HILLS, near PEKING,
 July 5, 1910 A.D.

PART III.—LI PING: THE GREAT IRRIGATOR

Chu-ko Liang, Li T'ai Po, and Li Ping, these three: but the greatest of these was Li Ping, who shed lustre on the province—that is, if it be true that he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is the real benefactor of mankind. While his work is evident all over the plain and throughout the capital, yet to understand it at its head we must journey one hundred and twenty li from Chengtu, up a stream due to this old hero. He flourished shortly after divers kingdoms were absorbed into an Empire, so that his work has stood the test of centuries.

He found quantities of valuable water running to waste down on the west, while eastward stretched a plain, fairly level, which could absorb a large quantity

and repay in abundant verdure. The river Min⁵ emerged from deep gorges to the plain, and at once split into two channels running nearly due south. He determined to dam it and divert the waters to the east and northeast.⁶ Recognising that any artificial dam would be exposed to enormous strain, especially at freshet times, he adopted several ingenious devices. The most surprising, and the most successful in maintenance, was cutting through a hill, so that not a fragile earthen mole but the natural rock should bear the brunt of the diverted waters. Once these were coaxed into the new direction, it proved easy to construct many channels, the two chief leading to the north and south gates of Chengtu, while from all three subsidiary canals gridiron the plain. It is astonishing to notice that without any reservoirs or locks the waters of the Min have thus been led into the system of another river, and not only irrigation but cross-country navigation is much simplified.

But every mountain river brings down huge quantities of silt, and if this be allowed to settle at leisure, the bed will rise, and the banks must be raised to correspond, till after many years the river may flow at a great height above the soil. This is easily seen by all who travel in North Italy, with the Po; on a larger scale, the engineering of Holland is far-famed, to keep the banks of the Rhine and its subsidiary channels in good repair; the dwellers on the lower Mississippi know the need of watching their levees lest an untimely burst

⁵ This is one of the four rivers which give the province of Szechwan its name. The other three are the Yalung, the Ch'ung, and the Kialing.

⁶ The Author acknowledges his personal obligation to James Hutson, Esq., for pointing out important features at Kwan Hsien, in addition to procuring for him rubbings of twenty-eight important tablets, which will appear in another work.

send the flood far across country; and the vagaries of the Hwang-ho have given it the name of "China's Sorrow." Now to obviate all these difficulties there is one simple plan—simple, but not often thought of in time, not patiently and regularly carried out; all honour to Li Ping that he recognised the need and ensured its observance. "*Dig the channels deep; keep the banks low*"—such was the simple motto that he devised. And so year by year there is a great festival, supervised by the head water engineer, to ensure the good order of the system for another twelve months.

When the season of low water arrives, large tripods of heavy beams are sunk across the western half of the river, up the gorge, deflecting what water remains into the irrigation channels. The beams are weighted down with stones and are arranged on a slant. While the natural bed is thus laid nearly dry, navvies clear out the shingle and secure a good overflow channel. The banks are then stripped, and new fascines are woven of bamboo, filled with stone, and packed carefully for some distance down this channel. Due preparation thus being made, the tripods are removed and rearranged across the eastern side up stream, so as to send all the water down the newly scoured overflow and lay dry the irrigation channels. The same process is then pursued with them for the distance of nearly a mile. Down the navvies dig till they arrive at iron pillars laid in the bed to mark the proper level; other squads strip the banks and prepare fresh facings of fascines full of stone; the main dam which slants from the west toward the cleft mountain is rebuilt, and at length the artificial works have been reconstructed throughout. Doubtless the same opportunity is taken by all the villages eastward to repair their local water courses, and, while there is no water, to ensure that the

channels are dredged down to standard level. It must correspond to the slack time of English farming, when carts are painted, hedges are clipped, and ditches are cleansed, only it is of far more vital importance to carry out the irrigation repairs and get them down at the due season. The great channels and other works show that the rulers had at their disposal the labour of a numerous and willing population.

It is not to be wondered at that immediately around these waterworks there has grown up a great and important centre. The main road from Chengtu to Tibet comes between the two channels, and crosses the main canal up to the northern half of the cleft hill. There is established the county town, walled, and providing a daily market, a very unusual state of things. About ten thousand people are to be found here regularly. The main road goes westward still across the *puentes de mimbre*⁷ gorge by a handsome suspension bridge woven of the useful bamboo.

But the feature of the hill that is at once most attractive and most creditable is a temple—not to the Buddha, nor to any of the average idols; the worship here is paid to Li Ping's son, who has been deified under the title Erh Wang, "Second Prince." In the fifth and sixth moons of each year crowds of pilgrims come from all over the plain, and even beyond, to pay homage to their great benefactor. Cocks and incense paper are the favourite offerings to make, and the crowds who come to pay vows, or to register them, must amount to tens of thousands every year, men, women, and children.

The temple itself is of extreme beauty, for situation, design, and execution. There are magnificent carvings, with rich lacquer-work and many votive offerings.

⁷ Bridge of Withes.

Indeed, to be more exact, there are two Li Ping temples, one to the father who designed the whole irrigation and began it, the other to his son who completed it. Chinese custom demands that the merit of the son shall accrue to the father, and some amusing squabbles have had to be composed on this account. Lately the question has been solved by the government in an unexpected way. Although the county town is well stocked with temples, there has been a great overflow of idols, and some have been housed in the Erh Wang temple. Now the government has taken possession of the whole, has cleared out some of the greedy priests, and has appropriated the lands of the lower temple, opposite the whirlpool, for new buildings connected with the silkworm hatchery. An important section of the upper and main temple, consecrated to the son, has been swept bare of the intrusive idols; the metal ones have been housed elsewhere, while the earthen ones generally fell to pieces in removal and had to be decently interred. Then offices for the waterworks were fitted up in the vacated space, and so the temple became better than ever a memento of the great water engineer. It is surely the most reasonable religion, one that a child can understand—nothing magical and mysterious, quite a triumph of common-sense; and therein it marks the quality of the Chinese mind. Materialism, worship of the tangible, regard for wealth and the means of its production, such will satisfy many minds; but just when all seems subdued to a dead level of reasonableness, there will arise some Whitefield who appeals to the deeper need and awakens an amazing response.

For the present, however, the worship of Li Ping holds its own, with the ritual but little varied from the old custom. When all the annual repair is over and the channels are lowered to their proper level, the superior



**SHRINE BUILT BY OLD LADIES AT THE SOUTH-GATE-BRIDGE, OVER ONE OF
LIPING'S CANALS, AT KWANHSIEN.**



officer comes from the capital, and at dawn performs worship in the temple, with incense and candles and sacrifice. Being duly paid his fees by the inferior officials, he proceeds to the bank, where the great triopds form the temporary piers which hold up the dam of matting and clay. To each tripod is attached a stout cable manned by a gang of coolies. By a strong pull all together the tripod is overset, and the rush of water soon carries away the sheeting of mats and clay. Children run down to build castles in the bed that runs dry, old and sick people fling stones into the vivifying flood, trusting thus to ensure themselves a year of health, while the magistrate starts at once on his overland journey back to Chengtu, that he may greet the arriving waters, as he started them on their way. Superstition accounts that should he lose in the race some evil will befall him, if not, indeed, the province.

The channels being thus refilled, agriculture takes on a new phase, and on every stream except the most southerly, boats and rafts begin to carry down the produce of the countryside to the capital. Chengtu draws its supplies of fuel from the hills, where charcoal-burners ply their trade and even coal is mined. The very dust of the coal is shot into deep pits and covered with earth, then set to smoulder at the bottom; when the mass is red-hot, a stream of water is turned in, and amid clouds of steam the glowing mass splits into long flakes or bars. Perhaps this ancient method may give a useful hint to Western mine-owners. And yet what Dr. Johnson wrote of Americans has often been said of the Chinese: "A race whom no other mortals could wish to resemble."

It will readily be understood that the worship of Li Ping does not exclude worship elsewhere, since even

in his own temple there were other gods as lodgers. Here are two ancient prayers, drawn up some nine hundred years ago and offered to the God of Nature, *with the Buddha as intercessor*. This is most remarkable.

“ This spring we have had insufficient sunlight, and the rain has not come in time. The wheat has not matured, and now is threatened with drought. The ground does not yield its wealth, nor can it be ploughed. Men’s hearts are troubled, and the country is unquiet. Trembling, we confess how inscrutable is the mind of Heaven. We rely on the power of the Buddha to aid us as we look up to the God of Nature, that he may cause the clouds on our west to yield soft, refreshing showers, that our fields may yield an hundred kinds of grain, that our wants may be supplied, that the year may be prosperous.”

“ Most merciful is Heaven. Already have we had the promise of a plentiful year, but our officials have no virtue to recommend them, and again have they provoked a bitter excess of rain. We now desire to send up our painful cry, and once more to invoke the Majesty of Heaven. We humbly reflect that this province is far from the Imperial Court. Often are the people in straits for food and clothing, and how much more when of late we have had successive years of famine. I, your servant, stupid and ignorant, share in the great distress of the nation. We pray accordingly that in return for the last spring planting there may be harvest, and that we may together look forward to a double ingathering as the autumn falls.”

These prayers are not only written in the stately language of a by-gone age, but they reveal a type of

religion that is rare in the provinces, and is best known by the annual worship performed by the Emperor at the Temple of Heaven. Idols are not officially countenanced in the state religion, but are so rife among the people that it is a relief to come upon relics of this purer worship, or the honour paid to such benefactors as Li Ping. These prayers give an instance of the official confessing his sins, and trusting that this may avail for the people. Such vicarious action is expected of the officials; and instances are not unknown where they have in words expressed themselves as ready to die for their people,⁸ and even have ascended an altar in the attitude of a victim. It does not seem to have struck many that it is nobler and more useful to spend their lives honestly in the service of the people, and that Li Ping has left them an illustrious example, both of true devotion and of the gratitude it inspires throughout the ages. "Dig the channels deep; keep the banks low," is inscribed, and wisely, in a hundred different places around the head waters of the great hydraulic engineer's works.

PART IV.—PRODUCTS

Chengtu, the capital of the "Banner Province" of Szechwan, lies toward the western limit of population. Marco Polo has left an account of it in the thirteenth century, when he found it "very great and exceeding rich." But since his day it has undergone many and considerable changes. When the Manchus conquered the land, this district was slow to submit, and the "rebel-

⁸ Washington said: "If I know my own mind, I could offer myself a living sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease: I would be a living offering to the savage fury and die by inches to save the people."

lion" was put down in the thorough way that characterises most Eastern peoples. So thorough were their methods that a new population had soon to be provided, and from all quarters there poured in settlers who were the ancestors of the present people. Of the former inhabitants only relics are to be found scattered about. Such an immigration has, of course, resulted in a sturdy, reliant people, free from much of that conservatism which comes from clinging to the soil. Some of the best stocks in the world come from transplantation, such as those which have peopled America.

To-day the walls enclose an oblong city, lying nearly east and west. Outside the walls are watercourses. In a few years two or three profitable lines of railway will converge here; at present the traffic is water-borne, or by men and mules. All around is evidence of intense culture. Rain often freshens the plain, but the fertility and productiveness of this rich region, which is the setting for the capital of the largest province in Cathay, is due largely to irrigation, to Li Ping's hydraulic works.

During our visits, and particularly while crossing and recrossing this fertile tract, our interest lay heavy on the grains and other products of the plain. The population of the remote Four Streams, reckoned at over fifty millions, requires an enormous supply of food-stuffs, even if the proverbial Chinese two meals a day prevail.

The variety of the produce, and the quaintness of many of the names when translated literally, will, we hope, prevent any weariness while the long list passes in review. The "Annals of the Chengtu District" enumerate and describe the products of the plain as follows:



SALT WELLS AT TZELING, SZECHWAN.

The derricks are built of large timbers spliced together with bamboo wrappings. Near the place is a self-flowing well from which the district derived its name. The flat bottomed boats are for conveying the brine from the wells to the "coal" evaporators.

Photo by R. S. J. Ladde.

Food Cereals. Among these rice takes the lead. There is a kind called "white hemp rice," from its resemblance to hemp-seed; also "flower-grained," "wild goose," "red lily," and "fragrant": these all are late crops. (The meaning is that they ripen late, though planted early.) Of those that quickly come to maturity may be mentioned the "sixty day," the "eighty day early," and the "hundred day early." Of grains used for making liquor the principal is a sort of glutinous rice called *no ku*. There are also several varieties called "snake-eye," "pig's fat," "red wine," "tiger-skin," "yellow silk," "swallow-bill," and "sword-point" rice, and three kinds of white rice resembling *no ku* but inferior in quality.

Wheat comes next. Barley the Chinese call "great wheat"; common wheat is "small wheat," of which there are two varieties, the bearded and the beardless, and a variety called "oily."

Of millet, the *kaoliang* (literally, "high stalk," or Barbadoes millet) comes first, followed by Ali Baba's invaluable grain, sesamum, of which there are two varieties, black and white; it is used chiefly for making oil employed in cooking, likewise for lamps before the introduction of mineral oil. A Chinese expression for inflammation of the eyes accompanied by the secretion of wax is "oil of sesamum," meaning that the student has had too much lamp-oil.

Beans. There are yellow (great and small), black (great and small), white, string, (literally, "silk beans"), vermillion, and green beans.

There are also "bowl beans," or, in Chinese, *wan-dou*, called by foreigners peas. The varieties are red, white hemp, climbing, and "sheep's eye."

Textile Plants. Fire hemp, water hemp, and cotton of many varieties are found.

Edible Plants. There is ginger, the sort Confucius was never tired of eating; also red pepper (the Chinese use enormous quantities of it), black pepper, and sea-pepper (originally imported), onions, garlic, and *lo-po*⁹—a very convenient word. When you see a turnip you call it a *lo-po*; when you see a radish it is also a *lo-po*; while all sorts of beets, red, white, sweet, sour, are all described as *lo-po*, and a delicious cucumber is nothing but *lo-po!* The other distinctions are not here given.

Cabbage, called *pai ts'ai*, which means "white vegetable," is found in several varieties. There are lily flowers, and *hsün*, meaning the tender shoots of the bamboo, which form the most delicious vegetable, in early spring produced in great quantity without special cultivation. The flavour resembles that of the first green corn; its appearance is like that of a giant variety of asparagus.¹⁰ Finally there is "dragon's beard," the common name of asparagus; also yams, literally known as "hill medicine."

Melons. Pumpkins are called "winter melons"; squashes are "sweet melons"; watermelons are commonly described as "western melons," *hsı-kua* in Chinese, and are said to have been introduced into China by the Ouigours. There is a very interesting point in this connection. It has been suggested, with great probability, that the sound *hsı-kua* really represents the Greek word *okkua*, meaning a melon. By a curious coincidence the Chinese *hsı-kua* means "western melon," so the name is doubly appropriate.

Fruits. These are plums, apples, pears, and the "tree melon," meaning the quince. The pomegranate

⁹The varieties of *lo-po* are generally distinguished thus: white *lo-po*, or turnips; yellow *lo-po*, or carrots; red *lo-po*, or radishes. We are very doubtful as to *lo-po*, being used for cucumbers, the ordinary term for which is *huang kua*, or *hsı-kua*.

¹⁰For the various uses of bamboo, see "A Yankee on the Yangtze."

is *shih-liu*. Then come the peach, the apricot, the cherry; *p'i p'a*, the loquat (*Eriobotrya japonica*), a small, sweet fruit with smooth skin and large seed, for which we have no name in the West; and grapes, *p'u t'ao* in Chinese, a rude attempt to transfer the name Portugal, the improved varieties of grapes all being referred to the Portuguese, who first opened trade with China. Others have derived the name from the Greek *Bótpus*, a cluster.

Trees. There are the pine, spruce, and mulberry; the *huai* (*Sophora japonica*), a favourite shade-tree; the cedar, cypress, and eucalyptus; the ailanthus, of two varieties, the fragrant and the stinking; the willow, of several varieties. Bamboo comprise the speckled, dragon, scaly, bitter, purple, phoenix-tail, water, and the fish-line bamboo, no doubt meaning by metonymy not the fish-line but the fishing-rod.

Flowers. Here we find the *oliofragrans*, in Chinese *yu lan*; the mountain-tea flower; the *fu gung*, or hibiscus, a tall and showy plant with a woody stem; the night-closing violet, of several varieties; roses of all colours and many varieties, such as monthly roses, the "smiling rose," and the famous *mu tan* (tree-peony), large and gaudy, and greatly admired by the Chinese.

Birds. The "eucalyptus-flower-phœnix-bird" is the first on the list! Then come the falcon-hawk, large and small (depending upon the age); the magpie, crow, sparrow, swallow, pigeon, dove, and white stork; the "fish-tiger," meaning that it is rather rough on fish; the woodpecker, large and small; the "old white head"; the "protector of flowers" bird, showing that the Chinese recognise the usefulness of some birds in the destruction of noxious insects.

Fishes. The carp always heads the list, perhaps because Confucius gave his son the name of that fish.

We are inclined to suspect some religious symbolism. The "wooden carp" is a hollow piece of wood used as a night-rattle in Buddhist monasteries. It is shaped like a fish, and is typical of wakefulness, because a fish never closes its eyes.

Then come the "peach-bloom" fish, white eels, blackfish, "yellow gills," and goldfish.

Of crustaceans, there are the tortoise and the crab.

Serpents. There are several varieties described by colour, and one given as having feet, which evidently means a lizard.

Of worms, the silkworm deservedly heads the list, in several varieties specially distinguished as "wild" and "tame."

Then come butterflies, and the praying mantis, an insect with a long, green body, its fore paws being much longer than its hinder. It makes motions as if bowing down in worship, and on meeting with an object which alarms it, it raises its fore legs for protection. The Chinese say that it will attempt to check the passage of a mule-cart, and they consequently use it as the image of futile opposition.

With such a plentiful supply of food of all kinds, the population abounds. No Malthus has arisen, nor do famines desolate the city and cause foundling hospitals to thrive. Rather in every alley can be heard at dusk mothers crooning their little ones off with lullabies:

" When a son is born, in a lordly bed
Wrap him in raiment of purple and red;
Sceptres of gold, and playthings bring,
For the noble boy who shall serve the king.

" When a girl is born, in coarse cloth wound,
With a tile for a toy let her lie on the ground;
In her rice or tea be her praise or blame,
And let her not sully her parent's good name."

IF YOU HAVE MONEY ANY PLACE IS YANGCHOW (YOU CAN LIVE
FAST ANYWHERE).

This is a quotation from the "Odes," II, iv, 5, 8-9:

" Sons shall be born to him;
They will be put to sleep on couches,
They will be clothed in robes,
They will have sceptres to play with.
Their cry will be loud.
They will be hereafter resplendent with red knee-covers,
The future king, the princes of the land.

" Daughters shall be born to him;
They will be put to sleep on the ground,
They will be clothed with wrappers,
They will have tiles to play with.
It will be theirs neither to do wrong nor to do good;
Only about the spirits and the food will they have to think,
And to cause no sorrow to their parents."

[Note.—The tile is the emblem of the girl's future employment, when, with a tile upon her knee, she will have to twist the threads of hemp.]

The city has a large Moslem contingent. There are many new-comers from Kansu, but the oldsters cherish the memory of their Turkish origin. Though they point with pride to pedigrees of forty generations on Chinese soil, they proudly say they are not Chinese; however little may be the Turcoman blood in their veins, yet they look back to that distant strain, and disclaim local nationality. This seems a very dangerous state of mind. When the Jews speak thus in Europe, it often leads to an outbreak of anti-Semitism; and considering that ingrained in the faith of Islam is the doctrine of Jihad, the Holy War for the propagation of the faith, it is evident that there is here a potential danger which the Chinese might do well to heed before foreign complications arise.

PART V.—THE FALL AND RISE OF RELIGION

Despite the fact that Chengtu is at the far west of the Empire, it is not badly supplied with public institutions, and the visitors and colonists from the West, America and Europe, are not few. Consuls, indeed, complain that there is no enterprise on the part of traders to seek market here; that few will risk sending up a boat freighted with new goods, and that the province is left to its own devices for manufactures and mining. But though the city of Chengtu is but small, it has a white population. Almost the whole of it is associated with religion. There are six societies which station here six dozen regular workers of various kinds, the medical element being peculiarly strong. The Canadian Methodists are far the most numerous, and have been on the field since 1891, but the China Inland Mission preceded them by ten years. It is astonishing to find so large a force of Europeans and Americans at such a distance from their homes. To many people the journey to Shanghai seems formidable, and it certainly costs time and money, while to a new-comer the sights there must be foreign enough. Yet for a journey hither that is only the preliminary run.

The railroad up the Yangtze will bring this distant capital and its 400,000 inhabitants in easy touch with Burma or Shanghai or Peking. Meantime there are evident signs of the change that is passing over the land. The old curriculum is superseded, and even in remote Chengtu the whole plan of education is new: new schools, new premises—often, indeed, old temples adapted—and new teachers, the supply not good as yet, but sure to improve in the next few years. Nor are there primary schools alone; a whole hierarchy is planned. The new temper in education may be seen by looking at the examination papers. They used to deal



HALL OF THE PROVINCIAL ASSEMBLY OF SZECHWAN AT CHENGTU.

Style of architecture suggests the Temple of Heaven at Peking.

天是棺材蓋，地是棺材底。
人跑來跑去，還在棺材裡

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HEAVEN IS THE LID OF THE COFFIN, EARTH IS THE BOTTOM OF
THE COFFIN, MEN MAY RUSH TO AND FRO, BUT THEY ARE IN THE
COFFIN ALL THE SAME

with abstract questions; a sentence from the classics would be set as a theme for a prize poem or a prose essay—the same literary method that still obtains at Oxford. But a modern paper enquires about free trade and protection, labour and capital, national debts, coinage, the principles of naval power, and similar practical topics. At one examination there was a very suggestive question: “How do foreigners regulate the press, the post office, commerce, railways, banks, bank-notes, commercial schools, taxation; and how do they get trustworthy men?” This last is the most important part. In this hurly-burly, the old religions are having to justify themselves.

“Szechwan was made a kingdom by the first man who ruled over the human race.” When a record or history begins with the above claim, we feel discouraged, and fall not upon the history so much as upon the present. The Garden of Eden must have been in Szechwan; our clue lies in the very name of the province, which is “Four Streams.”

Taoism, as would naturally be expected, has made a great figure in this mountainous province. The most noted of Taoist sages, Lao Tzü,¹¹ belonged to this mountain region at the opposite end of China from Confucius. One of his followers bears the name of “Li 800,” although he may have been called by this strange name to indicate that he was the head of a clan of eight hundred persons. Tradition has given it differently, and represents that he lived to the age of eight hundred

¹¹ Lao Tzü is said by Ssu-ma Ch'ien to have been born in Ch'u, the modern Honan.

years, in consequence of the efficacious medicine which he picked up on the hills of Szechwan.

The names of noted Taoists are given under several succeeding dynasties, but in general they conform to this type—that of the man who has made use of either vegetable or mineral medicines to resist disease and prolong life. Now and then a slight variation is introduced by representing that some one or two of these worthies have not absolutely forgotten their fellow-men in their own selfish search for immortality, and when they have happened to do some good act, as, for example, the so-called "Old Man of Yi Chow," who was never observed to eat anything himself but expended all the money that he got from the sale of drugs in relieving the wants of the poor, their good actions are supposed to count for something in the scale of longevity. Lao Tzū would be intensely disgusted to see his followers giving up the lofty idea of restoring the human body and the human mind to their pristine vigour, and degenerating into mere fortune-tellers, exorcists, and practitioners of witchcraft.

While the Taoist is of such mental constitution, there is not much future for him. And the Buddhists, though so near Burma, seem not to have much vitality. True, during our stay ten monks took the vows, the ceremony being reported to include burning nine spots on their heads, but it is very significant that the recent appropriation of temples has not aroused much feeling. In the new demands for public buildings caused by the new ideas of education, it has seemed easier for the officials to clear out idols wholesale and use the temples for schools and offices than to erect new edifices. In Italy, when the monks were extruded from their convents, there was a temporary outcry, but the general acquiescence showed that in popular esteem these "religious

orders" had outlived their usefulness. Imagine, however, what would be said and done if in America or Britain there were a general appropriation of churches for common schools and municipal offices! The fact that this has been largely done in China shows that here too, as in Italy and France, the old religion has lost its hold upon the people, even in imagination.

But temples are not on the same footing as our churches. The former have never had anything particularly sacred—intrinsically sacred—about them, and have been used for a variety of purposes, especially as temporary lodging-places.

Indeed, not only outside the walls and at fair-time, but anywhere in the city, a missionary has only to hire a table by the street and sit down to sell books, or talk, and an attentive audience can be secured at once. The Chinese is thirsty for all Western learning, and his own religions are under a cloud.

The oldest of all Christian missions, the Persian, has left no trace here, unless it be in some forms of the native religion. The Roman missions entered in 1704 under an Italian Jesuit, but within a few years they were proscribed and all progress was by stealth. Since the revival of 1822 the work has gone on more vigorously, and now is entirely in the hands of the French, who have in the province one hundred and eighty workers from the home land, which betokens great activity.

For other work, take the report of an outside observer:

"The people who live by Method are the chief of the foreign devil teachers. There are two encampments of them, in the north and in the south of the city. They are rich, very rich; they ride out in chairs, four-bearer

chairs; they wear good clothes, though the patterns are strange. They are not mean in buying, but pay good prices. Their houses are of new style, higher than the governor's and very solid. They have good gardens round the buildings, and foreign furniture inside. Many servants wait on them. They have built immense houses for the sick, and one of them has a high tower for Good Luck; but we do not understand this, and no one has yet been into one of their 'hospitals.' Four times in each moon they go to their temples to worship, wearing skins on their hands. They read and sing, with marvellous music and instruments, and when they pray at the end they take off their spectacles. They work very hard to see one another, to learn how to speak, and to entertain other foreign devils from other provinces. In the last six moons they have had five meetings of their friends to talk. This tires them so much that they have to go to the mountain for a moon to recover. When they come back, they pray and write, and buy. They teach schools, they mend teeth, they wait for sick people in their Good Luck palace."

Indeed, the Methodist missions, whether the American at one end of the city or the Canadian at the other, are most splendidly equipped and staffed. They have drunk in the spirit of the age, wear kid gloves in church, and are abreast of the latest requirements for all kinds of work. It would not be surprising to hear soon of a weekly paper from their printing-press. They are manifestly planning, on the same lines that the Romans have so long followed, to reach the influential classes with a great display of all the culture that has sprung up in the wake of Christianity. Among themselves they have a microcosmic society, and, with all the Chinese life around, they evidently consider that they do well to uphold a high standard of American etiquette. New ideas of missions are coming into vogue, and doubtless

CARRY YOUR UMBRELLA WHEN WEATHER IS FINE; CARRY FOOD
WHEN YOU ARE NOT HUNGRY

appeal to new classes, which have been left untouched by the older type.

The older style is continued by such bodies as the China Inland Mission. Here we see the traditional underpaid man, living among and almost like the people, moving among them freely, not depending on equipment of all kinds, but with earnestness and trust and not infrequently with power just speaking out the simple message of salvation to the man in the street. And so whatever type of mission is favoured can easily be found here.

Educationally the outlook is uncertain. As the nearest Imperial university is to be in a distant province, the way is open for the many missions to combine and establish a strong Christian centre of learning. This is an ideal province for a great Christian university, but at least two million dollars is needed for a beginning.

It is waste of time to "start small and grow large." At this period of Chinese history such a scheme would simply bring down ridicule on the foreign devil's petty philanthropy. Let the cultured Christian Church of the Western hemisphere cover herself with glory in this Western Empire State of the Hills of T'ang!

THE YELLOW CAPITALS

XIV

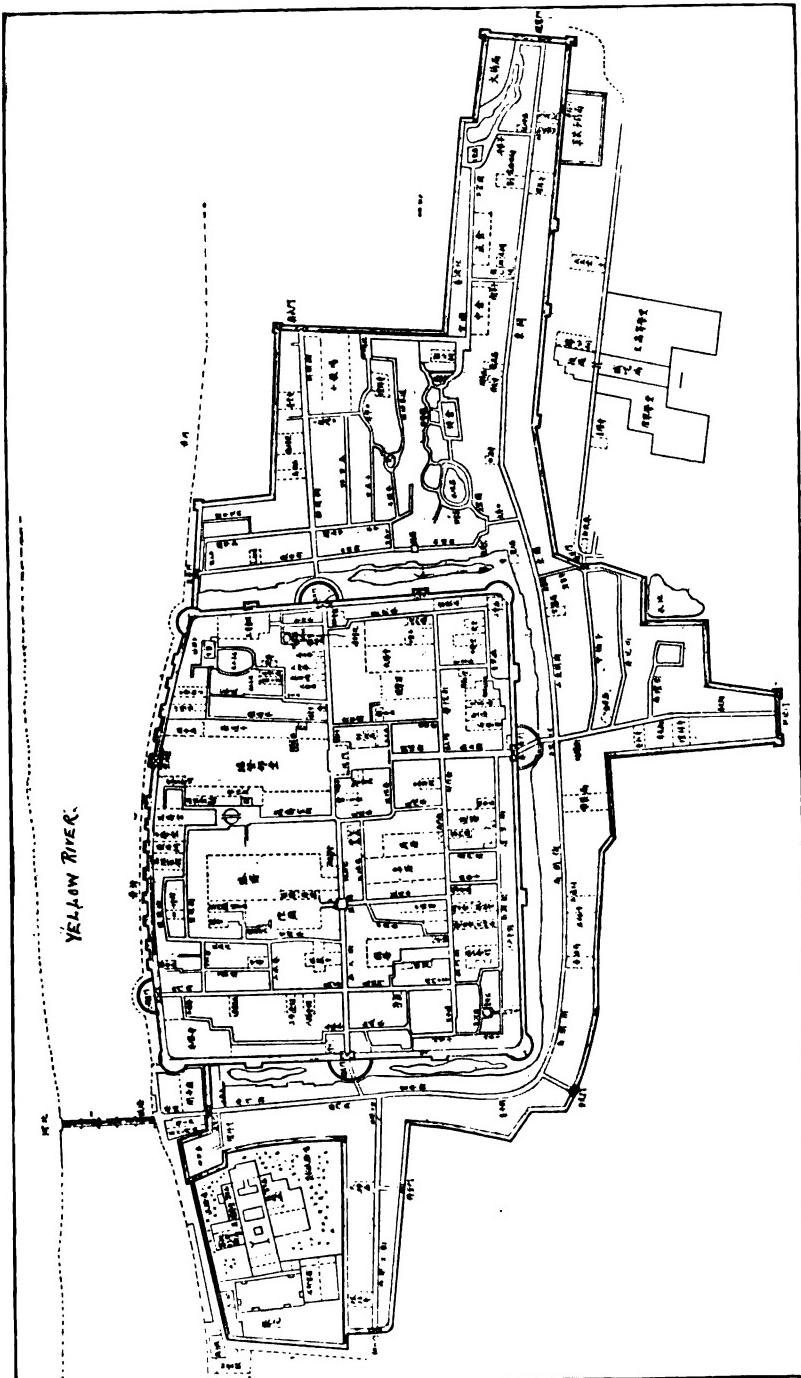
LANCHOW

PART I.—THE PANHANDLE PROVINCE

LANCHOW is the most northwesterly of the eighteen capitals of the Eighteen Provinces. Yet such an amazing Empire is this that Kashgar, on the western boundary of Chinese Turkestan, is as far again to the west, and Karakoram, well within the boundary of Mongolia, is as far to the north as Yunnan is to the south. Lanchow is the centre of gravity of the Chinese Empire.

But to the west the Tibetans are not effusive in their welcome of visitors; they have a pleasing habit of setting them to ride the stang, or some sharp seat equivalent. And to the north there is little to tempt a tourist into the Gobi Desert. So Lanchow is not very far from the limit of civilisation in this direction; a few hundred miles to the west, or a hundred miles to the north, and the province of Kansu is passed.

Who wants to pass it? The interest steadily thins out as we bore into the heart of Asia along this line. The scenery is an impression of snow in winter or of sand in summer, so the globe-trotter is not likely to throng here in his thousands. The breeders have only learned to milk the cows and mares and get a peculiar sour curd, very popular now in the West, or, when the milk runs short, to skin the animals and export the hides. The peasants have nothing special to grow or to send away, except rhubarb and rebellions, and the resources of the province appear so meagre that there



LANCHOW, CAPITAL OF KANSU.



你敬我一尺，我敬你一丈
HONOR ME ONE FOOT, AND I'LL HONOR YOU TEN

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蘭州

兰州

Lanchow, signifying "The District of the Lan Hwa." The "Lan" is the *Aglaia Odorata*, the most fragrant flower in China.

are but some ten millions of people in what is one of the largest divisions.

An inhospitable section is this, yet we have crossed it from the tip of the Panhandle to its extreme border. Dotted about in the barren wilderness are some arable lands, but the chief impression is of high, craggy peaks, frosted with the snows of years. There are streams, all emptying into the great Yellow River and raising its level as much as forty feet in flood-time, but none of them admit of ordinary navigation. Upwards, no vessel can toil against the swirl of muddy water except by the painful tracking or towing. Now and again rafts are sent down, but more often single logs or planks, and even with these there are frequent accidents; our first near view of the stream showed a corpse swaying up and down in a cleft of the rock.

Is the river an emblem of the Empire? Down from the fastnesses of Tibet, say some who peer back into the dim past, came once the people who moulded the civilisation of the basin, and laid the foundations of what swelled and grew into the Central Kingdom. Eastward ho! has been the direction of culture till the ocean was attained; then southward ho! until once again the salt waters ended the advance. But those who from the south and east have striven to impress themselves have found it but an uphill task.

Surely the river is an emblem of Kansu the province. Its waters rush down from the lofty lands of the Koko Nor to meet the winds sweeping off the desiccated lands of the Shamo Desert; so from the strange uncanny tracts meet here streams of influence, religious, moral, and commercial, which render an impressionable people hard to understand and manage. These cliffs and peaks, from the Cathedral Spires to the Magic Meteor, have witnessed daring deeds, doings unfit for the modern

page. This highland cavalry loves its liberty, is ready for slaughter and aggression, is turbulent and restless, but undeniably able.

Three great rivers are there in China, and all of them yellow, though this alone bears the title. This and the Yangtze are like a pair of sons, the Esau and Jacob of the land. Esau the Yellow—not the red in this case—is wild and untamable, fitful, impetuous, wasteful. No good is he to the peoples he dwells among, only a terror not to be reckoned upon. The other "Son of the Empire," as he is often called, the smooth and plausible Yangtze, enriches all that he touches. Verily the Yangtze has supplanted the elder in interest. Yet Chinese civilisation began here; and when we think of Confucius the sage, of Yao the model Emperor in the age of myth, of Imperial capitals at Loyang and Sian, all tempt the explorer to go up and up this stream to seek the head water of Chinese life and culture.

The Chinese themselves have felt the mystic spell, and tell how far back in the ages of long ago, a mighty hero named Chang Ch'ien¹ poled his raft up the cur-

¹ Chang Ch'ien is quite an historical personage, who was sent on his first mission to Bactria by the Emperor Wu Ti about 138 B.C. He was taken prisoner by the Hsiung-nu and kept in captivity for ten years. Having managed to escape, he proceeded to Kokand, whence he is said to have brought the walnut and the cultivated grape to China. He is also said to have introduced hemp and the knotty bamboo into China.

With regard to the source of the Yellow River, which he was commissioned to discover, legend says that he sailed up the stream for many days, until he reached a city where he saw a girl spinning and a youth leading an ox. Chang Ch'ien asked what place this was, and in reply, the girl gave him her shuttle, telling him to show it on his return to the court astrologer, who would thus know where he had been. He did so, and the astrologer at once recognised the shuttle as that of the Spinning Damsel (α Lyre, or the star Vega); further declaring that on the day and at the hour when Chang received the shuttle he had noticed a wandering star intrude itself between the Spinning Damsel and the Cowherd (β and γ Aquilæ). Thus Chang was actually believed to have sailed upon the bosom of the Milky Way!

rent, far beyond civilisation, away into the mountains of Tibet, till he found the stream flowing out of the Milky Way, or Heavenly River. Whatever they think of the actual identity of the silvery band in the sky with the golden waters on earth, the story is as popular as "Robinson Crusoe." The first commissioner sent abroad by the present government to see and report on foreign nations wished to imply that his adventurous journey was as bold and dangerous as that of the mythical hero, so he published the account of his luxurious voyage in steamship and sleeping-car as "A New Voyage of Chang Ch'ien!"

PART II.—THE EIGHT SCENERIES OF LAN

The city of Lanchow is prepared to try conclusions with the whole ancient world. Did that have Seven Wonders, varying from the Colossus of Rhodes and the Hanging Gardens at Babylon to the temple of Artemis at Alexandria, built like a pyramid to entomb her husband in? Lan is ready to outbid the mere Western barbarian, and to produce Eight Sceneries of her own. We faithfully went and enriched our album with photographs of them all.

1. **The Floating Bridge.** Out through the western suburb, under the North Gate, a few tens of feet bring the traveller to the shore of the river. Though so many hundreds of miles from the coast, it races along in a bed two hundred and fifty yards wide, and opposes a serious obstacle to peaceful trade as to foreign invader. Who first thought of bridging it? From the log astride which the timid voyager paddled over, or the canoe which carried his merchandise, some bold inventor advanced to slinging a rope across and hitching his boat to it; such an ingenious ferry at Basel still earns many a cent from those who would watch the current drive the

boat across. Then came the idea of using boat after boat to support a floating bridge; and when Xerxes thus tamed the Hellespont, he was but infringing a patent of Lan.

Four and twenty barges, each forty feet long, are threaded together with hawsers, twelve of straw and three of hemp, each six inches in diameter; and two heavy iron chains, wrought locally, add security to the whole. There seem to be no anchors for the separate boats, but the whole strain is taken by these continuous cables, which are moored on either bank to twenty-four wooden posts and two hollow columns of cast iron. From boat to boat a staging is thrown, and on this loose planks are laid for the deck. This is fenced roughly, and provides easy passage for a cart, while two may squeeze past with some difficulty. A constant flow of vehicles, animals, and men surges across.

Through many months this structure serves, rising and falling with the waters, till in winter the strain of the ice against it is too serious. Then it is parted in the middle, and a dozen pontoons swing down either bank, where they are lashed firm. A free ferry is then established by the city. When in spring the floes have cleared away, the bridge is towed again into position and reconstructed; a pig and a sheep are sacrificed, and the viceroy in person declares it open for the season.

2. The Golden Hills. The bridge leads right across to the north bank, where a steep, low range of loess hills rises sharply from the river side. They are as golden as the yellow dust generally is; in this country a little variety would occasionally be welcome. At the foot of the hills cluster now many houses, occupied almost entirely by Moslems. Their frequent risings have brought about a law whereby they are debarred from

living in the city, and they are increasingly gathering opposite, where their flat-roofed houses strike a note different from that of China generally. Above them are the familiar curved eaves of two-story buildings, which prove to be mostly temples, with inns scattered about. Indeed, temples are being often converted into inns, if any conversion is needed. Foot-paths diversify the face of the hills, sometimes decked out with halting-places; but no tree, no verdure, no cultivation, is allowed to detract from the pure gold of the loess.

3. The Golden Hill Pagoda crowns the crest of the little range. There certainly is a convenience in having three of the Eight Sceneries placed so compactly. And without doubt this forms a striking climax to the group, doing some credit to the scenic sense of the geomancer who selected this lucky spot. But on somewhat closer examination it is rather suggestive of an eight-storyed lighthouse on the edge of a cliff, with its oil stores and accessories neatly walled in for the commissioners of lights. It is the Pharos of Alexandria up to date. Lan holds its own.

4. The Lily Pool is a recreation park reserved for the officials of Lanchow, a sort of Hanging Gardens of Babylon. And as the park contains chalets for meals, built close to the Great Wall, the effect distinctly takes up the challenge of the builder by the Euphrates. Temples are dotted about; gardens grow vegetables for the civil servants to carouse on. But the heart of the park is the Lily Pool itself! It is quite twenty-four inches deep, and is supplied with water by a canal nearly as wide, which connects with the river. Here may be studied the fauna of the neighborhood, especially in the shape of mosquitoes; also the flora, both alive and decaying. Pavilions rise from the lily waters, linked by bridges of the most exquisite brick-work. To those



Photo by Wm. N. Ruhl.

TIBETAN PRAYER WHEEL, SOUTHWEST OF LANZHOU, NEAR JAOCHOW.



AMONG THE "EIGHT SCENERIES OF LAN" IS THE Wo CANTILEVER BRIDGE, A FOOTBRIDGE OVER A SMALL STREAM FLOWING TO THE YELLOW RIVER JUST WEST OF LANZHOU.

It is 70 feet in span and the roadway slopes steeply upwards from the two abutments to a short level stretch in mid span. The bridge is intended only for pedestrians, and is really necessary only during occasional floods. At ordinary time the water is very low and carts and animals in crossing traverse the bed of the stream. The temples which show beneath the bridge are upon the hills on the opposite bank of the Yellow River.

which cannot thus be reached access may be had by a fleet, whose flagship is a square-ended punt with a cabin on it for light refreshments. The Frog-pond of Boston, so patriotically defended by Oliver Wendell Holmes against Edgar Allan Poe, cannot compare with this fourth scene of Lanchow.

5. The Wo Bridge. Confuse not this gem of aerial architecture with the floating bridge over the Hwang-ho. This spans a small stream just west of the city, and is in permanent working order, not for the summer only. But to redress the balance, the stream is usually out of commission, so that carts and animals cross the dry bed. The bridge itself is reserved for pedestrians, who climb up either side and find a level stretch in the centre. From shore to shore the span is some seventy feet. A roof adds to both strength and beauty, while at either end is an entrance pavilion. Wood is the chief material; otherwise it recalls one of the most famous bridges in Venice and the prison-bridge at St. John's in Cambridge.

This style is the next step in advance beyond the pontoon, and probably was the extent of the Roman art when they were so struck with the divine art displayed as to make their bridge-builder or pontiff their priest. So valuable have all races esteemed their bridges, that the Incas made it a capital crime to destroy one.

The many-arched bridge does not occur here, but in the country there may be seen some primitive cantilever bridges, where a central pier supports by the middle a long stretch of roadway, met by another stretch from the bank or even from another pier, so that a long bridge of this type is like a series T T T. However good as engineering, it will not compare in grace with the Wo Bridge of Lanchow.

6. Five Spring Hill. A mile and a half to the south of the city are the Kaolan Mountains, and the nearest point rises a trifle above the rest of the range. The upper part of the hill is of loess, as usual. This formation might stand as a warning in some Chinese *Struwwelpeter*, to show careless maids the result of not using the duster daily, for it is nothing but the dust of ages, never taken away by diligent housewives, and to-day defying the highest vacuum cleaner. Below the loess, however, there appear here conglomerate and gravel, whence issue the Five Springs whence the hill gets its name. Every spring a fair is held at the foot for five days, when the city populace streams forth for a holiday. Candy and toys are on the stalls for the bank-holiday-makers, story-tellers take the place of Pierrots or coons or nigger minstrels; the little wooded valley with its springs tempts some to picnic, others clamber up the steep slope and peep at the many temples which cling to the hill face.

7. Rear Five Springs. Over the top of the mountain the path leads down to another pretty wooded valley. As it reaches the lower levels, other springs are found issuing from the same gravel. But a strange erosion has occurred, by wind or water or both, so that a pillar of conglomerate capped with loess overhangs the springs for some fifty feet, making almost a cave where they take their rise. Down stream is the ravine leading to the Wo Bridge; up the other way may be seen steep slopes thickly occupied with temples, where Buddhist monks or Taoist priests count their beads and croon their prayers or otherwise spend their busy lives.

8. Back in the city, yet not in the city proper, but in the eastern suburb, is a Twelve-storied Pagoda, which is the last of the standard eight wonders. There is really nothing historic here, but it is fairly ornamental.

9. A ninth wonder ought to be thrown in, now that a modern steel bridge has been erected across the river. To them it will indeed be a wonder, for, quite apart from its material and its structure, they will have to learn that steel is not like stone; it needs attention and painting. The Chinese build for centuries, and they have not yet grasped the fact that the steel age is calculated to turn out products for only scores of years.

10. The funny thing is that the Great Wall is not on the official list. No other capital city is so linked with it, for the city actually is built against it, so that the Great Wall is part of the city wall also. Evidently familiarity has bred contempt, and Lanchow refuses to regard its wall as a wonder. This is magnanimity indeed; when a little trifle of a wall, a mere prolongation of the city wall of a thousand miles or so, can be omitted in a catalogue of the city wonders, who will dare enter into competition? Lan first, the rest nowhere.

PART III.—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

1. *Past.* Yet this old wall, what does it not recall of the vanished ages? As we explored it from end to end, twice did we come to this city and find it linking itself with the age of heroes. Not, indeed, that the original erection of Ch'in Shih Huang ran here; little or nothing of that remains to be seen, and probably it has been reconstructed out of recognition in the course of two millenniums. Indeed, while there is no mistake that as things stand now a bicyclist can go on top of the Great Wall from far Lanchow out to the Pacific Ocean, it is equally certain that he will walk most of the distance, and find alternative routes here

and there, and only ninety miles to the north he will be confronted with a junction. Lanchow is on a branch or even a loop of the Wall, and there is a cut-off which leaves the Huang-ho and goes due west for one hundred and twenty miles till the loop comes in sight again, then turns north past Liangchow and meanders on rather indefinitely. Very likely that was the original line, and curved away into the Tibet highlands somewhere in that neighborhood. For a fuller discussion of the peculiarities here, we must refer to our recent book on "The Great Wall of China."

From the same remote age, or even from earlier times than that of the great Ch'in, come down legends that show the thoughts of those distant peoples. Southwest of Lanchow is an orchard containing a Chess-board Tree, thirty feet high and four feet in girth, with two branches five feet long growing straight out from the top, curiously like chairs. So ancient is it that now it seems to be dead. The tale that is told is that when it was already aged, in the Han dynasty, two sages climbed it, and there on the twin chairs played chess and refreshed themselves with wine. The odour of their wisdom penetrated the tree as though it were antiseptic, and has preserved it ever since.

Away in another direction, to the north, is a hill called from olden days the Golden Hill. This is not because of the dull yellow loess, though indeed the absence of all verdure leaves the soil bare and exposed. The tale runs that long ago when Lanchow was the capital—of what? a feudal state before Ch'in?²—the people used to go to this hill and at the side of the river they could collect gold. In the mountain were golden cows, golden sheep, golden hares, golden horses,

² Under the Chou dynasty the region about Lanchow was inhabited by semi-savage tribes—the so-called Jung barbarians.

without number; but they could only be seen at the dead of night, when they came forth to frisk on the mountain-top or to drink at the river-side. Not alone were they themselves of the precious metal, but their very dung was equally valuable, and was greedily collected. Now a man from the south bethought himself he would like to catch and pen a goose that laid such golden eggs, and he planned a subtle scheme. But one of the company taken to the appropriate spot coughed at a critical moment; the herd scattered, and when daylight appeared naught was to be seen but divers large and strange stones. Temples were erected —the whole hill is dotted over with them; but the most earnest and persevering worship has never brought the stone animals back to golden life again.

Ghostly stories of this kind are very rife. Not all are as practical as this: A sick man went to a Taoist priest that he might be advised as to the choice of a doctor. The priest gave him eye-salves that he might be able to see ghosts, and bade him go round to the houses of the physicians till he came to one where no ghost haunted his former patron. He started to find a ghostless doctor. The leading consultant had the street as full of ghosts as his waiting-room was full of men. At the door of every fashionable surgeon he found throngs of ghosts, paying, as it were, ancestor-worship to the man who had brought them into their disembodied existence. From door to door he went, and everywhere he found the doctor most easily by the crowd of devotee ghosts. Despairing of finding a doctor with no attendant spirit, he rejoiced at discovering a practitioner with only one solitary revenant. To him he at once entered, and implicitly followed his direction.

But when he later enquired, "How many moons has my venerated benefactor pursued his work of beneficence and charity?" he received the frank acknowledgment, "Your insignificant servant had but opened his doors three days, and your lordly foot was but the second to cross the threshold." Soon there were two ghosts at the door.

2. *Present.* This city is a kind of Chinese Mecca; of the twenty odd million Moslems who live in the Central Kingdom, more reside in Kansu than in any other one province, and so the capital is their natural centre. They are not Arabs, nor have any Arab blood in them. Probably Tatars introduced the faith by the overland route, and settled down, marrying not more than four Chinese women at a time, with as many concubines as they could afford. They multiplied rapidly, as is usually the case with Moslems, and all the children were brought up in the faith of the Prophet. But while in other quarters the Arabs generally have set the fashion of dress and of speech, so that flowing robes and gutteral tones are usually associated with Islam, yet here in China the conservatism of the nation prevailed in these details. There is nothing appealing to the eye which would pick out a Moslem from a Confucian, a Taoist, a Buddhist, or a Christian.

But one peculiarity of Islam is very marked: its tendency to revolt against any government that is not exercised by one of its own sons. This it shares with the other great international system, Roman Catholicism. Mecca and Rome are the centres each of a great religious propaganda, and when nationality and religion conflict, religion usually wins with their followers. And so the Moslem is a perpetual cause of anxiety to many a ruler—in Algeria, in Egypt, in India, in Java, in Turkestan, in China.

The most serious outbreak was when the Chinese Moslems rose in general rebellion, and this province in particular was the headquarters of their movement. When it was suppressed, thousands were driven out into exile, but this proved insufficient to cope with the problem, and at last a drastic move was resolved upon. In Egypt Pharaoh was driven to the step of ordering that every Hebrew baby born should be killed at once; but this left a large generation growing and grown. The Chinese Pharaoh elected the other end of the scale to be dealt with, and ordered that every follower of Mohammed above the age of fifteen should be despatched. Whether that was carried out may be doubted, though Asiatics do not shrink from exterminations on this colossal scale. But we hear nothing of any measure for dealing with the young, or with the lands set free. If there were no new Confucian settlers training up the children to pay reverence to ancestral tablets, no Buddhist lamas from Tibet to gather the lads into monasteries, no Taoist priests to indoctrinate them with a wholesome fear of ghosts, then the whole trouble might possibly recur in another fifteen or twenty years. And in reality this has happened, if not on the same gigantic scale. The memory of the last insurrection³ has not died away, though the viceroy was then able, by seizing hostages, to keep the city untouched. And now a large settlement of these doubtful subjects is across the Pontoon Bridge at the foot of the Golden Hill, under constant observation, but without the walls.

³The rebellion was suppressed by Tso Tsung-t'ang in 1873. He invested Suchow (in the Panhandle of Kansu) in 1871, and it fell, after a long siege, in November, 1873. After this he conducted a brilliant campaign in Turkestan, which was brought to an end by the fall of Khotan on January 2, 1878.

Apart from the Moslem, the city contains all the usual strata of population, with an excess of expectant officials, and there are all the usual tales of helpless resistance to robbers, of unresisting women hanging or drowning, of inconsolable widows following their partners. Strange custom, uncanny notion, that when they pass to be "guests on high" ^{*} they can at once find their spouses awaiting them! Is it love, strong barbaric affection, that will not lose its grip? Do they think that their lords in the sky can share happiness with them? Surely the hope of life beyond the grave must be deeply rooted, if despite all the silence of the wise Confucius they yet cherish this expectation. Or is there a less unseafish purpose—is it to escape unnumbered toils that they seek a radiant chariot in the hidden land, whither by starry paths transported they may in wild ecstasy of jocund happiness partake of richest joy at its very fount? Or do we wrong them? Is it that they feel they would soothe the grief of the partner reft from their arms, snatched away by heavy fate to the cheerless realms of death, where yet their constancy may avail to brighten his lot? Do they anticipate naught but trouble and hapless misery in this world, and feel that death itself has nothing more terrible in store? Life here has no more happiness laid up; the widow's joys are laid to rest in the coffin of her departed one; taunting thoughts harass her rest; grievous anticipations of slavery in a home that was once brightened by his presence do but fix her resolve. Away from the stern rule of the despotic mother-in-law, to the embrace of the loved one in the Land of the Lotus-leaf! Escape is easy, love is likely, honour is sure; the noose is fitted, and beside the casket of the husband sways the body of the widow.

^{*}A phrase only used of the Emperor. The Chinese does not go to heaven (that is, to the sky above), but rather to the underworld.

8. *Future.* What now is the future of Lanchow? Is it to be divined from omens such as these, or are there other factors yet to be reckoned with? Behold in this great province thirteen little settlements of Westerners; here in the city are seven white people dwelling, to tell of a better use of life than this. They tell of One who gives life as a trust, to be used, not to be closed; of One who is Lord of Life, and has conquered death; of One who cares for the fatherless and the widow; of One who prepares an abode in the home of the Father for every one, and will come in His own time for every child. Is this no augury for the future?

Or look at this other fact, dealing with the immediate future, with this world and not the next. What of the Manchus?

When Ch'in's Great Wall no longer held them back, and a Chinese general invited them into the land, they swept in as conquerors, and as conquerors demeaned themselves. In every town they planked their garrison, not to till the soil but to hold down the people. Even as the Arab conquerors of Egypt did not occupy its capital of Babylon, but pitched a camp against its northern wall, which has grown till Arab Cairo has outshone Coptic Babylon; so did the Manchus pitch a camp. Even as the Arab disdained to plough the land, but exacted tribute from peasant and craftsman, from doctor and student, himself a warrior; so the Manchu would not touch the earth which he has conquered, but compelled every one to pay into his treasury, and from that treasury every Manchu was pensioned to keep himself expert in arms. England has seen it with her Norman conquerors, and for a few brief years with Cromwell's red-coated Ironsides; China has endured it ever since their day.

That era is over. In the great reconstruction that is proceeding, the new army is of Chinese and Manchus alike; and as the Chinese outnumber the others enormously, the new army is practically Chinese. What then of the Manchus? All cannot live on in China, where they own no rood of soil. So they are being transplanted back to the north whence they came—but not to northeast alone, to northwest also. Beyond the Great Wall their settlement is proceeding apace, and new provinces are being added to the Empire by the peaceful plantation of these sturdy men. The pensions they have drawn for centuries are still paid from the treasury, but now are used to start them on the land. And with millions of these men, hardy northerners by descent, the land is smiling again into cultivation. The real boundary of the Empire, as distinct from the map boundary, is advancing northward and westward. Russia may send her convicts from Europe, she may tempt settlers eastward with promises of free land; but she has not so many millions to draw upon as has the Flowery Kingdom. The Manchus who swept south from Manchuria are sweeping north again. They did hold down China; they will hold back Russia.

XV

SIAN

PART I.—AS IT IS

SIX hundred miles up the Hwang-ho, on a tributary called the Weiho, lies the historic capital of Sian. How it came to be what it is can be told presently, but the immediate district around and the town itself have in minature the history of China, so that the antiquarian can hardly have a better centre. He will enter the province of Shensi at the fortress of Tungkwan, on the great bend of the Hwang-ho, where the north road from Peking and the south road from Nanking join and form the great west road for Russia and Tibet. Hence he will struggle on by winding roads across the powdery yellow loess, down the steep ravines to where streams have cut through to the original soil, panting up to the top again, and along the worst "road" in the world, till he is cheered by a fine stone bridge some six hundred yards long, which tells he is nearing the site of some ancient civilisation. Four miles on, and there is a curious hill in whose eastern face, as we toil up to it, we notice many dug-out caves, where people come for summer holidays. Arrived at the summit, we find a splendid view of our goal: three miles on rises a great brick tower some sixty feet high, guarding the only entrance to the city on the east, while north and south of it a thirty-foot wall stretches a mile in either direction.

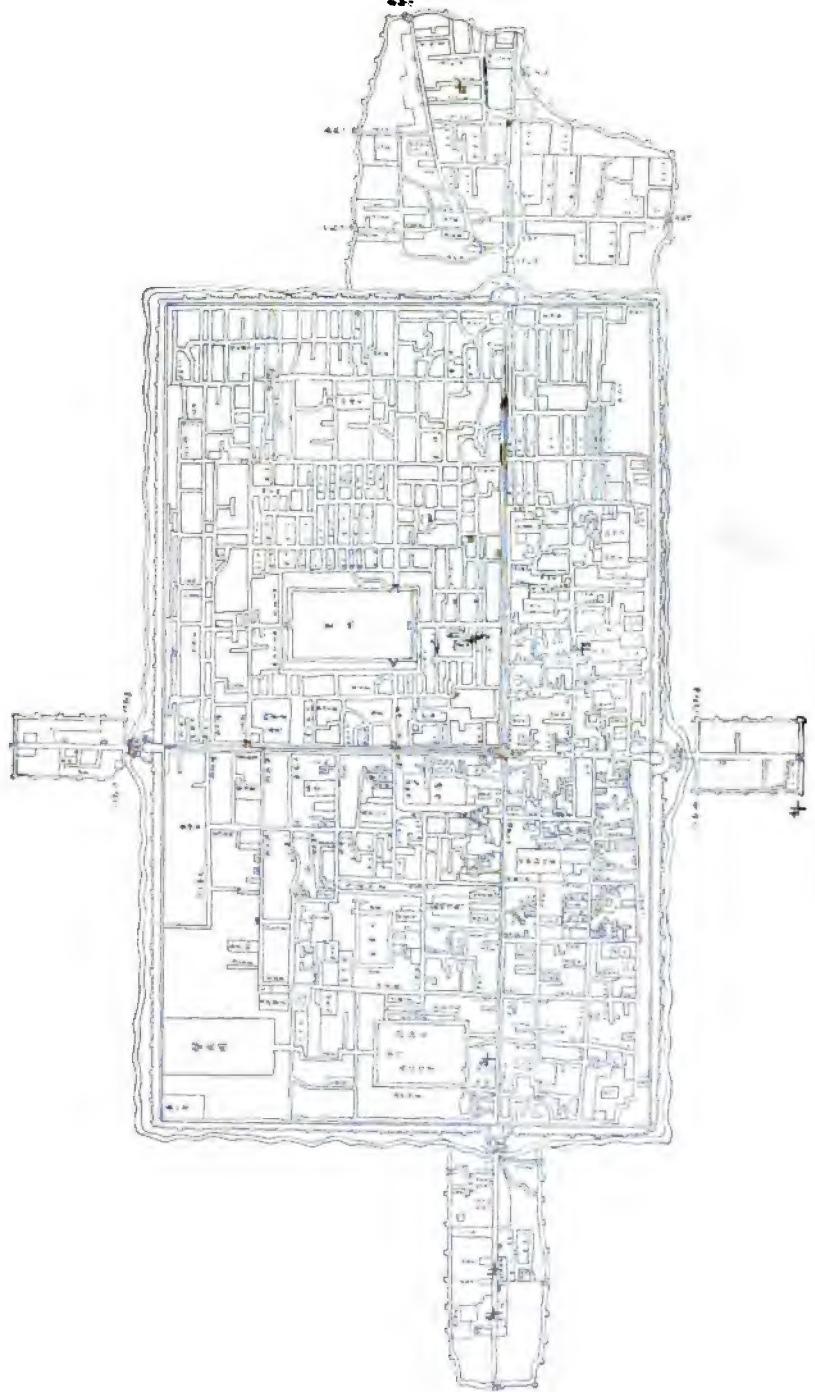
Though as yet every traveller is dependent on the great western road, he can use the Imperial telegraph which links up the city with every other capital, and he will find the Imperial Post receiving nearly seven thou-

sand articles daily. In a short time the railway creeping west will join the western and northern capitals, and the romance of the journey will have vanished. At first sight, it seems strange that while ocean steamers go up the Yangtze to Hankow, the Hwang-ho is not made available to this centre; but its course is so variable, and the deposits so constant, that bottom and banks would need more attention than a corrupt bureaucracy can yet be trusted with. The Hwang-ho and Weiho should be dredged to admit ocean ships as far as Sianfu.

Safely past the customs and immigration officers, the traveller finds himself on a broad, straight street, paved with granite, but running through a deserted quarter. It is the Tatar city, reserved for the dominant race which for more than two centuries has held down the Chinese, and has reserved a garrison section in, but walled off from, every important town. Here till lately the Tatar soldiers held their military tournaments, putting the stone, tossing the caber, shooting at the gallop; but the system is obsolete, and the Tatar city lies desolate. Over its wall to the south is a residential quarter, which contains the "Forest of Stones,"¹ a renowned collection of ancient monuments, not gathered, as in the British Museum, from all lands, but epitomising local history for more than two thousand years. Through the western gate of the Tatar city into the Chinese city, and we are in the thick of business; shops of all kinds abound, the most characteristic being the furriers'. On the northwest the population is densest, and the only notable buildings in this industrial quarter are the two mosques; for this town is the headquarters of the Moslems in the north.

Turning away to the south, we find the great open market, and behind it the chief government house,

¹ Pei Lin, "Forest of Slabs or Stone Tablets" (inscribed, of course).



SIAN, CAPITAL OF SHENSI.



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The name Sian signifies "Western Repose."

intended for the viceroy of two provinces, but now occupied, by the governor of Shensi. His proper residence was used a few years ago for the Emperor and Empress Dowager when they fled from Peking. Beyond the South Court, as the government house is called, away to the west lie beautiful mansions with ancient trees in their court-yards, as in Brompton and Kensington, and aristocratic quarters where retired Imperial officers come to spend their leisure. It will not do to look too closely at the condition of the buildings even here, and the side streets often degenerate into mere mud roads. But there are inns of the Chinese type, as good as might be hoped for in a capital, and by the time the traveller has cleansed off the yellow coating and refreshed on mutton and millet, if he patronises local food-stuffs, he will find a troop of guides offering their escort to the curio shops and the Stone Museum. A climb up the Drum Tower in the middle of the city shows that the place is roughly three miles from east to west and two from north to south, within the walls, while of course suburbs lie beyond. The population is guessed at as from 200,000 to 250,000, comparable to Nottingham, the Hague, Christiania, and Jersey City.

A visit to the post office shows that the officials must have some trouble in dealing with correspondence from the West. The name of the city is written in Chinese with two characters, which mean "Western Repose," but to reproduce the pronunciation in English is not easy; one is suggested by Hsi or Si, the other by Ngan or An. It will be seen that there are about a dozen English spellings current, while Germans have their own varieties to contribute. There is another curious cause of muddle, for many shires are governed from a town of the same name within its limits. Now two

Europe; this was about the year 500. In 614 the Persian Shah insulted his Christian subjects when after the capture of Jerusalem he carried away the True Cross in triumph; certainly it was restored, but they never forgave, and when the Arabs invaded the land the Christians sympathised, and the empire came to an end in 640. It was in the dying throes of the Persian empire that a strong mission party was sent to China.

The stone stands about seven feet high and is mounted on a pedestal carved like a tortoise. More than once it has been sheltered by an arch, the last attempt at this protection being about 1890. Some white men seem to have thought that a monument of so much importance ought not to remain exposed to all sorts of risks, so they came and made very careful arrangements to reproduce it exactly. In this they were so successful that local rumour credited them with the intention of leaving the replica and marching off with the original; so a volunteer vigilance committee watched over proceedings till the enterprising archaeologist had departed with his precious duplicate.

The monument has at the head an ornamental piece, representing a pair of camels or other strange animals, with a title. A border in Syriac gives the Western dating and the names of the chief Persian missionaries, and of the Patriarch in Babylon. These tally with the Chinese dating, and show that the monument was erected in 781 A.D., that there was a large staff of Chinese clergy, sixty-one names being given, and that some of them had attained high rank in the Civil Service. The Emperor had built a church in the capital, with his portrait. This cathedral was at first served by twenty-one priests, which shows how the missionaries realised the value of a strongly manned station. Five other churches were built by a late Emperor after 744, and "every city was



THE FAMOUS "BIG TOWER," NINE LI SOUTH OF SIANFU.

full of churches." Then came a visitor from Rajagriha, an important Buddhist centre on the Ganges; he obtained high rank in the Imperial service, and became a great benefactor of the church. His good deeds and character are recounted at length, and they served as the occasion for the erection of the tablet and for a commemorative ode by a secretary of state. Fortunately a prose preface was drawn up by a Chinese priest, and it gives a glimpse at certain customs and doctrines. We read of the Virgin-birth, of Persians led by a star to give tribute, of the fulfillment of the old dispensation as declared in the "Twenty-four" (the regular Syrian title for the Old Testament), of the Ascension, the twenty-seven sacred books, baptism, summoning congregations by a wooden gong, seven daily times of praise, sacrifice every seventh day, and a fifty-day season of purification.

There are many other allusions in Chinese literature to the results of this Persian mission, though no other monument has been discovered. The annals of Changan, written about the time of William the Norman, mention the Persian temples, and point out which of them is the original, built for the priest Alopun, while the Imperial proclamation recited in the tablet has been produced. The tablet itself was referred to by seventeen different native heathen authors, but was lost sight of till in 1625 it was unearthed by Chinese labourers digging foundations. The governor caused it to be erected in a Buddhist temple court not far away, and since then it has been fairly well known. An Italian soon heard of it, came to see it, sent an account home, and by 1655 there was an account published in English at London.

This first Chinese mission, undertaken by the Persians, was in high favour at court, but therein lay a danger. The Chinese are intensely proud and resent foreign domination; the more the Christians were patronised by a foreign dynasty, the less did the Chinese appreciate them. And when they expelled the Mongols, the church collapsed.

Other Christian missions have of course entered since. Besides the ubiquitous China Inland Mission, the English Baptists maintain a strong force at the capital. A book-shop, a preaching-room, a hospital, show the modern methods used, while a normal school for teachers is paving the way for a theological seminary.

PART II.—AS IT WAS

In China the great seats of empire are four, distinguished by the points of the compass as west, east, south, north; this is also the historic order. Sian came first, the western, which was the seat of five great dynasties; then Honan provided the eastern, either in Kaifeng or in Loyang; Nanking is exactly "Southern Capital," and Peking "Northern Capital," the real names of these cities being quite disused.

Sian in the west is at the point of danger. It verges on the great deserts where have been bred, and whence have issued, countless swarms of fierce horsemen, Tatars or Huns or Mongols or Manchus. For no fewer than twelve out of the last twenty centuries they have imposed their yoke here, and twice have placed it on the whole nation; yet through most of the time Sian has retained the consciousness of being a Chinese city. Even so Alexandria has been under Roman and Greek and Arab and Turk, but has not lost a sense of being Egyptian.

Many capitals have been chosen to be near the frontier of danger—Constantinople, Ravenna, York, Ispahan. Now China has never had to fear invasion by sea, till quite modern days; and it does not seem likely she need fear that much longer. Her enemies have never come from the middle west, through Tibet, but the barbarous hordes of the northern deserts have surged across her and subjugated her twice or thrice, just as they have surged south over Persia and India and westward over Europe. Now the Hwang-ho, after an excursion into the north, flows due south for one thousand li through a deep defile which gives its name to the province westward, Shensi,³ then turns abruptly east, and the bend seems an obvious place for a fortress.

In the dim period of antiquity, whence no annals survive, it is said that a Chou dynasty, about 1122 B.C., recognised the importance of the situation and made this a capital,⁴ but there is nothing extant to prove the tradition. Perhaps careful study of the records, or careful exploration of the locality, or happy chance, may show the explorer exactly where to dig, and he may yet succeed in unearthing relics here of this vague Chou dynasty. Egypt and Palestine have yielded up buried cities even older, while Babylonia would smile at the idea of 1122⁵ being at all too far back, if any civilisation really existed then in China. The Babylonian cities of Ur and Nippur have yielded up their temples and libraries; an antiquarian five hundred years before Christ said that he had laid bare a foundation thirty-

³The proper pronunciation of this province 陝西 is *Shensi*. It is only spelled *Shensi* in order to distinguish it from 山西, which means "West of the Mountains" (*Shanxi*).

⁴Not only this, but it is said to have been the capital under the preceding Yin dynasty, which began in 1400 B.C.

⁵The capital was moved to Honan in 770 B.C.

eight hundred years old; if, then, the Chous were civilised and did have a capital near here, it may yet be opened up. The tradition, however, runs that in 770 they abandoned this district and moved to Loyang, in Honan, establishing the first of the eastern capitals. The only relic of the older age is a set of ten stone cylinders found here thirteen hundred years ago, and inscribed with an account of a great hunt. If hunting was the most important occupation of the rulers, they must have been at a low stage of civilisation in the year 827, to which the inscription is referred.

When Ch'in the First and Only put down the feudal system, and like the King of Prussia in 1866 simply dethroned the rulers, annexing their dominions and establishing an autocratic centralised system such as still prevails, he saw the importance of the district here—not far, indeed, from his ancestral principality—and he saw something in the prestige attaching to what had been a seat of rule for four hundred and fifty years. But evidently he found nothing worth preserving in the actual old site, and he chose a new one near. This is a thoroughly Oriental custom; the plain round Delhi is covered with the ruins of former Delhis; Cairo adjoins the Coptic Babylon; the Persians built Ctesiphon opposite the Greek capital of Seleucia. Ch'in, therefore, selected a site and built a wall, the first step toward a new capital, Hienyang. But the interior he next adorned with splendid edifices of all kinds. His own palace is described in glowing terms, and the writers expatiate on the thirty-six palaces for his principal wives. Then for the mediatised princes he provided replicas of the homes where they had formerly reigned, and brought them under his immediate eye, thus establishing a splendid band of courtiers. For such luxurious homes there had been a great servile popula-

tion, and thousands of people were transplanted there. All this is strange to European ears, and we have to recollect how Tigranes of Armenia did exactly the same thing in the full blaze of human history, how Nebuchadnezzar did something of the same kind with his great Babylon which he built; and we may contrast with the way in which young America designed the same thing with Washington, but found free men not so ready to fill up a paper city—a lesson that young Australia may well lay to heart, with her new federal capital in a droughty desert.

But indeed we may hesitate a little over the story of Ch'in's building. It comes from his enemies the scholars, who hold it up as an instance of his reckless tyranny and extravagance. It does not dovetail with the story of his perpetual progresses throughout his domains. And though a man who could conceive and did carry out the Great Wall, so massive that it stands to-day, was quite capable of turning his architects and builders on to a capital, it may be well to wait till we see the ruins of the scores of palaces he is blamed for erecting.

The Han dynasty, founded by a soldier of fortune from the Yangtze, retained the district as their centre, but the name Chang'an appears for the capital, being rather an epithet than a name, and so being applied to several different places. To them are attributed the great roads, eastward down the river, over the mountains to the country whence they themselves came, and westward through Lanchow, along which their armies marched to the Caspian, within hearsay of the Romans. Here it was that scholarship was honoured anew, that an Emperor was persuaded no government could be stable without education, so that he patronised

the recovery of the books which Ch'in had destroyed, and was therefore immortalised as Wên Ti, "Literary Sovereign." Hence it was that under a successor an expedition went out to bring back the Buddhist religion and to obtain the Indian classics. The obstinacy of the Chinese mind comes out well here: when they found out an alphabetic system from the Indians, and when they were actually re-creating their own literature, they were not willing to replace their antique and clumsy hieroglyphs^{*} with the few symbols required in an alphabet. The Sanskrit scholars had thought out this matter most scientifically, and an intelligent pupil might easily have devised a similar system for China; as it was, they riveted the yoke of the syllabary on their nation, when Europe had adopted the boon of an alphabet, even in the barbarous West.

With the fall of the Han dynasty Chinese civilisation retired from this district. For fifty years we do not know what went on here; then we hear of the Huns in possession. Readers of Gibbon know his flattering reference to this bow-legged, squat-nosed, stunted race, which blotted out so much European civilisation. While we know that the Huns in China kept up intercourse with their brethren raiding Europe, they were not literary. Nor were they architectural; even the great Attila had only a palace of wood, and most of the princes dwelt in tents. And so the story of Sian remains unwritten for four hundred years.

Yang Chien rescued this district from its neglect, and not only welded it into the restored Empire, but

^{*}"Hieroglyph" is not a good word for the Chinese character, and some scholars object to "clumsy." The wonderful elasticity of the Chinese language is largely due to its freedom from alphabetically constructed words with the inevitable concomitant of inflection and agglutination. Artistically speaking, of course, Chinese is far and away the most beautiful script extant on this globe.

occupied it in force against such invaders. He too hoped to found a dynasty, and with blasphemous audacity assumed the title Kaotsu, "High Ancestor." There is an amusing anecdote about his successor—how he used to drive about in a goat-carriage, and how ladies desiring the honour of a visit from him would sprinkle a trail of salt to their doors, to attract the goats. To the credit of Chinese common-sense be it said that their scholars point out that this is only a myth founded on a pun on his name, Yang the Sui,⁷ "Goat-follower."

The T'ang dynasty, which inherited the Empire founded by Yang Chien, established its capital again at Changan. Hither came the Christian missionaries from Persia; hither came the Greek embassy from Theodosius; here were devised and carried out the great measures which resulted in a true Empire, and not an unwieldy agglomeration such as has too often usurped the name. Here too rose that extraordinary phenomenon, an Empress! From 655 she really was the power behind the throne, and in 684 she openly sat on it. She seems to have ruled well, extending the Empire and brightening the lives of the people at large; but she was hard on the court sycophants, and they managed to remand her at last into seclusion. What a striking anticipation of recent events!⁸

⁷ *Sui Yang* must mean Yang (his family name) of the Sui dynasty. His real name was Yang Kuang, and he is known as one of the worst of all Chinese Emperors. He spent vast sums on his palace and pleasure-grounds, and gave himself up to all sorts of excesses. The trees in his park were supplied in winter with silken leaves and flowers, and birds were almost exterminated to provide a sufficient supply of down for his cushions. He is said to have prohibited women from wearing veils in public, substituting a turban for the more modest custom hitherto in vogue.

⁸ Except that the enemies of the late Empress Dowager never succeeded in remanding *her* into seclusion. Here are some facts about Wu Hou of the T'ang dynasty. In 674 she called herself T'ien Hou, "Divine Empress," and in 690 she changed the dynastic title to Chou,

The dynasty ran out its course slowly, running down hill as usual. A rebellion of eunuchs in 904 was indeed put down, but the general turned on the useless Emperor and brought the dynasty to an end in 907. Unfortunately he was not a strong enough man to fill the place, or the people would not obey a usurper. After two generations of confusion, five lines struggling for supremacy in the Hwang-ho valley, the matter was settled by the Tatars breaking in here and dropping a veil of illiteracy over Sian.

In the thirteenth century, when Jinghiz Khan and Kublai Khan annexed China to their vast dominions, the Mohammedans took advantage of the free trade that ensued throughout their dominions, and immigrated freely. Of course the northwestern provinces, Kansu and Shensi, saw most of them. They settled down in their usual way, except—and the exception is very important—that they adopted Chinese dress and language. Elsewhere the Mohammedan is readily recognised by his flowing robes and his Arabic speech, but at first sight the Chinese Mohammedan is not to be distinguished from the Confucian. Now these Mohammedan immigrants married as usual, four wives and as many concubines as they could afford, and these naturally the local Chinese women. Immigrants rarely bring with them enough women, and have to depend on local supplies. And so an enormous population has grown up, guessed at some twenty millions, all Chinese

styling herself Shêng Shên Huang Ti, "God Almighty"! In her later years she became more than ever arrogant and overbearing. No one was allowed to say that the Empress was fair as a lily or lovely as a rose, but that the lily was fair or the rose lovely as her Majesty. She tried to spread the belief that she was the Supreme Being, by forcing flowers artificially and then in the presence of her courtiers ordering them to bloom. On one occasion she ordered some peonies to bloom; and when they did not instantly obey, she caused every peony in the capital to be pulled up and burnt, and prohibited the cultivation of peonies ever afterwards.

by descent except for a slight infusion of foreign blood six hundred years ago, but not altogether Chinese in sympathy. Forty years ago, in the general weakness of the Empire, the Mohammedans of the northwest rose in rebellion. No foreigners, unless it be the secretive Russians, know exactly why they rose or what they did. But it is certain that Sian was the one bulwark of the state against the rising. It contained a large Moslem population, so the governor came to terms with those inside the walls, and induced them to remain neutral, or even to support him against the rebels. The city defences were perfect, and, as the rebels had no siege artillery, they could effect nothing in a siege which is said to have lasted—doubtless with intermissions—for six years. It was the turning-point of the rising, and presently the Imperial authority was re-established throughout the provinces, and ultimately over the out-lying dependencies, till even the disinterested Russia, which had kindly stepped in to maintain order in Kuldja, was paid out her expenses, and Chinese officers took it over.

PART III.—ANNALS OF SIAN

The native annals of Sian have hardly been explored by previous white scholars, though one would have thought that a mine of wealth of this description, relating to such an historic centre, would have been well worked. By the kindness of Mr. W. Henne they have been obtained for us, and translated sufficiently to reveal their great interest. This is not merely annalistic; indeed, the bare record of events is occasionally disappointing, but the insight into the feelings of the people, their outlook on events, their mental and moral make-up, come out most clearly.

It will be remembered that the city of Sian stands in two counties, and is composed of the two county towns, Changan Hsien to the east and Hsiennung Hsien to the west. Newcastle and Gateshead have a river between them, and so have Manchester and Salford; but Texarkana straddles, not the boundaries of counties only, but of States, while in Massachusetts the three counties of Essex, Middlesex, and Norfolk contribute to the city of Boston. So for Sian we draw not only on the annals of Changan, but also on those of Hsiennung.

A few excerpts are taken from the annals, and a few comments are added. In choosing the topics, regard has been had to the inner life of the people, to show their domestic ideas and their private doings rather than to dilate further on the external history of wars and conquests. There is reading enough for the dullest, while the more thoughtful will ponder over the intellectual calibre disclosed. Remembering that it was in this place that the great holocaust of bamboo "books" took place, it will be appropriate to begin with a notice of literary clubs, and to reserve for other places the omnipresent topics of omens, geomancy, and kindred occult subjects. Take up the Annals of the Hsiennung Hsien.

Under the present dynasty the city has been a leading centre of intellectual activity. In the reign of the K'ang Hsi, about 1700, a literary club was established here, and its rules, allowing for the obvious fact that science was unknown and that politics were taboo, might serve for the most progressive Browning Society that ever adorned Vassar or Lafayette.

"By-law X, Article First: This club shall meet three times in a moon, namely, on the first eleventh, and twenty-first, precisely at noon. No wine or strong drink shall be used, nor shall any form of invitation be issued.

“ Article Second: In the meetings of this club no references shall be made to the Imperial Court, nor are the characters and shortcomings of officials to be discussed. No more are private persons and families to be made a subject of discussion. Instead of foolish jesting, the language proper to be used will be that of the classical authorities, the Four Books, the Five Classics, together with philosophy and history.”

Two other books are mentioned as guides to mental discipline, one being the “ Meditations of Chu Hsi,” and the other a book of instructions for the young. Another of the regulations might well be laid to heart by all debating societies, including parliaments: “ Truth will be the object held in view, and discussions will require to be short.”

“ Article Third: In the discussions, care must be taken to maintain calmness. When any difference arises, means must be found to settle the difficulty. No one must consider that he alone is in the right and everybody else is in the wrong.”

Compare this with the proceedings immortalised by Bret Harte, when a chunk of old red sandstone was the means found to settle the difficulty. The founders of the Sian society appear to have felt a great concern for the manners and conduct of their members, as behoved men trained in deportment by the precepts of the revered Confucius, and to the preceding articles they append a document entitled, “ Cautions for a Student,” somewhat in the style of the ten commandments, but extending to twenty articles:

“ 1. Pride not thyself on thy literary attainments, nor excuse thyself from paying due respect to thy father and thine elder brother.

“ 2. Allow not thyself to show disrespect to members of thine own tribe or family.

“ 3. In talking with thy superiors, mumble not thy words, and recline in an easy attitude, nor look askance.

“ 4. In public meetings, speak not noisily; nor deport thyself as though there were no one near thee.

“ 5. Call not on superior officers in hope of promotion, under pretence of submitting thine exercises for correction.

“ 6 Borrow not books; or, having borrowed, fail not to return them clean.

“ 7. Have no intercourse with astrologers, phrenologists, and their like; nor use planchette to communicte with the spirit world.”

In this part of China the approved planchette is a pen suspended loosely between two enquirers, over a table strewn with flour. It is supposed to be influenced by the spirits, not by the volition of either human being, and, if the atmosphere be favourable, to trace out mysterious marks in the flour, which may be interpreted as a supernatural revelation. In other parts there are other approved methods of divining.

“ 8. Read no novels, nor comic stories, nor any kind of book that is not useful.

“9. Draw up no pleadings for a lawsuit, nor meddle in private quarrels.

“10. Indulge not in amateur theatricals for amusement.

“11. On days for meeting ask no leave of absence,” etc.

These rules strike us as of the calibre for a common school, and it is somewhat surprising to reflect that they were for the guidance of mature men assembled together for mutual improvement. How should we fancy them for a New Shakespeare Society?

The Annals, however, tell us how strict was the conformity of family life to the precepts of the ancient sages. Some of the rules of etiquette were evidently coined in a day when the relations between the sexes needed to be most carefully guarded. First, a man may not look into the face of his daughter-in-law. What a pity Mohammed did not live under this dispensation; it would have been the better for Zainab, but probably he would have had a revelation all the same to except him. Second, an elder brother may not touch the hand of the wife of his younger brother. Third, men and women must not hand things directly to one another, but must lay them on a table to be picked up by the other person. Some of these rules of course raised further problems, and there was ample scope for casuistry of the kind that delighted the rabbins and the schoolmen. One sage question pronounced to the learned Mencius ran as follows: “If my sister-in-law is drowning, am I permitted to seize her hand in order to save her life?” But be it not forgotten that under this

austere code of manners the purity of family life is at a very high level; that Japan affords a painful contrast, which is now attracting the earnest attention of her statesmen, and that the divorce system which has made such inroads in our Western home life is practically unknown in China.

Glancing over these Annals, we come across remarkable names, one county being called "Ten Thousand Years"; it rings as strange in our ears as the "Cape of Good Hope" may do in the Chinese. If you wander down a village street, you may hear a mother call out, "O Hundred Years, go and look after little Stork!"—which may pair off with, "Grace, go and look after that dratted Mercy!" Most of the English names have lost all meaning, and Americans have drawn largely upon surnames instead of Christian names; but the Chinese nearly always use ordinary common words with definite meanings, especially such as express the hope of long life or of riches. Perhaps this is more defensible than ringing the changes on a small stock of meaningless epithets, bestowed simply because they have long been used in the family.

One volume of the Changan Annals is devoted to recording the clever devices of good officials. Let this serve as a specimen. Chang Sung-so was magistrate of Changan, in whose term an Imperial messenger was robbed and killed by the side of the Kuen Ming Lake not the lake of the Summer Palace in Peking, but one in his own jurisdiction. The magistrate was bidden detect the robber within ten days; such a time limit is often given to spur on officers. At the scene of the crime he found an old woman sitting under a tree, selling food; he had her lifted to the saddle of one of his horses and taken to his office, where she was well treated and fed for three days. When she was returned to the

YOU CAN SUBSTITUTE A TURNIP FOR AN EGG ONLY ONCE

spot, a confidential spy was posted to watch who came to speak with her. The curiosity and fear of the robber led him to enquire of the woman what she had been doing at the office, suspecting that she had been examined, and wishing to elicit what she had told. But as soon as the spy saw the agitated appearance and interview of the strange man, he arrested him, covering his head with his own shirt, and took him to the police office to be "questioned," which operation is, as in the days of the Inquisition and the New York police, accompanied with inconvenience to the questionee. He speedily confessed his guilt, and the articles were recovered. The magistrate Chang won high honour by his ruse, people declaring him as clever as the gods.

XVI

KAIFENG

PART I.—GETTING THERE: EXTRACT FROM DIARY

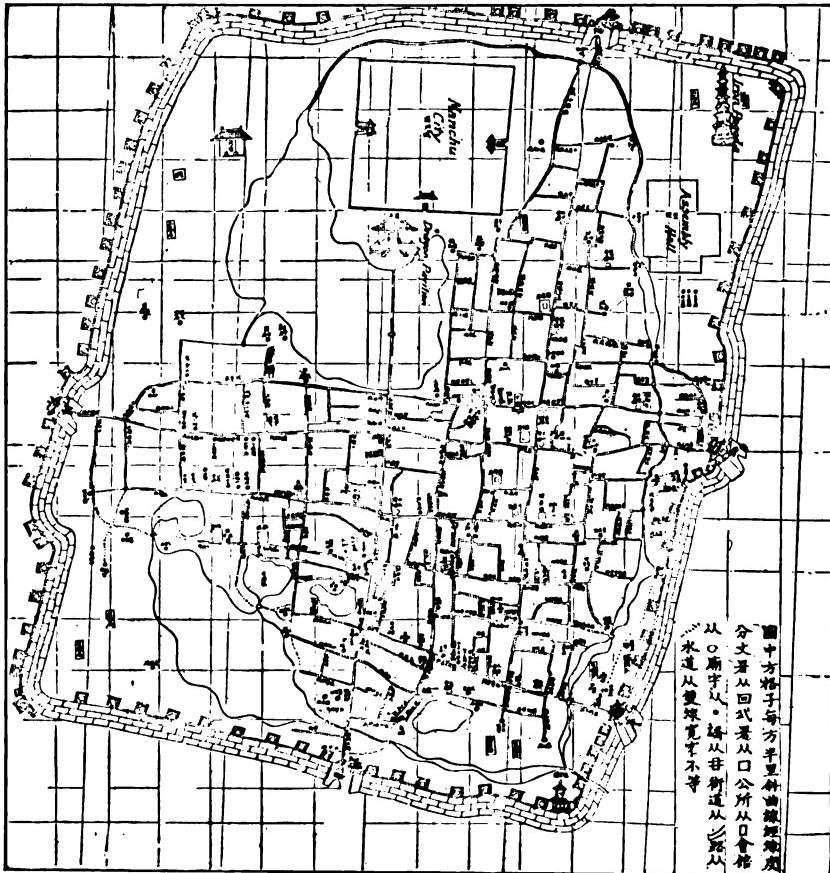
CHUMATIEN is the village where the slow trains from Hankow to Peking stop for the night. It was open country when it was pitched upon, and bids fair to become an important centre like Crewe or Swindon. Already a small town has sprung up, and to judge by the number of long gowns, the host of beggars, the gambling, even in the station, a prosperous people live here. The beggars have as their trade-mark walking on one hand and two feet; one of them found that thus he provided a decent seat for his old mother, and that his filial piety appealed deeply to the charitable—though indeed it is hardly disinterested charity that prompts gifts, but the knowledge that merit is thereby acquired.

Inns have of course sprung up, and we had been commended to Number One; a tout at the station smilingly assured us he represented that establishment, but he nearly smuggled us into Paradise. The genuine Number One guest establishment has a huge sign the whole length of the frontage, is exactly opposite the station, and does a roaring trade. The innkeeper is from Shanghai, came up with the railway, and speaks Shanghai English. He has mastered the idea of sanitation. In front of the inn are several slimy green pools; we fancied perhaps earth had been taken thence to raise the foundation, but he proudly explained, “Where would the dirty water run to, if we had not dug holes?” After that it was natural to find the knives being cleaned with ashes and saliva, and to find

SCHOOL CHILDREN, OF THE SCANDINAVIAN ALLIANCE MISSION, TAKING A BOAT RIDE. OUTSIDE THE SOUTH GATE
OF SIANFU.







MAP OF KAIFENG, CAPITAL OF HONAN.



望梅止渴

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TO LOOK AT A PLUM TREE AS A THIRST-QUENCHER.

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Kaifeng means "Opening of the Seals."

an inscription on our bedroom wall, left probably by some previous traveller, "Poor soup, rotten fish, tough chicken, damp bed." We dare not contradict this in any respect.

Next morning we find pleasant company on the train, beguiling the way with local war-stories. There is certainly not much to see from the car-windows; the population is evidently thinner than in the province to the south, in the basin of the Yangtze. Whether this is due to the many sharp famines, or to poor soil, or to the dangerous vagaries of the Yellow River, or to a short birth-rate, the fact is plain enough. And a Chinese wag suggests that it is due to the people's not having had three heads: one for the rebels to cut off, one for the Imperialists to cut off, and one to eat rice with. Yet be it remembered that even now this one province of Honan is not only larger than Scotland and Wales, but has a larger population.

In our compartment is the officer in charge of the railway guards; he has three uniforms, service, undress, and full dress. The latter is decorating his person now, and, as he smilingly says, is "exceedingly good to see," only donned when distinguished people are likely to be met. He is anxious to furnish useful hints, and fore-tells at Kaifeng three things to see, two to eat, one to drink. There is a huge temple, a lake and lantern—evidently counted together—and a fine official residence. He tells us the right fees to pay at each. But upon the two viands he waxes eloquent, and reminiscent happiness overspreads his face as he recalls past banquets. There is a Yellow River fish of exceptional flavour and exceptional price; it is usually bought alive, and the purchaser bargains as it hangs and wriggles; when the price is settled, the fishmonger hits it on a special place and kills it. A dollar will only buy a small specimen.

The second dainty is a special duck, for which again fancy prices are asked, and a careful bargain has to be struck. Small in the buying, it swells in the cooking, and must be eaten piping hot, each slice devoured as it is cut off. His fragrant nectar turns out to be, not the banana juice we met first in Central Africa, but mere foreign common beer!

To see the city, says our kindly mentor, hire a rickshaw. The man will take you round to see everything, and if he is not paid anything at the outset, is sure to be honest and wait outside every temple; if he does well, a little tea-money at the end of the day over and above his wage will send him off happy. But there is nothing else to be done to get about—no canal, no car-line. The railway is still new, but is working changes. Till lately everything had to be sent on barrows, unless it could be converted into hogs and be driven to market. But the train is not benefiting Kaifeng much; the set of traffic is all southward to Hankow.

Our friendly cicerone does not come all the way, but drops off at a way-station, and summons his wives from another compartment. We miss him for the rest of the journey. At the capital a mule-cart takes us to a hotel he recommended, the "Foreign and Chinese Great Palace," the best in the city, and for a Chinese inn he warranted it "not half bad." A short experience makes us think it is three-quarters bad. There is no variety of food; a messenger sent for tinned sardines returns with condensed milk, chocolate and milk, and when remonstrated with explains with injured innocence that they are tinned! The inn is economical; three different meals see beefsteak offered, and at the third time of refusal it is asked whether it is not the same

specimen. "Of course it is!" Is it likely, indeed, that three different cows would be killed to provide steaks till a fastidious foreigner gets one to his taste?

Forth, then, to explore the city, and see whether the inn is a fair sample of the whole.

PART II.—THE TUMBLE-DOWN TOWN

Kaifeng is a has-been. It produces a worse impression than the wretched quarters of Constantinople. It has no streets, only broad, straight stretches which on rainy days are seas of mud, on dry days clouds of dust. "It has no trade," said a disappointed commercial traveller; no manufactures, no imports of any consequence; a local market-town it may be, but it seems to have the value of a big, casual village. It is not far from the Yellow River, and is below its level, but the people fear to tap it and get a reasonable supply of water. Yet one good institution is on the main street—a bath-house. Three classes are catered for, the cheapest price being one hundred cash, say five cents gold; and for this the patron may lounge round all the evening, and get a cup of tea into the bargain. There were twenty different rooms, the tubs let into the floor, and clean water run in for each bather.

Beggars swarm here; outside the East Gate, for the three winter moons, there is a free distribution of millet, anybody being able to obtain a basinful. The poor fellows on the street are nearly naked.

A walled area in the city encloses several large temples, which are crowded with idols but not with worshippers, as one priest in each seems to be enough, and he by no means overworked. Therefore hundreds of petty dealers have swarmed in, and booths are set up as though it were the regular market. The only sign of religion left is that amongst the peep-shows and con-

jurors and theatres you may find a preaching tent where a Buddhist monk is expounding his classics to men, or another for women. One temple, being deserted, could be explored at leisure, and a priest hospitably invited us to tea. This gave the opportunity to see something of local Buddhism.

He presented us with a charm guaranteed to dispel all available evils. There was a picture of the Goddess of Mercy standing on a lotus, and some mysterious characters, as intelligible to him or any other Chinese as to the average American. How came this gibberish to be standard for Chinese Buddhists. The Buddha always spoke in Pali, and his sayings are still extant in that language, whence all the sacred Buddhist books are being transferred into print. But many centuries after his death they were rendered into a dead language called Sanscrit, which Indian scholars esteemed the only proper tongue for classical works, such as the Buddha's had come to be. When the Chinese deputation came to get the Buddhist literature, they were duly furnished with the Sanscrit, which was, of course, as good to them as the Pali. But strange to say, they did not trouble to learn Sanscrit, nor to bring with them a Sanscrit scholar. And when they proceeded to make their treasures available for their countrymen, they simply transferred the supposed sounds of a dead language into the nearest Chinese sounds. Therefore the nearest a Chinese ever gets to Buddhist literature is when he pronounces aloud his charm; if his pronunciation is at all near the mark, a Sanscrit scholar might possibly comprehend the meaning! it reminds us of Kipling's hero finding that in some Himalayan state a family of red-haired Lepchas from Darjeling solemnly chanted every eventide:

" Dir hane mard-i-yemen dir
To weercee ala gee."

And only when other circumstances led him to suspect a strain of Irish blood did he recognise a distorted version of:

" They're hanging men and women too
For wearing of the green."

" I do not know the purport of even these words, but it may be that the god will understand."

There was at the foot of the charm some straightforward Chinese, warning true believers that it was always efficacious. The best way to use it was to rinse the mouth, to hold incense in the hand, and to recite it, kneeling, twelve thousand times daily; otherwise to pay for printing as many copies. It must not be mutilated, and must be used with reverence and sincerity. Any prayer offered with it is sure to be heard, for preservation of self and friends, for happiness, for freedom from calamity, for sons, for honours, for immunity from floods or pestilence. For travellers and strangers it has peculiar efficacy. This being the case, and Chow Cheng having in gratitude for answered prayer printed a large edition for free circulation, we brought away a handful.

Neglecting the other more usual sights of a Chinese city, we turned to the specialties of Kaifeng. Hard by this temple-market is the Drum Tower, well in the heart of the city, but there is no view to reward the ascent. Another disappointment awaits those who go to investigate the Jews. The early annals tell of them, and there is good reason to believe they have been in China two thousand years. But for three centuries they have gathered at this capital, and have degenerated with it. Two hundred years ago they had a handsome block of buildings, with a synagogue 60 by 40. Sixty years

A WORN OUT BOAT STILL HAS 3,000 NAILS IN IT

ago they had suffered by a great flood, and only two hundred Jews were left. In 1866 Dr. Martin found that they had pulled down all their buildings and sold the materials, some being built into a mosque. A later observer reported that some had turned Buddhist, some Moslem, and some were studying the Confucian classics. To-day we found that only seven families remained; the very soil had been sold, and is being carted away to raise the level of other parts, so that a stagnant pond covers the ancient site. The wretched survivors seem to get their living by transporting the earth, though they so far recollect their past as to have a few rubbings of the former inscriptions to sell. Their religion has evaporated, for they have no Hebrew scrolls, and could not read them if they had; only they still eat no pork, nor worship idols, nor burn incense to their ancestors. Israel in Kaifeng is a has-been.

There is a memorial temple raised by Admiral Shui Fēn-ming to the brothers Tsêng, who were the chief support of the government during the T'ai-p'ing rebellion. Many large buildings are grouped around courtyards, with winding alleys, moulds for shrubs, beds for flowers—all, of course, in a bad state of neglect. A lake contains two rustic buildings linked by bridges with the main group. One pavilion contains tablets of one hundred and forty-nine heroes and worthies of the Sung dynasty, but a visitor had scribbled on the wall:

"At Changan¹ I look around; it is buried in clouds of confusion.
The bitter wind of the Four Seas comes rushing to my eyes.
The hall of the prime minister is overgrown with grass."

¹ K'ai-feng Fu was the capital of the Empire, under the name of Pien-liang, during the Northern Sung dynasty, from 960 to 1129. Ch'ang-an was the old name for Hsi-an Fu in Shensi, and later was applied to any Imperial capital.

The green trees of parks and gardens are encrusted with yellow moss.

By the use of arms, misery and death are brought into the country.
How can the dead do anything?

All is in confusion; heaven oppresses me;
The warmth of my heart is like cold dust."

This reminds me of a short but very vivid and striking poem by the T'ang poet, Kao Shih, well rendered by Mr. Cranmer-Byng:

"There was a king of Liang—a king of wondrous might—
Who kept an open palace, where music charmed the night.

"Since he was Lord of Liang a thousand years have flown,
And of the towers he builded yon ruin stands alone.

"There reigns a heavy silence; gaunt weeds through windows pry,
And down the streets of Liang old echoes, wailing, die."

In the main building were portraits of the loyal brothers, most life-like and striking; but the attendants, though willing to oblige, knew nothing of the artist. Hard by there was a secondary building erected by the admiral in memory of himself, like the economical American who put up a window in Westminster Abbey, and got his own name as conspicuous as that of the worthy he was supposed to be commemorating. No portrait is here, but the late Emperor and his aunt, the late Empress, had left inscriptions, "Happiness," "Longevity." Presumably these were their good wishes for the deceased admiral.

The buildings are something like the Albert Hall, available for any festivity. When we saw them, the literary chancellor was having them prepared for a banquet to his official friends. He had appropriated 180,000 taels to put them in repair for various occasions, said a native, evidently thinking to impress us.

The one show-piece of the city is the Lungting, or Dragon Pavilion, as to which we had had a marvellous description on the train, which really proved to be nearly accurate. Without reproducing our informant's anticipation, we may give some account of how it presented itself to us. From a distance it seemed a precipitous hill, with one temple at the foot and another on the top. As we came out from the end of a busy street, we found the entrance flanked by two huge stone lions, large as elephants, and with the characteristic smile of happiness. Behind them was an ancient archway, inscribed, "Ten thousand ages without limit." Though the hope may be fulfilled, the structure has outlasted three dynasties, and will probably see the end of a fourth. Beyond was a causeway several hundred yards long, with a blue lake on one hand, a brown lake on the other, in which washing was going on. Probably the dirt is cleansed out in the brown lake, then the clean clothes are blued in the other. The lower temple consisted of two court-yards; in the outer was a decrepit monument with the mottoes, "Only holiness is heaven," "Only One Supreme." The most famous Emperor of the present dynasty erected an immense tablet behind, but the inscription was already illegible. The second court contained chiefly a fire urn to consume paper sacrifices.

Then came a flight of steps leading up to a higher temple. On either side were rows of freshly painted idols, and in the shrine was a gilded Yü Huang, "all the same as heaven himself." The priest was fifty-two years old, and had spent all his life here; in the intervals of worshippers he was reading a borrowed volume about curious happenings. Hence a final flight

led up to the top platform; down the middle was a row of dragons, so well polished that it seemed evident the worshippers kissed them as they climbed. It was a disenchantment later to find that the polishing was due to the nether garments of laddies sliding down.

From the terrace around the Summit Temple the whole city lay unrolled, had there been anything to see worthy of more than a passing glance. Behind it were the walls of the inner city, the citadel lately garrisoned by the Manchu troops but now falling into ruins. Within the temple was the palladium of the city. Once it had been a lantern, but it had changed itself solid, and now was a huge black stone, 5 by 4 by 5, deeply carved with nine writhing dragons. On this stone was T'ai Tsu enthroned as first Emperor of the Sung dynasty, and here he sat to rule China in peace. Now it is cased in, and can only be seen by candle-light, while enthroned upon it is an idol. Oh, these old historic stone-thrones! People go to see the stone of Scone, on which Scottish kings were placed till Edward carried it off to England, and on which British kings sit at their coronation; but many of them forget that on the banks of the Thames a few miles higher up, at Kingston, out in the open air, is the stone where the earlier Saxon kings were enthroned. But then neither at Scone nor at Kingston were the stones once magic lanterns.

There are three signs of changing times, two partly native, the other foreign: the Assembly Hall, the barracks, and the mission houses. The new provincial Assembly Hall stands, as is rather usual, in the old examination grounds, where thousands of students used to come up from the provinces for their M.A. examinations. How many tragedies must this campus have

witnessed, as study and superstition failed to carry the candidate through the ordeal, and every three years the persevering father or grandfather appeared, only to hear, after the long suspense, "Oh, mother, grandfather has failed again!" These little cells have been deserted, and now a handsome new block of buildings adorns the grounds, guarded only by one unarmed sentry. But again a closer acquaintance was disenchanting; picturesque as the exterior was, a peep showed only dust and disorder.

There are six barracks. The old Manchu city is bereft of its Manchu garrison, and a new army is being raised, chiefly of Chinese. No longer is it important to keep up the distinction; new weapons and new drill have thrown all else into the shade. The Norman man-at-arms and the English archer found their occupation gone when fire-arms came in; the Western drill and the Western arms of precision have altered all conditions here. But why six barracks? Is it to prevent more rebellions like the T'ai-p'ing, to serve as general police in the province and prevent more Boxer outbreaks? Or will this new-model army presently march to Tibet and make the vague suzerainty very real? Will it march to Manchuria and relieve the Russian guards? Will it go up to Peking and bow out the Legation guards? Will it go down to Shanghai and take charge of the Foreign Concession? Vainly have foreigners tried to penetrate these barracks, and tried to fathom the minds of the officers or soldiers; no foreigner is allowed across the threshold.

Three mission houses are here, but we did not see much of the Free Methodists or the Southern Baptists, looking chiefly at the larger establishment of the China

Inland Mission, which dates from 1884, after nine years' clawing for a foothold. Missions are not strong in this province, occupying only twenty-nine stations; of course these are chosen with some care, as being centres of convenient districts. But imagine the county of Monmouth, with 895,000 acres and 310,000 people, having just one Christian minister; that is the scale on which workers are found here in Honan.

Here at Kaifeng there is a hospital outside the South Gate, with two surgeons. In the summer they may have 150 out-patients; they can take 50 in-patients, and the day before we visited they performed 18 operations. One of the native assistants is very clever; he began his old literary career when only twelve, and passed into the Middle School second on the list. But he became a Christian, and declined to worship the tablet of Confucius. The officials were loath to lose a bright scholar, and suggested two or three evasions, but he preferred to be publicly expelled and to have the reason stated. There are many people of his pluck. Many years ago a bookseller came, but scholars mobbed him and threw his stock in the mud; a painter picked up some, read, and became interested, and so wished to have some one to talk with about it. Mr. Powell came to the city, and was requested to leave it early next morning; he said he was not an early riser, and stayed ten days. Several people were interested—a blind man, the chief of the beggars, a jailer, and an old lady of seventy, who was attracted by the pictures of the cross till she gave up trying to save her soul by limiting her diet to bread and water. The painter, now a benevolent-looking man of sixty-three, came and told us the story of his experience twenty-six years ago.

“Mr. Wang, who had the books burned, went mad some time after, and as he was dangerous the magistrate



A FAMILY OF YELLOW JEWS AT KAIFENGFU.

had him chained to a millstone by his neck; there he lived, naked, and bitten by lice, for ten years till he died. The books that I picked up were Gospels, an 'Introduction to Christianity,' eight chapters of Truth. When I read them I felt the doctrine was true, and though I did not obey it I told it to the neighbours. I was an opium-smoker, and so were most of my family. I expected God would help me if I prayed, but I did not want to be helped. It was many years before I heard that a foreigner was preaching at Weihwei, beyond the river; I went many days to hear him, and when I came away he gave me more books. But not till Mr. Powell came to Kaifeng did I attend the services. When the Boxers came, I helped the missionaries escape. From Shanghai Mr. Powell wrote that the Jews there wished to get some of the Kaifeng Jewish boys, so I took two down to be educated. When they wrote again, I tried to get more, but they will not be helped; they care only for money. It is eight years ago that I was baptised, and now all my family have stopped opium and are in the church."

PART III.—KAIFENG LITERATURE

Kaifeng is a has-been. If it does not take care and dredge the Yellow River till the water flows below the city level, it is likely to become a used-to-be. Why do they not get some California dredgers, which are able to bring down thousands of tons of gravel and spread it over fertile farms? The Californian farmers would be delighted. Meanwhile it seems obvious to turn from the squalid present and to look back in its book-shops for anything which throws light on its past. The governor indeed was gracious to present fifty-five volumes, not only beautifully bound in silk, but dealing with a

variety of subjects; these illustrate the best side of literature, while the book-shop serves to reveal what the people feed on to-day. It is right to begin with a baby-book; *place aux bébés!*

This must be as standard as Mr. Chavasse's "Advice to Mothers." It was written in 1662, and a handsome new edition is published in 1910, with the attractive title of "Iron Mirror." "Everybody cannot always be healthy; to heal a baby, look for white or yellow on the face; but persons under thirteen are not strong enough to understand the treatment." Rubbing the baby fingers or palms seems to be a stock massage, and the head is evidently a strong point with the diagnoser. The "Eye of the Book," or table of contents, has a chapter on telling what the disease is from inspecting the finger. Other chapters deal with hard sickness, cold, fever, baby fear, great fever, vomit, after pox, crying at night. General maxims such as, "To heal the sick, do not shut the door with the thief inside; do not open the door and let the thief in," give a general confidence in the sense of the Chinese Chavasse. Then as the pages are hastily turned over, there are elaborate diagrams of baby hands, baby legs, baby feet, baby fronts, baby backs, with lines running out to names and notes, in the most approved scientific style. Rules are given where to push needles in, or where to brand; and the valuable information is imparted that if the left temple be rubbed by a man's hand, perspiration will ensue, but a woman's hand will stop it; for the right temple, the sexes must be interchanged. Hurrah for the China Inland Mission hospital and its variety of treatment! Babies having been thus honoured, a little bit of antiquarian lore comes from the preface of the Annals. The town first came into notice as the residence of the prince of Liang in the time of the Five Dynasties.

From that time onward it has always been at least the capital of a province; the Sungs made it their Eastern Capital, the Kin Tartars similarly honoured it, the Mongols made it their Southern Capital. In those days it still retained the old name of Yuchow. Under the Chinese Mings, who revived the old name Kaifeng, it was destroyed by robbers, brambles grew over it, and the floods of the river finished its ruin. But the country was too rich to be abandoned, and after a time the city was rebuilt, being made the chief town of a county reaching one thousand li each side of the great Ho. The troubles of the downfall are well reflected in the few elegies:

" From Changan ² as I look back,
Dark clouds cover the horizon;
A baleful wind from the four seas
Blinds our eyes.

" College hall, ancestral shrine,
Alike are overgrown with grass;
Park and gardens at Taliang
Abound with barren moss.

" All the land is in confusion,
Heaven heaps sorrows on us;
My hot ambitions have died down
To hot ashes." ³

It will be evident, then, that all gleanings of famous events and people will end with the seventeenth century. A few specimens may be gathered from various ages.

² "Ch'ang-an" is a poetic name which may be applied to any Imperial Chinese capital.

³ Another version of this same poem has already been given.

In the days when Ch'in was building the Great Wall, Fan Chih-t'ien was taken from his post to go and labour there. His wife, Mêng Chiang, made up a bundle of winter clothing and carried it to him. But she found he was dead and his bones had been built into the wall, so she walked to and fro upon it till it burst and discovered his body. This she honoured with a proper burial, so that the people erected a temple in honour of her.

Chao Shun was prefect here in the reign of Ch'êng Ti (82 B.C.), and was reputed a good governor. As money was scarce, he had much copper minted in the form of knives. Lin Hung ninety years later succoured the famished, so that the people loved and feared him.

Many great battles were fought in this neighbourhood. In 1128 the Kins were defeated; in 1141 the Sungs were victorious. At one siege Kuan Li-pu⁴ demanded an indemnity of five million ounces of gold, ten times as much silver, a million pieces of silk, ten thousand horses, and as many oxen. While this enormous exaction shows the wealth of the capital, the fact that it was paid explains the rapid decline afterwards and one reason why it was abandoned in favour of Nanking. But probably the worst siege it had to stand was in 1232, when the Mongols drew their hosts around the city, and then brought to bear a new engine not yet used in warfare, cannon, with gunpowder. The story runs also that human fat was employed, and that the reports caused the heavens to shake.

A temple is erected here to the Seven Brave Women; it dates only from 1662, after the floods, before which time it was at some little distance, and commemorated six only. Their story was written by the noted scholar

⁴"Li-pu" is the man's official designation, "cf the Board of Civil Office."



"SUMMER REST" OF THE TS'ENG BROTHERS' MEMORIAL, KAIFENGFU



HONAN HALL OF ASSEMBLY, KAIFENGFU.



Lin Téh; who would remember Hervé Riel of Brittany, had not Robert Browning inscribed a ballad to him? They are of the usual type which Chinese men hold up to womankind as their ideal. Miss Ch'én at the age of eighteen was betrothed to Yang Huan; when he died, she was inconsolable; her parents would not let her attend the funeral, so she cut off her hair, and got the match-maker to lay the tresses in the coffin. When her parents proposed another match, she hanged herself. She had never seen her betrothed.

Another remarkable story turns on transmigration, and a feud kept up through many existences. Sung Wén found religion, and became a monk at the White Cloud Convent, where he was set to wash up pots. A novice struck one and fell dead; a second novice struck it and fell dead; whereupon Sung Wén fled in alarm to another monastery, where he lived to advanced age. One day he felt impelled to own an ill deed of thirty years before, and promised to make public confession at noon. Shortly before, an armed soldier entered, and at sight of the monk became at once enraged, while the monk said he had long expected him. "But why should I feel so angry? At the first sight of you I wished to kill you. What quarrel can there be between us?" The monk recounted the above adventure, and the soldier lamented that offences and vengeance should be handed down so long. "Were it not better to be reconciled and journey together to the Western Sky?" So saying, he died. The monk picked up a pencil and wrote, "Three and thirty years have I wandered in disguise; who would have thought that ancient foes would meet this day? Both of us were in mists of darkness." Then the pencil dropped from his hand, and he too started on his voyage to the Western Sky.

In the Chinese War of the Roses, two heroes met in a peach garden and vowed to place Liu Pei on the throne; one of them was Kuan Yü, who for his loyalty and valour had long been worshipped as god of war. His opponent Ts'ao Ts'ao, who reigned here, captured him and sought by kindness to win him over; but he wrote a letter of thanks, saying that he could not change his allegiance. Ts'ao Ts'ao in admiration loaded him with presents and escorted him to the frontier.

One section of the Annals deals, as usual, with lucky events. This general omnium-gatherum might well be entitled, "Challenges to Faith," but they were perhaps recorded as challenges to interpreters. All are precisely dated.

Twice did the Yellow River run clear; it was in the last days of the Hans. Rain and hail fell in the shape of two green dragons. In a storm, ice and wood rained from the sky. Two small dragons like moss were fished up from a pool and lodged in the Forbidden City; one was missing at night, and peals of thunder came; the next morning he returned. During a great thunder-storm frozen tortoises fell over ten li. Red snow⁵ fell for a day. So much for meteorology. Three beasts were caught, like water-buffaloes, red, yellow, and black; they fought; the black one was killed, and the others plunged into the river. A white deer was captured near Kaifeng, four dragons appeared within the walls, and the well-water became turbid. A crow changed into a magpie; next year a magpie became a crow. At Changchow a fox was caught with nine tails. From Yellow River was drawn a tortoise with two heads.

The last section that need be noticed has to do with law, and is entitled, "How to Settle Doubts." One

⁵Red snow, I believe, is a scientific fact due to the presence of minute algae. Even frozen turtles or tortoises might possibly be explained.

Solomonic story illustrates how old saws retain a place in the popular mind, and what important results occasionally follow from them.

A rich man of ninety had daughters but no sons. He married the daughter of a tenant, and died next morning. In due time the widowed bride bore a son, whose legitimacy was challenged, so that the eldest daughter claimed the property. The case dragged on for years, till a magistrate named Ping Ti fortunately recollected that "An old man's child has no shadow, and cannot bear exposure to the cold." It was then the eighth moon, the weather yet warm. He caused the lad to be brought, as also another of the same age, and both to be stripped naked. The claimant soon shuddered with cold, and was allowed to go out in the sunshine; it was then seen that he cast no shadow. The estate was thereupon adjudged to him.

XVII

TAIYUANFU

PART I.—IN THE LAND OF WOLVES

THE “Topographical Dictionary of the Yangch‘ü District,” in the new edition of 1843, tells that in the vague old time before Ch‘in the Great this was known as the Land of Wolves; the name Yangch‘ü appeared under the Hans, and afterwards Yangchih. The name of the county and county town, Taiyuan, date from the Chou dynasty. Its history is uninteresting, but there was one vigorous seige prosecuted by T‘aitsung; when starvation compelled its surrender, the whole population was deported to Chihli, whence a new population was imported. But the city was reduced for a time to the rank of a mere district town. Such drastic clearance and colonising seem out of favour at present, though the Antiochi found them very effectual in their kingdom. Rome did much the same at Carthage and Corinth, and Britain had to adopt equally stringent measures with Acadia when reconverting it into Nova Scotia.

The Annals are less coherent than in many other places; but there is among others one intelligible passage which shows that progress had been made in developing the resources of the province.

We speak chiefly of those products which deteriorate when removed to other parts of the Empire, but are of superior quality in Shansi. Of these the list is headed with the five cereals; among which are named common millet, glutinous millet, long-stalked millet,

太

原

Taiyuan may be translated "Great Plain." In Taiyuan the character "Tai" (太) is composed of "great" (大), the original ideograph (大) representing a full-grown man stretching out his arms. Then the "Dot" (。) was added at the foot of the character, the whole of the character came to mean "very" or "Excessive." The "Yuan" (原) is composed of two parts: the first, an "Overhanging Cliff" (厓); the second, a "Fountain" (源); combined meaning a plateau or high, level field: an origin or source.

wheat, and rice.¹ The long-stalked (or Barbadoes) millet, called broom-corn, is the source of intoxicating drinks loved by the low. It also supplies the choicest building materials, going into the roofing, walls, and windows of the houses. Wheat is a staple in the better watered regions, though in the northwest scarcely one in ten will cultivate it. Rice is grown near the water-courses. Among squashes and melons, the pumpkin is worthy of special notice; sometimes called winter melon, sometimes foreign melon.

The chief trees of the Great Plateau are the same as west of Peking: pine, spruce, cedar, elm, poplar, maple, apricot, date, mulberry, but no sugar-maple or bamboo. Of flowers, the only rarity is the water-lily, called here the water-fairy; the most fragrant are the lanhua¹; both these are exotics. Sweet grass or licorice is the most widely cultivated medicinal plant. Rabbit-silk grass grows rankly over less-used roads; hemp and flax of many kinds supply textiles.

Birds abound on the Great Plain; besides the domesticated kinds, there are wild geese, swallows, snipe, pigeons, pheasants, sand-grouse, hawks, falcons, crows, woodpeckers, and many others. Foxes, wolves, hares, badgers, and deer roam over the plain; but the careful zoologist responsible in this cyclopædia warns the hunter that there are no sharks or whales. Yet in these inland waters are carp a foot long, the fish so dear to Confucius.

Minerals are plentiful; iron is excellent, and there is a large export of scissors made from it. Sulphur and potash abound, whence gunpowder is made in quantities. Coal is mined in blocks, with mica, quartz, and alum; nearly every ore of any economic importance is found.

But, says the annalist, "the most conspicuous of the Great Plateau is man. The soil is rich, the streams deep; mankind is solid and upright. Anciently the mer-

¹This is a generic term for orchidaceous plants.

chants were careful to avoid overreaching and trickery, but of late the population has become so dense, and such years of unfavourable seasons have followed, that the bankers have tripled the former rate of interest." These Shansi bankers were and are famous over the whole northern portion of the Empire.

To the Annals let us add a few other facts. The province contains ten million people; there are 101 walled cities, and the whole area is about equal to England and Wales, or Illinois. For three years there was a large production of opium, about 800 tons yearly; and the people were so addicted to its use that, in their proverb, eleven out of ten smoked it; a more prosaic estimate was seven out of ten. But under reform by Imperial edict a marvelous change obtains.

The Annals contain often a mere chronological set of jottings, and the impression derived by the reader is one of astonishment at the superstition displayed. If some of the "lucky and strange occurrences" be sorted a little, a picture of strange credulity is none the less obtained. The following are not in chronological order:

"In the fourth year of Hung Wu, there was a strange atmospheric phenomenon at Taiyuan. One night when the Prince's Mansion was building, it was completely destroyed by a large wind; as the good luck was found in fault, it was removed elsewhere. In the eighth year of Ch'êng Hua, the earth was moving. In the twenty-eighth year, a demoniacal personage appeared, demanding wine and food, and, raising a burning torch, he threatened to destroy the palace; which came to pass in the second moon of the next year. At another time a scarlet wind attracted much attention. In

the fourth year of T'ien Ch'i, several persons were struck by lightning. Hu, the maker of gunpowder, bade his wife look out for the children; she called back that she much first look out for her mother-in-law; which pious reply ensured the salvation of the whole family. In the tenth year of Hung Chih, there was great rain for ten days continuously. In the fourteenth year, the river rose ten feet. A satanic fire was seen, whose luminosity extended to thirty li. In a shower of meteors, the stars fell like rain. In the twenty-first year of Chia Ching, a total eclipse of the sun occurred at noon, when the sky was so dark the stars appeared.

"In the reign of T'ien Shun there was a remarkable fall of honeydew, especially noticed hanging on the trees near the gate of the college, and the literary temple; this was interpreted as an omen of the appearance of men of genius. In the first year of Wan Li, a melon of good omen was found growing on a vine near the college gate; the vine was ten feet long, and produced eleven watermelons; at the next examination eleven candidates obtained degrees. The wife of Lu Ju bore three sons at once, and the temples of the War-god were all destroyed in one night. A boy of eight years grew a beard and his body was all covered with hair. In the ninth year of Tao Kuang, fire and smoke came from the mouth of a beast."

So the Annals go on, like a daily paper—except that they contain no reference to foreign lands—jumbling together wild reports, exceptional occurrences, and real natural phenomena, which occasionally by their accurate dating enable astronomers to supply useful links. Again and again they refer to terrible droughts, or devastating floods which follow rain-storms, now that

the soil is denuded of trees. In 1877 a famine is estimated to have swept away some millions of human beings!

The ignorance and superstition of the people are not things of the past only, but are fraught with peril still. We were journeying in a mule-cart from Taiyuan to Fenchow; as the road was dusty and the day hot, we lay down to sleep, helmet on head and loaded repeater rifle at side. When we awakened, the cart was at rest in a small town, with hundreds of men crowded around. As we crawled out, a panic struck the mob, who yelled and ran. The law of gravitation held, and those nearest the cart were repelled by a force greater than those at a distance, so that soon there were heaps of people looking as if several football games had been in progress. This is not what is expected from the lethargic Celestial, and, rather than await a reaction, the carters drove off promptly at a wild gallop. Such an experience helped us to understand the terrible events of the year 1900 at Taiyuan, as to which there seems to have been a conspiracy of silence, but of which there must be a brief notice here.

When the governor of Shantung, by pressure of foreign diplomats, was removed from that province, he was decorated in Peking by the Empress Dowager with an adornment worked with her own hands, bearing the character "Happiness," and was sent to Taiyuanfu as governor of Shansi. A tool was ready to his hand in Er Ming, a Manchu graduate awaiting office. Er Ming inveigled forty-five missionaries into coming to the capital, under pretence of offering protection. Yü Hsien carried out his mistress' orders, and not one escaped. There is an arched gateway in

Taiyuan, where a Christian lady tried to save two children. Mad with superstition and blood, the mob threw them back again and again, piled furniture on all three, and slowly roasted them to death, roaring out diabolical shouts of gladness. Throughtout the province were similar scenes, and when the storm had lulled, the wreckage of all foreign influence seemed complete. No alien was living, no premises owned by aliens but were ruined, and every sympathiser with aliens was either murdered or in exile. Er Ming was rewarded with the governorship of Anhwei; where his murder by a Chinese, as elsewhere mentioned, had no reference to his treachery, but to his being a Manchu, one of a hated race which after two hundred and fifty years is still regarded by the Chinese as alien.

After ten years the contrast in marvellous—railroad, foreigners many, public restitution. A Shansi University has been established on modern lines, and a party of twenty Masters of Arts thence are pursuing a six years' course of post-graduate study in Britain.

By way of contrast, study some inscriptions placed five hundred years ago on the college. A proclamation begins with the announcement that "The scholar is the highest of the four classes of the people." Much of course depends on what makes a scholar. Another carving announces that "The object of learning is the increase of knowledge." Ponder over the significance of that statement. In Europe the schoolmen were nearly at the end of their work; the limits of knowledge, according to their methods, were all but reached, only they did not divine the fact. They were laboriously threshing straw into chaff, all the wheat having already been garnered out. Rogers Bacon was ready to pioneer further, but the observation of his followers condemned

him to uselessness, and it took the break-up of Constantinople, the discovery of a new world, before the scholars had fresh facts and methods at their disposal. But the Chinese Emperor had not been dulled into such apathy; he was not content with the regulation essays on abstract themes, and he warned all young students that they must aim at progress and discovery. It sounds like a modern regulation, that no one can obtain a doctorate unless he makes some original contribution to knowledge. However, the stolid conservatism of those days and the perfect self-sufficiency of the Chinese made this motto an empty adjuration. It was 1729 A.D. before a Manchu Emperor put out a new programme of studies here. "Attend," said he, "to practical arts which will be useful in governing." Monthly examinations were ordered, not only in literature, but also in the art of government, in civil and criminal law, and in the principles of finance. The statutes of the Ta Ch'ing Empire were revised and republished, and were advised as an important text-book. How needful was such a curriculum may be seen from a discourse by one of the Ming Emperors, graven on stone at the college:

"VENERATION AND UNITY"

"Veneration means respect for a serious purpose. If the sovereign cherishes it, his faults will be few. If his ministers cherish it, they will not fail in their duty. In one word, it comprehends the exercise of luminous intelligence. Unity means an unmixed regard for right principles. As is said in the Ancient Book of History, 'Virtue is one, and all actions should be harmonious; good luck may be expected to follow.' . . . We ourselves have been a student, and we versify these principles of our mutual stimulus and edification:

" Let all the world these virtues twain acquire,
Then peace will hold within ten thousand li.
In character and conduct let them practice these,
To virtue hold, to veneration too,
And unity; these are the primal things.
If unity be lacking, virtue's gone;
If veneration, trouble will arise.
The sovereign himself reveres high heaven;
Then he is elder brother of the whole;
From him all laws go forth, all pardons too;
By him the plans for all the realm are framed.
Watch now disunity; pure and mixed,
Frivolity and seriousness, are quite opposed.
Watch then your thoughts, here spring ideals
Which afterward take shape in outward act.
In heaven and on earth, these answer quick
As the drum rolls, when beaten by the stick."

Now when an Emperor had nothing better to issue as an allocution to his subjects, stringing on his verses for more than a hundred lines, was it not time for some reform? It is most significant that all progress in China seems to coincide with the upheaval caused by a new dynasty, especially one which brought in a breath from outside. Nations need to be fertilised by pollen from without, not to breed in and in. It has been the salvation of England to have foreign dynasties come again and again—Dane, Norman, Scotch, Dutch, German, every one breaking down a little insular prejudice. It was the Mongol and the Manchu dynasties that slightly roused China from her torpor; now, without a dynastic change, the foreign influence has made a deep inroad.

PART II.—CITY AND CITIZENS

It is not needful to follow all the ups and downs of the city. The key to its importance is that it lies well exposed to the dangerous north, and therefore is

sheltered by the loops of the Great Wall to the north, forming two lines of defence there, and also by the return Wall running due southward, and thus forming an easterly breakwater against the tide of invasion. The city itself lies on the sunny side of a range, and its site is so chosen that it can protect the fertile plain southward, once apparently a lake, and now supporting a large population. It is under the Sung dynasty, about 450 A.D., that a settlement is first heard of, but it was vastly augmented in 1377, shortly after the expulsion of the Mongols, when Marquis Hsiao built a wall 24 li in circumference and 35 feet high, with a brick moat 30 feet deep. Of its eight gates, four bore the names of Military Prowess, Welcome to Spring, Welcome to Rains, and Check on the Regions Afar. But the later Ming Emperors forgot the military importance, and allowed the fortifications to decay.

By curious irony, when the Manchus had defied the Check on their Regions Afar, they set to work speedily to repair here. Some towers, with the wall, were rebuilt, new ones were erected, and in all provision was made for seven camps. Of course the object of the Manchus in such fortification was to plant a Manchu garrison alongside the city, just as William the Norman bridled England with castles for his Normans everywhere. In the last reign the local magistrate dreamt about a bear. This is the symbol of military strength, and more than a symbol, as soldiers seeking courage and strength feed on soup from bears' paws; the magistrate therefore erected a temple to the War-god, adjoining the drill-ground.

There are no signs of new local fortifications now; the armies preparing in every quarter will hardly be

needed for garrison duty. China is awakening, and she scarcely stands in any fear of peril from the north, despite the Russo-Japanese Manchurian railway. She will not need to stand on the defensive, but any "lessees" at Dalny, Weihaiwei, or Kiaocho may perhaps think it wise to sell their leases or strengthen their walls.

Before the old order passes away, not only the city but its inhabitants deserve study: and a few of the local notabilities may be passed in review.

At the northwest angle of the town is a temple to the Singing Calf, where prayers for rain are often offered. This man was minister to an ancient prince of Chou, who lamented the incorrigible obstinacy of his people: "Sparrows enter the sea and turn to oysters, pheasants enter the river and turn to frogs; but men, alas, turn to nothing!" Tou, however, apologised for them, and won his fame.

Chu Ting-chang was prefect here, and had a high character for probity. A rebel band captured the city, and the chief bade him kneel; he indignantly replied that his family might be broken, but not bent. Having "lost his face" by the capture, he resisted all efforts to spare him, and was put to death.

Hu Yen held many offices, and stored up much merit. His sons were tatooed behind the ear: "Leaving home, forget it in duty to the state; entering battle, forget your body in duty to your lord." His wives and slaves were trained in the same temper. He was set to organise the militia, and he introduced a general arming in self-defence, with a written bond to be loyal and brave, slaying robbers.

Ma Chun was born in Kansu, where his father was commandant of a garrison. As a baby his high cheekbones and forehead, his large mouth and ears, his square

nose, gave promise of eminence. At school he was trained on the classic of Filial Piety; this he exemplified toward parents and prince, and he summed up his maxims, "In human life, be good yourself, at home and in the state." As his family was by tradition military, he devoted himself to equitation and archery, and at three successive tournaments he won the prize, thus becoming a graduate of the highest rank.

In the sixteenth book of Yang Chu Hsien, the record reads: A priest known by the name of Chang Pa Shih, or Chang the Octogenarian, lived in the Temple of the Ten Quarters, and was occupied in menial services for the brotherhood of monks, especially in cooking. Whether in the cold of winter or the heat of summer he was equally diligent. He was a hunch-back, with black hair, and seldom uttered a word. His eyes never turned to the one side or the other. His clothes and face were filthy in the extreme. He never touched water. Sometimes he would take one meal a day, then for three or five days live without a single meal. When questioned as to his age he always answered, "Eighty." For several tens of years his answer was never changed. On enquiring of the priests of this or other monasteries, none were able to give any account of his original coming, nor had they any knowledge of his real age. For this reason he was always known as Chang the Octogenarian. Certain gentlemen, noting the tattered condition of his clothing, offered him new clothing, but he declined. On their asking him why he declined, he gave no answer save the sign of his hand. At length, without any illness, he passed away in the course of transmigration.

In the fortieth year of the reign of Chia Ching, the prefect captured robbers who alleged that they were

starving people to whom the relief given was not sufficient. The prince issued an order that they should be carried out to the Hanging Bridge and have their legs broken, and at the same time that relief should be given to the distressed people. By this judicious combination of severity and kindness order was restored!

In the reign of Wan Li, three persons were begging for food in a great famine. One was an old man, the second a young man, the other a woman. They had gathered up a number of infant children who had been cast away, and were giving them food; now they were offering them at a small price to people who had no children, who were allowed to carry them away naked, and thus many were saved alive. These three persons by this means not only escaped death themselves, but saved the lives of these children. That in their extremity they should show this kindness proved that their hearts were full of human feeling, their merit was beyond bounds; and they are remembered as the Good People of the Bridge.

Fan Tzū Ying was an official here in the days when a rebellion occurred under Li Chuang, who was saluted by his followers as Emperor, and was marching on Peking, which he did at last capture, and reigned there for ten days. On his march through Shansi he captured Taiyuan. A squadron met Fan, who offered them wine but declined to kneel. Instead he edged his way to a large brick, which he threw at their leader, almost killing him. He was haled away to the pretender, whom he reviled contemptuously—conduct much admired when forcible resistance is no longer possible. He was strangled.

Such anecdotes reveal the conduct that appeals to the popular taste and has served to form the character of many generations. If an English history be taken

up, and a list of a few noted men be made—Wyclif, the Black Prince, Chaucer, Hotspur, the King-maker, Caxton, Wolsey, More—it is worth pondering over the contrast revealed.

English classics do not contain many sections devoted to the praise of women. Leave out mere queens, who would have attracted no attention but for their rank, and we look almost in vain for any heroines. But in the provincial annals here it is far different; three instances may be taken from the period glanced at, so barren in the English annals.

Mrs. Chao in her girlhood bore the name Hui Pao, "Precious Wit"; later she received a literary title, the "Ornament of Letters." She became the wife of a professor in the leading college in Taiyuan. She distinguished herself by duty to those above her and by kindness to those below. By unfailing regard for rules of politeness she had a great reputation for virtue and intelligence. Not long after her marriage her husband was taken sick, when this noble woman watched at his bedside, personally preparing his soup and medicines, which she always tasted with her own lips. Morning and night she offered up her prayers on his behalf, praying that her life might be taken and his spared. Nevertheless her husband died, for all that. Then she gathered up all her jewellery and ornaments into a casket, and said to her mother-in-law, "Take these; since my husband is dead, I shall pass the remainder of my life in a lonely cell. I fear these things might be a temptation to robbers." She then asked leave to make a visit to her husband's house, that she might attend to some sacrificial rite; she watched an opportunity, and hanged herself beside her husband's coffin, terminating her life at the age of eighteen. Two coffins were there-

fore carried forth instead of one, and all who looked on the sorrowful procession were moved to tears. In the seventh year of Ch'êng Hua a report was made to the throne, in consequence of which, by Imperial decree, a tablet was placed over the door, bearing four ideographs, meaning, "A true woman restores the reputation of her house."

Another woman, Shih Ying, in her childhood heard her father discourse of chastity and righteousness, whereupon she remarked, "Neither one appears to be difficult." She married the chief of a hundred families, by name Ch'ên Yi, who died early in defence of the frontier. The brave widow sent men to bring the coffin home. She washed the corpse and clothed it for burial with her own hands. After that she scarcely took a spoonful of nourishment for seven days, saying, "I promised my husband that if he should die we would be buried together. I mean to keep my vow. Moreover, I have no child. If I should live, these chattels would be of no use to me." Whereupon she distributed all her possessions among her kindred, and prepared a banner to be offered to Buddha, bearing this inscription, "May we be united in the next life." Her mother and other relations used every argument, but she was deaf to their entreaties and hanged herself in her chamber. The Prince of Tsin heard of this, and bestowed on the family a quantity of silk and satin for funeral purposes.

Han Jun Chich was the daughter of Han Yun. Her family were very poor; they lived in the back rooms of one Hao San, a man of bad repute. One day the girl's father was away, and her mother went to an adjoining house to spin cotton. Hao, having drunk some liquor, took advantage of her solitude. She cried aloud, and, her mother returning, the wretch made

his escape. When the father came back, the girl wept and reported the outrage, adding, "Your daughter cannot endure life longer." The next morning she hanged herself and died at the age of seventeen, and so was honoured with special mention.

The record is deficient in that it omits to mention any punishment inflicted on the villain. In riotous times the case is different, but on ordinary occasions any one doing violence of that kind is liable to be put to death. The poor and helpless are sometimes deterred from bringing the guilty to justice.

We may not finish this chapter in such a sombre hue of selfishness. There remains one other record which is well worthy the space in this book, the story of Sung Shih Hua, a magistrate. On the occurrence of a long period of drought, he went barefoot to all the temples, reciting prayers, and sent in written petitions at each temple saying, "I pray you to bestow a good rain, for which I am willing to have three years deducted from my allotted time on earth." His compassion for the people was so deep and genuine that the governor reported him to the throne, and since that there has been no man like him.²

² It is said of the king of the Burgundians that "the injustice of his subjects made him responsible for the fertility of the earth." That was in the fourth century A.D. But in China the failure of crops and the coming of famines and droughts led the officials to examine their own conduct!

XVIII

TSINAN

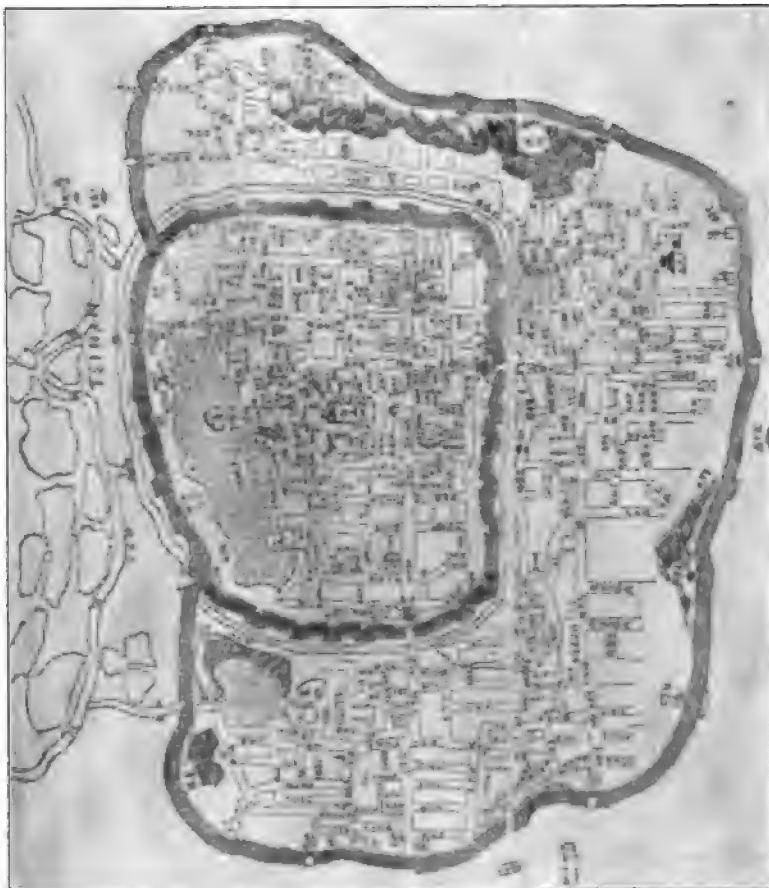
PART I.—LEADING UP TO THE CAPITAL

EDUCATION and secret societies used to be specialties here; and they still are, but the ingredients are mixed. To-day many of the old "Three Incense Stick," "Golden Pill," and "First Principles" societies have given over their absurd actions; they have thrown their influence on the side of Christianity, and more than once a whole society has applied for membership. As for education, both government and missions are vying to make this the leading province, as befits the district that produced Confucius and Mencius.

This being so, we decided to stop over on the way up to the capital, and to examine what is being done in two towns which are linked with it in one system of education. For the Shantung Christian University has three departments: arts and science are dealt with at Wei, theology and pedagogy at Tsingchow, medicine and museum at Tsinan. This is the same principle as obtains in Canada with the MacMaster University, or obtains in the north of England, where arts and theology are taught at Durham, medicine and other science at Newcastle.

The work here has obtained a high reputation, and it was an interesting enquiry to find out how and why. First, then, we halted at Wei to visit the School of Arts, and were fortunate enough to have a Sabbath there. The large chapel is all too cramped for the assembly, while the atmosphere was most spiritual. Singing equally classic we have heard in China, preach-

Tsinan, Capital of Shantung.





WORSHIP THE IDOL, AND IT SEEMS A GOD,
NOT WORSHIP THE IDOL, AND 'TIS BUT A CLOD

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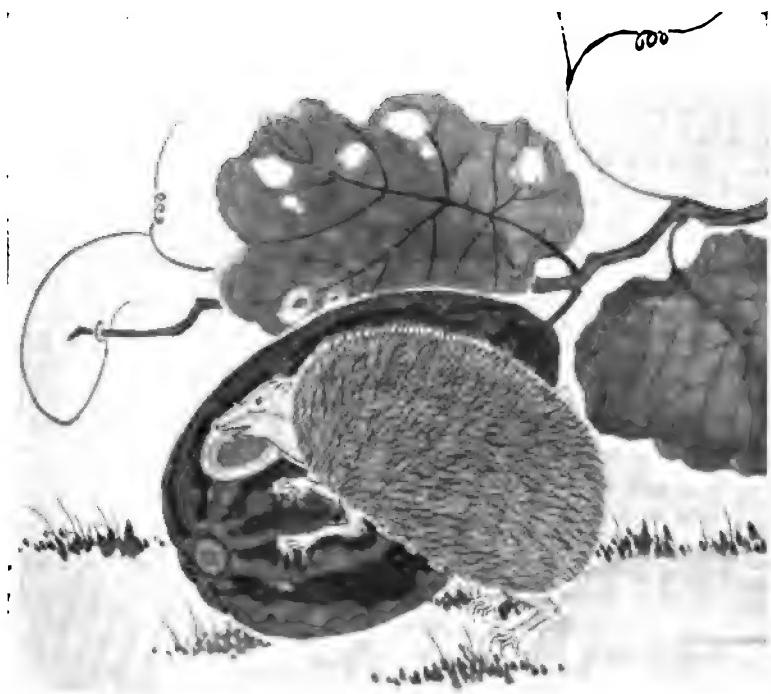
濟
南

Tainan means "South of the Tsai River." "Tsai" meaning
"succor" or "relieve."

ing quite as eloquent, prayers fully as earnest; but the general effect will rank that service with one other at London and one other at Samoa. Now how do the professors conceive their duty? They take the old Chinese classics, the time-honoured works of Confucius and Mencius; they have nothing to complain of in their ethics—so unlike the barbarisms of Homer and Aristophanes and Ovid—and they lecture on these in a Christian spirit, combining reverence for China's own great teachers with loyalty to the Supreme Teacher.

At Tsingchow Dr. Hayes has had the pleasure of inaugurating a splendid reform when he was head of the Government College in the capital; he decreed that there should be a holiday every week, and chose the Star-day, which is the same as our Sun-day. The example was copied, and now the government schools all over the Empire take a holiday on the first day of the week. This theological college is going to produce muscular Christians. Prof. Bruce wants to buy a beautiful flat tract of land hard by; perhaps he thinks that the two superbly carved honorary portals there will serve as goals when his students practice football.

The halt here, under the hospitable roof of Dr. Watson, was diversified not only by most interesting conversations with distinguished scholars, but by a pilgrimage to the spot where in distant ages Mencius used to teach; though the buildings have perished, two large lions mark the place. His mother had some trouble in choosing her home, for as a lad her boy was extremely imitative. Living opposite a butcher, he became expert in squealing like a slaughtered pig; she shifted opposite a cemetery, and he soon could groan and wail like any bereaved widow. Lest he should go further and hang himself, as widows are fond of doing, she moved opposite a Confucian school; here he saw well-dressed



Drawn by Shen Tien Chih of Tsinan.

HEDGEHOG EATING CHINESE MUSK-MELLON.

IF YOU KNOW HOW, A THING IS NOT HARD,
IF IT IS HARD, THEN YOU DON'T KNOW HOW

gentlemen and scholars behaving excellently, and she was in due time rewarded by seeing him grow up to be a sage himself. A great deal of attention is paid at the college now to inculcating good manners according to the most approved Chinese etiquette.



The Moon. From an Ancient Tablet at Tsinan.

The work here, as at the other centres, is capable of great expansion. The Americans remind their countrymen that Shantung has a population as great as is west of the Mississippi, which rejoices in one hundred and ninety colleges, while Shantung has only these three, so that they ought to be made first-class in their equip-

ment. Their graduates have won a reputation all over the Empire; the colleges of other missions or of the government eagerly compete for their services. To obtain entrance, a student must be twenty years old and pass in eight subjects: literature—parts of the odes and history memorised, exposition of the Four Books, short essay; mathematics—arithmetic, and algebra to quadratics; general geography, and history in outline; Bible history. And after such stringent requirements for admission, the course occupies seven years.

PART II.—MEDICINE, MUSEUM, AND MEN

The remainder of the university lies at the capital, and to this the German railway conveyed us by a route evidently chosen, not for directness, but to accommodate the best mineral districts; it wound up with coiling round the city and obliging it with three stations.

Here the southern suburb was supposed to be haunted by demons, but had most eligible land, so a large area was secured cheaply on which a fine series of buildings is enclosed by an ornamental wall with a handsome gateway. This had the effect of dispelling the bad reputation, and now the suburb is rapidly filling. A handsome hospital and a medical college have been newly established. It will be chiefly for the alumni of the Arts College which will soon be moved to the capital and for young men at least twenty years old from Christian families; but any one may enter who is of good character, can pass a stiff entrance examination, and will abide by the rules. It is plainly stated that the whole establishment is conducted under Christian influences. We found twelve students at work with modern high-power microscopes.

When in the regular examination for degrees essays were announced, not on "The Comparative Value of

Alcaics and Sapphics," or "The Five Wisest Men of Shantung," or some threadbare literary maxim, but "The Thermometer and Its Uses," "The Barometer," or "The Steam-engine," there was hardly any place in the province, outside Weihaiwei, where any information could be obtained, except from this university.

On the opening of the railway the museum was transferred to the capital; within four months at Tsinan more than 102,000 visitors had come. What now do they see? They recognise by great diagrams all sorts of facts about population, areas, resources, and manufactures, and no one who studies these can remain under any illusion about China being the Central Kingdom of the earth. One youth of high rank arrived, "with his head in the clouds and his feet in the Sung dynasty." He was shown all round, then thoughtfully desired to be taken round again, and when he returned to his host, the governor, he is said to have declared, "Why, the only thing that China is ahead in is population." Hard by the city flows the Yellow River in an elevated bed, a constant terror to the people; inside the museum they see a dredge model, which, when coupled up to a battery, sets to work and scoops a channel. A model of the Institute itself is readily recognised; then models to scale of St. Paul's and the Capitol show the size of Western buildings. A typical cemetery model shows how the virtue of filial piety is esteemed outside China. A large globe, made on the premises, enables them to see the real position and importance of their land.

The sacred mountain of Tai Shan attracts many pilgrims, and it has now become an established custom for the pilgrims to visit the museum in this town. These people in particular are thinking of their souls, and can be directly approached, if they do not themselves broach

the topic. The work done is then valuable, and is extending constantly. Last year 215,000 passed through the turnstiles. The Monday of our visit was ladies' day, when two thousand women came to the "Hall of Rare Things."

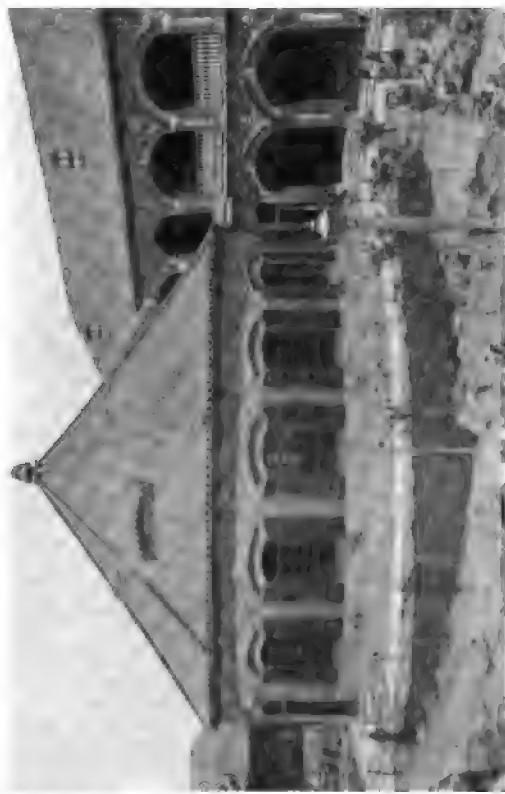
While this represents a very exceptional side of missionary effort, more ordinary agencies are not neglected, and an instance of their success may be given in Elder Lin Ching San, the oldest Presbyterian in the province. He was invited to come and talk with us, and gave an outline of his career. He was born at the foot of the I Shan hills on the twenty-fifth of the first moon in the eighth year of Tao Kuang (1828); and as his grandfather was then sixty years old, he received the baby name of Sixty. As a tiny lad he wandered about the hills, gathering mugwort to be brewed into medicine for headache, or bathing in the pool beside his home, fed from the boiling spring higher up the hills. But as he grew to boyhood, he heard of the family hopes centring in him. For thirty years his father had been a scholar, till family claims drove him into business; now it was for him to repay this self-sacrifice and shed lustre on the ancestral name. Should it be by scholarship, or could he repeat the glories of the man who six centuries earlier had on this mountain become a fairy?

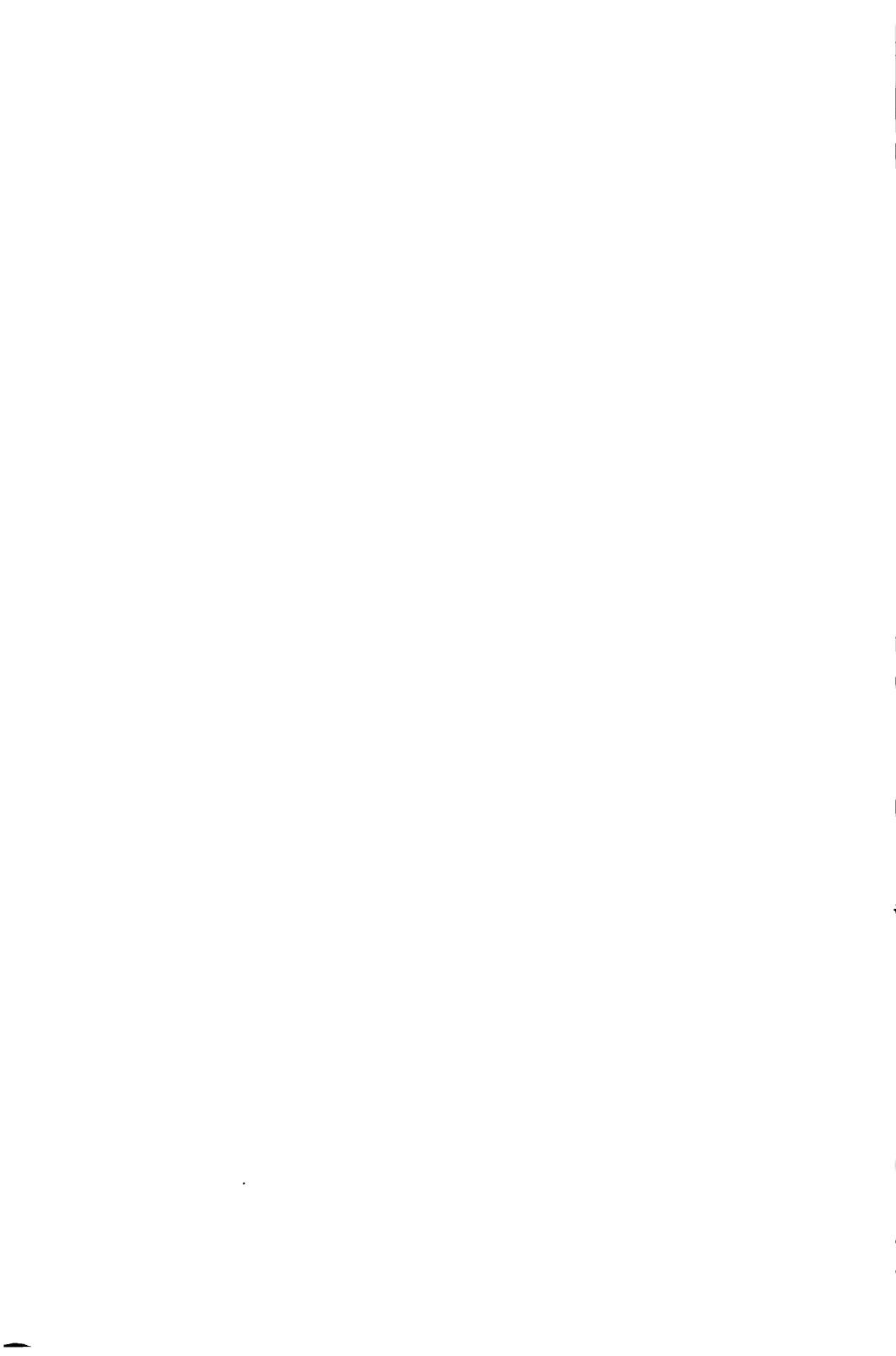
Scholarship first; so for ten years was hard study. Then came the test at the examination hall near the famous Pleasure House of Tengchow, on a high rock by the sea. Lin duly burned his three sticks of incense before the God of Literature, and prayed for success; but he failed. In disgust he threw up all study, and his father harnessed him into business. But now revived the memory of the idler who had been transmuted into a fairy, and he leaned towards occult lore. Ping An, a balanced heart, was the goal of his spiritual wander-

OLDEST NATIVE CHRISTIAN IN SHANTUNG, A PRESS-
BYTERIAN. TSINAN.



THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY IN TSINAN.





OF EVERYTHING HE KNOWS A LITTLE,
AND KNOWS BUT LITTLE OF EVERY THING

ings, and his first teachers were Taoists. For ten years he placed himself under their direction and went through his spiritual exercises; he sat upright for hours, he held his breath for long minutes, trusting that thus his material part would refine and his better nature would develop. "Ease of conscience and everlasting purity of heart" were promised, but they failed to come.

Ping An was not attainable from the Taoists; so for five years he turned to the Buddhist monks and followed their prescription for a balanced heart. But here again the aim was distinctly self-centred, and man is a social animal. In weariness at the delusive method, he revolted violently from this meditative isolation and flung himself into a strenuous life.

The T'ai-p'ing rebels were becoming dangerous, and he decided to balance his heart on active service. He practised now bodily exercises, learned to wrestle and fight, enlisted and drilled a troop of men, and shared in a dozen fights. Such fame did he win that when a bravo was engaged to assassinate him, but discovered that Lin was the victim-elect, he hastily relinquished the commission. The rebellion was quashed, and he sought his reward; to his astonishment he found that the leader whom he had served was but a free-lance like himself, with no authority to bestow office or wealth. His heart was unbalanced! Two more years thrown away in arduous toil, and Ping An as far off as ever!

This modern Justin, after four vain quests for peace, turned from Buddhist meditation, from patriotic adventure, and sought if the foreigner could balance his heart. He met the Presbyterians, and in the teaching about Jesus Christ found the Ping An which had eluded him these weary years. He was one of the first seven men

baptised in Shantung, and ever since has used his talents and his resources in all manner of good works, aiding the poor, starting schools. This venerable elder of eighty-three, bidding us farewell, expressed his conviction, not only that his own heart had found its balance, but that Christianity, internal Christianity, was succeeding in China.

PART III.—NEW CITY, NEW PEOPLE

If to the Chinese the Baptist museum is the curiosity, the city of Tsinan is the curiosity to the foreigner, and not only the city but the country around. Dense as the population is generally, it crowds and packs near the river. Rhode Island has 400 to the square mile, Belgium 589, but this province averages 680, and near the Yellow River has 1,700. Sixty years ago this river changed its bed for three hundred and fifty miles. It settled down more or less on a new channel, a li wide and fifty feet deep, which it appropriated from the Great Pure (Taching) River. This it has filled up, and the river guards have had to build high banks on either side, till at high flood time the water is twenty feet above the plain. They cannot keep this up indefinitely, and own that within twenty years some new method must be found, or the river will burst into a new course. Here is a dense population awaiting its impending doom. Dredging is an obvious remedy.

There have been other singular changes besides this diversion of the river waters. Originally this was the head of the kingdom of Tan, but a larger kingdom twenty-five miles to the east merged with it, the name Tsinan being derived from a river which flowed by it. A line of men is said to have been formed from that capital to this, and the bricks forming the wall there were passed from hand to hand all in one night. They

had served for twenty li of wall, but after wastage only served for twelve on this site. Perhaps the shortage accounts for the fact that the north wall had to run through swamps, thus enclosing what has come to be pleasant lagoons, with restaurants, temples, horticultural ponds, and mosquitoes. Seventy springs supply more water than the city needs, and it is difficult to get the overflow away even by a special canal. These springs are at once the pride and the nuisance of the city.

In the sixth century A.D., a statue of the Buddha was erected here on a pedestal which was recently unearthed by the Presbyterians when making ready for building. It bears the inscription:

“In the year Kuei Wei of the great Ch'i dynasty, the second year after the Yellow River became clear, on the second day of the fourth moon, a devout disciple of the Buddha, Mrs. Hsi [and ten other notables], devoutly made an iron image of the Buddha, sixteen feet high, and inscribed this tablet. May the Emperor, the province and the people for seven generations remember this, and may all the people of Buddhodom share these blessings.”

A list of forty-four men and twenty-five women follows, subscribers.

A handsome street runs east and west, which has lately been rebuilt with two-story shops. The governor's residence fills a large space in the centre, well wooded and watered. To the northwest is a normal school, on the site of the former examination hall, and this is only one of the many new scholastic buildings.

There are private and mission schools, graded public schools, an agricultural college, military cadet schools, and a provincial college. In the eastern suburb the American mission is established; in the southwest is the military cadet school, with three hundred students well housed; in the southwest is the English museum, and not far away is the chief mosque of the thirty thousand Moslems. To the west is the government hospital, and a cotton mill converted from the old mint.

A recent stone wall encloses most of these within suburbs on east, south, and west; but so rapidly is the city filling up, that some of the newer institutions have to be outside of even this wall. Thus the Provincial College, for four hundred students, complete with its own waterworks and electric plant (used also to light the residency), has a site not far away from the museum; and twelve li from the city is placed the arsenal, well equipped with modern machinery and providing huge stocks of ammunition; while the Germans are grouped by themselves.

PART IV.—LITERATURE: IN THE HOME OF LITERATURE

Tsinan is the capital of the province immortalised by the life and labours of Confucius. If anywhere letters are honoured by the Chinese, it should be here. It is the Stratford-on-Avon and Boston of the Empire. Here lived the man who undertook to review all the books of his day, to put upon a black-list those which he thought unworthy, to select the Hundred Best Books and put them out in a cheap edition—a sort of Everyman's Library. Though Confucius wrote but little himself, he was the Dr. Johnson of his day, the arbiter of taste from whom was no appeal, and his ideas in literature have been accepted unquestioningly till yesterday.

But while in literary circles men bowed at the shrine of Confucius, there was always another class which could read, and knew what it wanted irrespective of "culture," and to whom a cheap press was ready to minister. "The Pilgrims Progress" and "Spurgeon's Sermons" were not in histories of literature or on great publishers' lists, but hawkers sold them in such abundance that Dryden is nowhere beside them. Blank's magazines may have nothing permanent about them, but their circulation puts to shame the circulation of Hegel and Longfellow. We decided to search into the actual mental pabulum afforded in this great capital. Through the book-shops we went, and were rewarded with a plentiful collection. The governor was good enough to aid us in a search for rarer official documents, of which a goodly supply was soon forthcoming. And many hours were spent in the Public Library, adjoining the Parliament Park on the lake shore, where streams of clear water wind about among artificial rockwork, with lily-beds here and there, and graceful arches bridging over, carrying winding paths that connect the islets. Amid such pleasant surroundings is this newly founded institution.

One part of its stock is a collection by local authors, or of stories about local heroes; some forty volumes fall into this category. On the walls hangs a weird map of the city, showing three gates for land traffic and one for a canal. Miscellaneous notes about the place show that the county was "anciently" believed to contain 1,900,856 people, and that in the census year there were 2,452 births more than deaths. Yet for this same county, when it was a question of paying a poll-tax of a penny, only 68,871 pence were collected. Granted

that men of other provinces were exempt, and also all men with degrees, and we infer either that illiteracy was rare, or that the art of dodging taxes was well understood, or that figures vary according as importance or liability to pay is in question. Another reference-book gave the establishment legal for a literary chancellor, and the pay due to each, paid out of the land-tax. He had four gate-keepers, who shared among them yearly 22 taels and a little more; twelve general servants, 68 taels and a little more; "quick-hand" servants, 68 taels and a little more; four chair-bearers, 22 taels and a little more; three umbrella-bearers, 17 taels and a little more; two waiters, 11 taels and a little more; two sentries, 12 taels and a little more. The "little more" is exquisitely vague, but it does not refer to the great deal more that was extorted from suitors and visitors.

After this hasty dip into the shelf of general reference, we obtained the select literature to which we had been directed. We have hesitated a great deal about presenting it to general knowledge; but though we most emphatically do not vouch for the truth of the statements or their literary value, yet we do avail ourselves of translations by a great Chinese scholar, which may show the style of official publication issued in this headquarters of classical learning.

The Annals of the County of Li Cheng, in which Tsinan lies, give the following information as to the great Ch'in Shih Huang Ti:

In his twenty-eighth year he travelled east and came to Shantung. Here he ascended the mountain I Shan, near the birthplace of Mencius, where he established a monument. Next he went to the Tai mountain, climbing to the top by the south

road; here he established a stone telling of his virtue. Descending by the north road he went up to the little mountain, made a square, adored the mountain gods, and offered a sacrifice. Thence he went east to the sea. At this time a letter came to him from Shu, offering a medicine to make people live for ever; Ch'in heard it, and granted the plan. In the Eastern sea are three spirit mountains whose names are well known, but no one can find them. Three hundred boys and as many girls sailed away to find them, and never came back. Ch'in then went down the coast to the Yangtze, where he took boat, till he met a great wind which hindered his progress. Being displeased, he asked who was the god of that temple, and was told it was the daughter of Emperor Yao, wife of Emperor Shun. In great anger he ordered all the trees of the mountain to be cut down and burned till the mountain was red.

In the thirty-seventh year and tenth moon he travelled east again, with his first minister, Li Sü, and his younger son, who loved him and wished to follow him. At every stopping-place he established a stone to state his virtue. At length he reached a ford where he had a heavy sickness. In the seventh moon he died; his minister hid the fact that he was dead.

From the poems of Tsang Yang we copied a lyric which has seven characters to a line. It makes the following statements:

“On the sacred Tai Shan, Emperor Ch'in Shih Huang paid visits;
The royal pathway was lined on either hand with officials in
gorgeous court dress.

Between them moved the Emperor, followed by a golden casket containing his diary.

He drew near the five white pines he had planted on a former visit.

Then to his camp, over which hovered soft, beautiful white clouds."

The prosaic author of the "Antiquities of Shantung" comments on this idea:

"I formerly made enquiry into the history of Taoist djinns, and worship on this Tai Shan. The belief in ghosts frequenting it took its rise at the end of the Han dynasty; the commentator on the Confucian annals makes no mention of it, nor does he speak of the Emperors' beginning their reign by ascending the mountain. Hence we may infer that under the first three dynasties, and before them, no belief in djinns was connected with this sacred place. The history of Ssü-ma Ch'ien, written under the Han dynasty, makes no allusion to any tradition connected with ghosts. A store-house of antiquarian information says that Tai Shan is called Heaven's Grandson; that is, the grandson of heaven's ruler, Shang Ti. The chief Taoist priest there was able to call up the spirits of the departed, to foresee and reckon the length of human life. These two facts are the source of the ghostly traditions. In the books of the Han dynasty it is said that Hu Chun had been seriously ill for three years; he made a pilgrimage here and consulted the oracle, by which he was told that the souls of the dead in Manchuria resorted to the Purple Mountains there, just as the souls of the Chinese who died in the Central Kingdom resorted to Tai Shan."

In the Annals of Tsinan is a section on "Strange Phenomena," which records the following occurrences:

HE DID NOT GET TO THE THEATER TILL THE PLAY WAS OVER

“In the third year of Yuan Fung, on the south side of the Lai Wu mountain, a noise was heard like the voice of thousands of men. Looking in that direction, it was seen that a great stone had stood upright, 15 feet high and 48 feet round. It buried itself 8 feet deep, and rested on three other stones like a tripod. Many thousands of white birds gathered round it.

“In the third year at Tung King, a melon on one vine produced eight melons.

“In the third year of Kang, the intercalary moon, two white dragons appeared at Lih Chang. In the fourth year at the same period, a white rabbit appeared at Fu Ping.

“At Tsinan the stone image of a beast suddenly removed in the night to the southeast, wolves and foxes to the number of more than a thousand following its march, their steps being plainly visible.

“In the period Yung Kia, a star as large as the sun was seen to come from the southwest, accompanied by small stars the size of a bushel; the heavens became of a red colour, and sounds were heard like thunder.

“In the tenth year of Yung Hok, a shooting-star as large as a bushel measure, of a reddish-yellow colour, came with a sound like thunder out of the constellation of the Weaver Girl.

“In the second year of Chung Hing, the prince of Chang Shan captured a strange tortoise. It had six eyes in one head; under its belly were the ideographs for ten thousand joys, also the figures found in the book of diagrams.”

These diagrams originally did come from the back of a tortoise, but it was singular to find them on the

lower shell. It is needless to multiply quotations of this description, where the merest trivialities are set down alongside accurately dated reports of comets, which may conceivably aid in astronomical study. Let us take a set of tales which hold up the usual male ideal of a daughter, a wife, a widow, and a daughter-in-law:

“Yen Lun at the age of six could sing songs from the Book of Odes; she never prattled or talked nonsense. As she grew up, she read of filial children and faithful ministers. When her father sickened, she watched by him incessantly, combing his hair and washing his body. A careless maid set the curtains on fire; the daughter cried out as she vainly sought to quench them. The family broke the door in and dragged him out of the flames, but she, seeking to rescue her mother, was consumed with her. She is known as the Filial Daughter.”

“Mrs. Chiao, finding that her sick mother-in-law craved for mutton broth, and being unable to go through the snow to obtain any, resolutely cut a piece out of her left arm, roasted it, and made broth for her husband’s mother.”

“Hsi Chi-tsung married a girl of seventeen and deserted her in two years. For thirty years she supported his mother, and adopted a nephew as their heir. Fifty years did she dwell a chaste and virtuous widow.”

“Kuo Ting-kuei died, leaving a widow of nineteen, who gave birth to a posthumous son. Her own family tried to marry her again, but she tatooed her face and swore not to. When Kuo’s parents died, she was too poor to buy coffins, so prepared to sell the child. But suddenly she saw

a light in a ruined house; digging there, she found five ounces of gold, so tore up the bill of sale paid for the funerals, and remained a widow till her death at twenty-eight."

"Mrs. Lin was beautiful and well-read. Hearing that rebel troops were approaching the city, she begged her husband to defend her virtue rather than let her and her children become soiled ghosts. He tried to reassure her, but after a few days the city did fall, whereupon she hanged herself with her own girdle."

This ends our excerpts from the local official literature, to which we add an extract from the writings of the learned professor Edward Harper Parker "The recent hauls of thousands upon thousands of valuable documents made by M. M. Stein and Pelliot add more confirmation, if confirmation were required of the *bona fides* and exactitude of Chinese official history." *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, January, 1911.

XIX

PEKING: CAPITAL OF CAPITALS

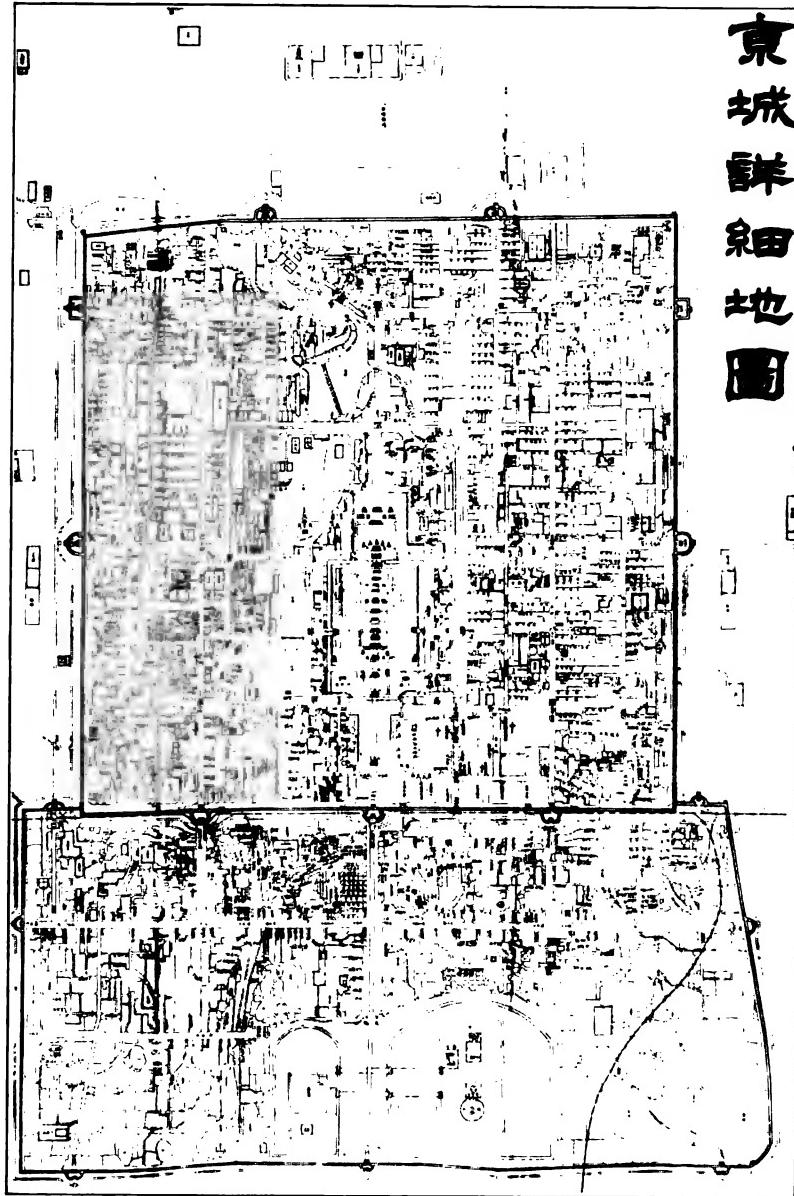
PART I.—PEKING FROM PEARL GROTTO

ON a summer morning when the mist lies low on Peking,¹ and the early sunlight strikes the yellow tiles of the Imperial buildings, a view from the Western Hills displays this most wondrous of Chinese cities against a background of golden sky. In a natural amphitheatre of hills, twelve hundred feet above the Yellow Sea, nestles a temple to the Goddess of Mercy. For twice an hundred years the trees and vines have grown round it, embowering it in shrubbery. Across the level, fertile plain the gaze may roam, across the city to the distant horizon with a hint of the sea, away to the north where the Great Wall on the sky-line links earth and cloud. Villages dot the landscape; spots of green betoken where some Son of Han has found his last lucky resting-place. At our feet are seen seven other temples, shrouded by funereal pines.

In Pearl Grotto dwelt a hermit long ago, and now above his retreat has arisen this temple, itself growing hoary. Within its walls wayfarers may rest, and here have we slept till by the fourth watch the song of birds invites us forth. We join the "Cap of the West," now venerable in his ninth decade, and stroll out among the oaks that bedeck the dells. Here once strolled the Emperor Ch'ien Lung, composing a sonnet, which

¹For twenty odd years the viceroy of Chihli has resided, for the most part, in Tientsin. But Paotung is still regarded by the Court, as the seat of certain other provincial offices. As Chihli means "Direct Rule," the author has restricted himself, in dealing with the metropolitan province, to the Imperial Capital.

東城詳細地圖



PEKING, IMPERIAL CAPITAL OF CHINA.



YOU WILL NEVER FIND A FLESH POT FLOATING ON THE SEA.



King Shih, the official name of the Imperial Capital (Peking), is translated "The Great City of the People." The Imperial Capital is often referred to by the following seven names. "King" (in Pekinese "Ching"), means, originally, a height or eminence. "King Shih," a spacious plateau such as would be suitable for a capital city. "Ch'ao T'ing," "the Imperial Court," so-called because audiences are given in the early morning, the first meaning of Ch'ao being "dawn." "Pei Ch'ueh, the Northern Gate, or "Feng Ch'ueh," the Phoenix Gate (Peking). "Shou Shan," "The Head Best Place," reminding one of the boastful title of Babylon, the glory of kingdoms and the beauty of the Chaldees excellency . . . "Yu Yen," "Dark Swallow," is a name for Peking. The Emperor is called the Son of Heaven, and his decrees are "the Decrees of Heaven," and the surrounding district is called "Obedient to Heaven." So Peking, the residence of the Son of Heaven, is spoken of as "The Gate of Heaven." The poetic name of Peking is, "The Capital of Yen," "Yen," "Swallow," being the name of the ancient feudal state which corresponds roughly with the modern province of Chihli.

reverential hands carved into the rock. Our companion renders it into English verse:

“ Why have I scaled this misty height?
Why sought this mountain den?
I tread as on enchanted ground,
Unlike the home of men.

“ Weird voices in the trees I hear,
Weird visions see in air;
The whispering pines are living harps,
And fairy hands are there.

“ Beneath my feet my realm I see,
As in a map unrolled,
Above my head a canopy
Bedecked with clouds of gold.”

Just beyond this rock is a p'aifang, and on the honorary portal is the simple title, “ Land of Joy.” Beside our temple some scholar has written on the gateway:

“ I have climbed to this paradise, this happy land;
May the new spring bring new joy.”

What more beautiful prospect could be sought? Atmosphere around and meadow in front are severed by serrated hills diversified with temples. Out of the lake of mist rise the dulled pinnacles of the mighty city within its sharply defined walls. Yonder is the bridge commemorating the visit of that Marco Polo whose casual book throws such a Western light on the ancient realm. Yonder again is the lake of the Summer Palace, reflecting the beams of the rising globe, which soon will summon to daily wit. But as yet only a stray chicken crows, or a rare dog barks. The temple gongs are mute, nor will they clang out as the day advances. The wor-

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Peking means "Northern Capital," and is of course never used officially lest it signify that somewhere else is another capital.

shippers are few; the priests are seeking other ways to live; the bells are as still as the mud deities they honour. The hand of God is on the bells, ringing out the old and ringing in the new. The city lies bare, to bathe in the glory of the day—the new day that dawns for Peking.

What is the day? For China it is Star-day. Every seventh day has long been a Star-day. Now, by the will of the Throne, these Star-days are days of rest, when no office is open for government business, no school is open for children. It is a day of rest, a Sabbath. For Christendom it is the Lord's Day. The first step has been taken by this strange Empire, and the worship day of the alien has been adopted in this land of ceaseless toil as a day of respite. Can we show them how to use their leisure, how to turn it to the noblest account, how to honour the Lord of Heaven and Earth with the first fruits of their time?

What is the place? It was a temple, one of the "Eight Great Places" where for centuries the monks chanted their unknown prayers many times a day. Their song has been silenced; in all these weeks we have heard no solitary voice uplifted to praise the Buddha, that sage whose gospel was lofty but limited. China has outgrown him; the abbot of the monastery has dispersed his band, and lets the temples as inns, where now the Christian may stay, and lift up his voice in daily prayer to Him who is the light, not of Asia alone, but of the world.

PART II.—PEKING IN THE ANNALS

This part of the country was called Yu Chow, "LAND OF DARKNESS," in the most ancient times, the feudal age of the Chous.² The "Book of Antiqui-

² Yu Chow was one of the nine divisions of the Empire under the Great Yu, some two thousand years before Christ. This was prior to the feudal period, properly so called.

ties," dealing with its products, summed them up as fish and salt; horses, cows, sheep, and pigs; rice and millet; pears and dates. It had wild beasts—bears, cats leopards, and tigers; sable-skins were brought as tribute. The state of human society may be gauged by the statement that there were three women to one man, implying much local strife.

From that dim period emerged a feudal state, Yen Kuo, "SWALLOW LAND." It grew in importance, the ruler for nine generations being a *hou*, or marquis, then for eight generations a *kung*, or duke, then for ten generations a *wang*, or prince. The prince, according to the Annals, had been but indifferent to the claims of religion. A northern man presented a pig, aged one hundred and twenty years and weighing over one thousand pounds, to prince Chao. So huge was it that it could hardly stand. Its flesh was useless, and an admirer suggested it be offered to the gods. The cooks were called to bake it and prepare it for sacrifice. That night the god appeared to him in a dream and rebuked him for the worthless gift. Who can wonder that such a race succumbed?

Ch'in Shih Huang Ti dethroned them, and established here one of his 36 provinces. This arrangement continued, though under the second Han Emperor an unsuccessful attempt was made to revive an independent principality. The title NORTHERN PLAIN came into vogue, and a city with the same title seems to have arisen in this neighborhood. But no information appears to be forthcoming except in the shape of one highly creditable legend:

"In the period Yüan Fêng, there was seen here a yellow weasel which held its tail in its mouth

and danced a jig at the chief door of the palace. The prince himself went to look at it. As the weasel continued to dance, the prince bade an officer make a sacrificial offering of wine and food. For a day and a night it danced, then fell dead with its tail in its mouth. This was afterwards interpreted as an omen of the rebellion of Wang Tan, and the assassination of a prince."

We at least distil this news, that in 110 B.C. the district had regained its independence and was again under a prince. Then we hear of Shih-hu in 385 A.D. prospering here, but moving his capital to Loyang. But the curtain falls till we hear that the Liao (*i.e.*, the Khitans) rebuilt the city about 987. This marks the end of another Empire, this whole Northern Plain having fallen to the Tartars, and here they remained for some two centuries. Be it noted that the silence henceforward is because this district was outside the land of the Sons of Han and their literature.

The plain Tartars were replaced by the Kin Tartars in 1118, these Kin being kin to the Manchus. And in 1151 the Kins repaired the city here, making it perhaps their capital. Eighty years later they were driven away by Genghis Khan; and Kublai Khan about 1264 made it his magnificent capital, when it was called in Mongol speech Khan-baligh. "CITY OF THE GREAT KHAN," a name softened to Western ears as Kambalu. Soon afterward he overran all China. Now for the first time all China was governed from this centre.

When the Chinese shook off the Mongol yoke under the leadership of the Ming, Hung Wu, we have at once a plethora of story about this place. The omen that foretold the change is thus related:

The court physician had a great reputation for skill. At the age of seventy he was visited by an old woman, who besought him to come to the Western Hills and cure her daughters. He bade her bring them, and in a few hours she returned with two most beautiful children. Feeling their pulse, he exclaimed, "These are not human beings! Tell me truly who you are!" She owned that she was the Old Fox of the Western Hills, and besought him not to betray her but to heal her daughters. He said that was his business and his intention. But he wondered that since he dwelt within the Forbidden City, where the Emperor was guarded by one hundred gods, a wicked spirit could gain access. She replied that the pure Son of Heaven was not there; he dwelt in Hou Chow, whither the City God had set all the gods to protect him. The physician was astounded, but made up the prescription, and the daughters bowed their thanks.

At the beginning of the reign of Hung Wu, the place received the [Chinese] name of Pei P'ing Fu, 'PREFECTURE OF THE NORTHERN PLAINS.' In the fourth year after Field-marshall Hsü Ta had captured the city and reduced the surrounding country, he established the headquarters of his military government here. From the deserts and waste country he collected the surviving fugitives and removed them to the surrounding districts, where they received lands and became permanent inhabitants. In the ninth year of Hung Wu, Pei P'ing became the seat of a viceroy. In the twelfth year the new buildings for the chief city of the province being completed, the prefect sent up [to Nanking] maps and a description showing the position of two

altars [to Heaven and Earth] and giving a total of great and small palaces to the extent of 811 rooms. This indicates that the founder of the dynasty intended to resuscitate the capital on a scale of regal splendor. Then he appointed his son Yung Lo^a to reside here, with the title, Prince of Yen.

"At the death of Hung Wu disturbances broke out, as a young grandson seemed unfit to hold the Empire. This Prince of Yen struck for the lofty seat of Emperor, captured Nanking, found a body which he interred with pomp as his nephew's, and returned to Pei P'ing, which he decided should be the Imperial capital. It was at this period that the district around received the name Shun T'ien, while this city remained Pei Ching, "NORTHERN CAPITAL."

"In the fourth year of Yung Lo, the great officers memorialised the Emperor to erect palaces in Peking on a magnificent scale. In the fourteenth year a Grand Council was convened to deliberate on the reconstruction. . . . Temples and altars were erected in the city and suburbs, and palaces in the Inner City, the whole being modeled more or less after Nanking, but in height and breadth exceeding the originals. At that time fifteen secondary palaces were erected for princely families; the work was completed in three years."

"In the fourth year of Yung Lo, the great officers palaces. And of these it is quite correct that they excel any at Nanking; indeed, they are the only splendid edifices in the whole country. The exact relation of the new city of Yung Lo to the previous capital of the Mongols is uncertain. The "Book of Antiquities" suggests that the walls now standing are those constructed by the masterful Mongol, Kublai Khan. This is certain: the walls remain to-day practically as they

^aChu Ti. "Yung Lo" was his year title, which of course was not assumed until after he had become Emperor.

stood in Yung Lo's time, whether he built them or not, and they deserve comparison with those of Nanking.

The Southern Capital has a total circumference of twenty-five miles, while Yung Lo's city is only fourteen miles, but the walls are sixty feet thick at the base; it is most substantially built of stone, brick, and concrete. Nine splendid gates pierce it, with barbicans without and tower-forts above. No such fortification is extant elsewhere. Concerning these gates, however, we are expressly told, "In the first year of Chêng T'ung [1486] orders were given to the eunuch Yuan from Tongking to take the chief oversight of the construction of gate-towers. Hitherto the city had followed the old style of the Yüan [Mongol] dynasty; at the renewal under Yung Lo no gate-towers had been constructed." Under the Mings, also, the province here around passed under "Direct Rule," hence the name Chihli.

Another century passed, and houses clustered irregularly outside the south wall, so in 1543 a new wall was erected to shelter them by Chia Ching. The suburb is only half as large as the city proper, but includes the famous Temple of Heaven. One more century and the Chinese dynasty came to an end. Risings occurred, and from Taiyuan an insurgent army marched on the capital. The unhappy Emperor ascended the Prospect Hill, an artificial mound within his own Imperial city, watched the approach through a telescope, stabbed his daughter, and hung himself. The gates were opened to the insurgent, and the maiden city of Yung Lo was taken. The captor proclaimed himself Emperor. But he had slain the family of the general at Shanhaikwan. Though the general was unable to take revenge in person, he opened the gates of the Great Wall to the Manchus, who, having been

invited in, poured down, and in ten days cleared Peking. This fortnight of catastrophe had been foretold by the usual omens: "In the reign of Ch'ung Chêng, last of the Mings, there was a terrible epidemic in Peking. A large family died in one night. A man called on a coffin-seller, and bargained for delivery. Then he disappeared, whereby the undertaker knew it must be a ghost of one of the dead family. In the morning the money that was paid proved to be paper or ghost money."

Since 1644 the city has been in the hands of the Manchus except when occupied by foreign troops, for they never went back through the Great Wall. They appropriated the whole of the original city of Yung Lo, letting the Chinese dwell only in the South Suburb within the new wall. But by degrees the Chinese have won a footing within the main city again, where in the past they dwelt on the same precarious terms whereby the Russian Jews venture outside their Pale.

Fifty years ago a Franco-British army marched up to Peking; the great East-north Gate was solemnly opened, and the leaders, with a body-guard, took possession of two handsome mansions as the permanent residences of ambassadors. Soon other nations stationed ministers here, and the Manchu city witnessed foreigners dwelling on terms of equality. The Emperor would not survive the disgrace of his reign, for this was the very time when the Chinese T'ai-p'ings were in possession of the Southern Capital.

Forty years passed, and the ambassadors were besieged in their legations, defended by a scanty band of foreign guards. Again a Western army forced its way up and in; again the Manchu Court fled, and the foreign troops devastated the Forbidden City. Never again is it likely to behold such a humiliation.

PART III.—PEKING FROM THE WALL

We spent one midsummer day riding round on the wall, Erving Leroy Johnson being my brilliant guide, donkeys being our bearers. Eight hours did the trip take to cover the fourteen miles around the Manchu or Tartar city. But out of the very centre is to be subtracted the Imperial city, within its own fortifications, covered with bright tiles of the Imperial yellow, so that the available area is not much over ten square miles. This is gridironed by regular, broad streets, newly lined with electric standards, metalled down the centre, sprinkled, and policed; no other city in China is so homelike to an American in this respect. But walls! and within the walls a forest! Where can this be matched?

Could one live on the walls, to enjoy the breeze, to picnic in the shade of a fort, to survey the scenery of the great North Plain, Peking might be attractive. Curious sights met us, old and new jostling one another.

Here is the old Examination Hall being demolished. The classical education is gone, never to return. The "modern side" has displaced it, and on this site will arise the Imperial Parliament intended to crown the eighteen Provincial Parliaments.

Here are the ruins of the Hanlin, the great Classical Academy and British Museum Library. In the desperate struggles of 1900 it proved a good place whence to attack the foreigners, and, as the fury of the siege progressed, it was set on fire to burn them out. Naught remains of this old glory, the outward symbol of the dying age giving a last convulsive struggle.

Here too is the old Route du Roi, the great main street reserved for the Emperor as he went yearly

southward to offer the yearly sacrifice and worship in the Temple of Heaven. Too holy was it to be trodden by common foot, and to the central gate only a narrow way is available for the traveller who needs it all the year. When will the people put a quietus on such nonsense? Is that one man made of better clay, that the whole city must be inconvenienced for a year to serve him but a day?

Contrast the forts, foreign forts, on the wall, the hostages given to the foreigners who not only claim to dwell in the Manchu city, but oblige part of the wall to be prohibited to Chinese lest the foreign settlement be overlooked! Imagine a section of Washington taken possession of by Moroccans and Tripolitans, with Turks and Arabs and Persians settling alongside. Oriental soldiers garrisoning it, free-born Americans bidden keep away lest the Eastern susceptibilities be hurt! Would America tolerate that long, after her new army was in working order?

Look down yonder. At the foot of the wall is a squad of cadets from the naval academy, practising bugle-calls. Who are these yellow faces in Western dress? Soldiers with modern weapons. And who these others in novel uniform? Police of a new type.

Near-by rumbles a railway right into the Chinese city and alongside the Front Gate. Five lines converge here now, and others will; then easily the forces of the Empire can be mobilised. There rises a mast, from which the radio-telegrams flash away to the coast.

The new age has dawned. Smoke-stacks in the city, in the Tartar city! Electric lights! But where are the temples! There are now as many churches in Peking as important temples! Peking is already a city of churches! The temples are going, going, gone! Here



SON OF PEACE STREET, PEKING.
Pagoda, Tope, Pavilion.



OUTER GATE TOWER, PING TZÜ MEN, PEKING.

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is a school; here the Education Office rises; here is the novel College of Interpreters, and there the College of Finance!

At this northwest angle, where the wall was deflected for good luck, on the queer theory that a thing that is already perfect cannot improve, behold now preparations for the building of the new Imperial Post-graduate University, the supreme one over four or five others to be erected throughout the realm. Yonder the Methodists are raising their university. See to it, my friends, that you provoke not an unequal contest. Strengthen your stakes as you lengthen your cords. Then in God's name do your share for this new Peking.

PART IV.—PEKING AT NIGHT

At the "Fourth Change" in the night, when the sentries who guard the Dragon Throne are relieved, the Imperial audiences have been given, time out of mind. Throughout the night the Son of Heaven and his counsellors toil at their task of governing one-fourth of the human race. Rulers of alien blood themselves, they must be alert against rumours, murmurs, conspiracies, rebellions, revelations. The nation sleeps, the rulers wake.

At night when the sable pall falls over the city, the sentries watch with redoubled zeal, while the politicians of the state gather to solve the problems that affect the destiny of myriads. At night, when astronomers sweep the heavens to discern some new world floating into ken, or patiently catalogue the old ones too little known, the Son of Heaven studies the new lands that have forced themselves on the attention of the Sons of Han, or ponders some old question too lightly answered. Sheltered from the cold and evil north wind

by the hill thrown up for that end, protected by the loyalty of governors and viceroys, from the Dragon Throne go forth changes that startle in their drastic suddenness. At night the edict passes that opium may no longer be smoked. At night the Vermilion Pencil signs the decree that bids the people prepare for constitutional government. At night issues the death-warrant of the old classical examinations, the charter of the new learning. At night the gates open and the couriers carry forth the order for women and girls to participate in the new schools.

The sentries pace the yellow wall. On their outer hand is stillness, such as Eastern cities know, nor is this so dense that any ceaseless hum rises from its myriad trees. The hundreds of thousands have sunk to rest. Away on the outer wall their brethren patrol the mighty rampart, gazing down into the deserted streets or across the moat down into the dark and empty country. From sentry-box to sentry-box in the city street march the soldier-police with loaded rifles on their shoulders. But few do they meet in the hours of night.

Far different the scene on their inner hand: the offices ablaze with light, no palaces bright for revelry, but audience-chambers filling with guests, ministers of state meeting their colleagues, the Throne receiving petitions and memorialists. Such has been the custom for ages, and, many as may be the changes now, such the strange scenes that are still often enacted. Now the courier is not needed, but as the busy conclave separates, the decisions of the Emperor flash away to the eighteen capitals; and as the governors and viceroys gird themselves for the new day, they learn what fresh revolution has been decided upon at the Capital of Capitals.

China to-day is like these sentries. It stands between a past that has sunk into darkness, and an inner, more

precious, that is quickened into new life and activity. This it is which governs and directs. May China waken to the new day with new purpose and new vigour!

PART V.—PEKING FROM THE ALTAR OF HEAVEN

Down the Imperial Avenue we go, along the Sacra Via of Peking, through the central southern gate, between the railway stations, across the moat, and down into the Chinese city, between the handsome clubs erected to entertain strangers from the provinces. Our goal is the world-famous Altar of Heaven.

China is not a land of architecture; even its cities have little to show that would cause a visitor to return. Here in the north, where rain mostly falls once a year and no trees grow, no timber is obtainable, so brick and stone are chiefly employed. But if many of the cities are cheap, Peking is the one exception, and yet Peking has no really costly buildings, and in Peking this Altar of Heaven is the most striking of erections. It is a circular pyramid, nor is it to cover the dead, but for the living to worship the unknown. It is of marble, like the Taj Mahal at Agra, but the platform there is crowned with buildings which are the chief glory, while here the platforms themselves are the feature. It is an altar, an altar in three tiers rising one above another. The Altar of Heaven abides in its regal splendour. From its imperial summit survey the world. How does the world appear from the Altar of Heaven?

This is the Far East, and here is the Far Past. The most important object to visit and understand among all the architectural or other material features of Peking is this Imperial place of prayer. I have ascended its stone steps, from circle to circle ever rising

toward the arching dome of heaven. If first we look into the past, the whole history of the three dynasties which have reigned here, Ming, Mongol, Manchu, deploys before us. As for the present, here is the Empire in miniature. Within these four walls Peking is in epitome, the whole within the Four Seas. Standing on the Altar of Heaven, I look again, and into the future. Toward the east is the Sunrise Kingdom, soon to become the Sunset, unless improvement in morals obtains. Off toward the west is Tibet, land of highlanders yet to make a mark in history. To the north is Russia, a great country with the elements of disintegration developing. Southward I can see a new empire, vast and mighty. It is an empire within an empire, a black empire within a white empire, known by a new name, Britain-India. Then will come the mightiest peace-project of human history when Britain America, and China form a coalition to prevent strife among the nations. By then under these three flags will dwell a thousand million of the sons of men! China, here at Peking, will accomplish for the whole world what Ch'in the Great proposed to do for his Empire when he built the Great Wall—prevent strife!

To the north lies the great city, Capital of Capitals, a capital made to order, as were Petersburg and Washington; and beyond it is that Manchuria whence this dynasty brought its strange worship. Westward we face, and remember that in mosque after mosque below the muezzin has bidden the faithful face thus to Mecca and worship Allah. Southward across the Himalayas the mind's eye can discern the home of Buddha, whom so many have served here and now are deserting. Eastward we gaze, and the heart leaps out to greet the homeland, whence come the messengers of the Cross. Upwards the eye lifts to Heaven in thankfulness.



VIEW OF THE NEW PEKING WATER WORKS FROM THE EAST WALL.

Once in the year comes the Emperor to worship at the Altar of Heaven; it is the winter solstice, the Christmas season. As the Star-day has been chosen already for the nation's rest, will the worship of Heaven take its place in the calendar, Heaven as revealed in the Son of God from Heaven?

PART VI.—PEKING UNDER A RAINBOW

Once more in the Pearl Grotto we gaze at the city as a whole. The thunder has ceased, the lightning no longer plays, the mist is settling; but the westering sun shines out, and a rainbow spans the capital. There is hope for Peking!

A city whose symmetry was deliberately spoiled to secure good luck, whose site was chosen, not for commerce nor for defence alone—for it is on no important river, and lies on a flat plain—but again out of superstition, a city planted with care, but with useless care, a city planned on the bias: is it not an emblem of its builders? Superstition and bias are the bane of China's past.

Here have forty Emperors ruled, Mongol, Ming, and Manchu. The Manchus alone have sat on the Dragon Throne almost as long as the English have settled in America; the three dynasties have seen the whole course of English Parliaments and English literature. Twenty generations have passed since this became a capital, and no other capital on earth sways the destinies of so many people. From Peking more than two billions of humankind have had their rule.

For the last two generations storm after storm has arisen and beaten upon this city. Twice has it seemed as if the Empire might be cut to pieces; twice has it rallied, yielding only fragments of its soil to the pale-

pink man. Yet here in Peking stands one sign of the last storm—an arch of apology for the murder of an ambassador. Imagine the Pont de Jena in Berlin, not in Paris; imagine Waterloo Bridge over the Seine, not the Thames; imagine Grant's Tomb in Richmond, not in New York; imagine a monument to Benedict Arnold in the Capitol at Washington. Surely the time is not far distant when China will offer to transport this portal to Germany and erect it anew where it will be appreciated as an apology for one act that was both a crime and a blunder, but will decline any longer to house a memorial of her humiliation. The rise of new China will be marked by the fall of the Von Ketteler monument! That crash may be heard any day.

For Peking changes and grows. The railways that converge here may soon stretch on westward and southward, to link with Calcutta in four days, and Paris in seven. Edicts have gone forth that make no future edict impossible. Small feet are going, small waists are coming, and the razor that shaves the head gives places to the scissors that cut off the cue. And in one way she grows, a way that may set Europeans thinking with seriousness. At every capital we have seen barracks; though the pale-face is not welcome within, he cannot but notice the new soldiery that is rising, loyal to Peking, burning with patriotism. What of leased lands and concessions soon? What of armed legations and forced sales? What of banks and railways forced on an unwilling people? China is consolidating and hardening. Soon it will be dangerous to fall on her; in no long time she may stir, and woe betide those who stand in her way!

But now she is plastic. The storm has ceased, the sun shines, and the bow stands in the sky. Not barracks alone but schools arise on every hand. Loud is her

cry for helpers and teachers. A generation more, and she will cry aloud no more, for the New China will suffice itself. But just now! Men of commerce see their opportunity, and push in ere it is too late. What of men of learning—learning both secular and sacred? Now can China be guided aright, now can new ideals be formed; now she trembles as the runnel on the highlands of Tibet wavers between the slope that leads to the Yangtze and the slope that leads to Burma. The bow gleams yet in the shining after rain, but it shines not forever. Now is the time of promise, of hopefulness, of expectancy. Let not her hopes be disappointed; let them not be fed with that which diverts her to a too congenial materialism. Shall not China learn that the promise of the bow is fulfilled in Him who sits upon the throne of heaven, to whom, with the Lamb of God, be the blessing and the honour and the glory and the dominion, for ever and ever?



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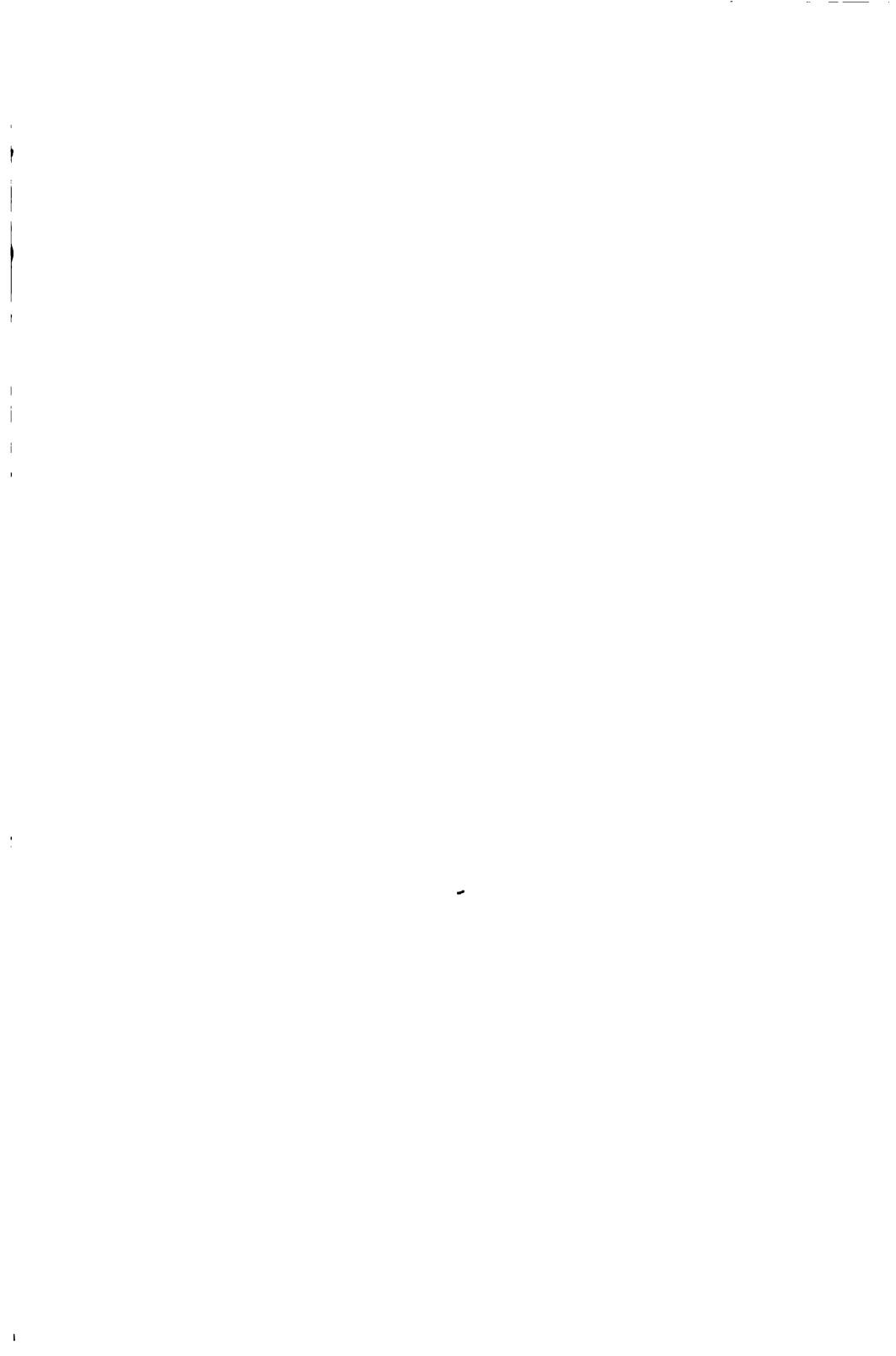
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